THE ART GALLERY OF THE English Language.

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OF THE

ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

BY

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Dedicated to all Lovers of Literature and Art.

"There is not any matter, nor any spirit, nor any creature, but it is capable of a unity of some kind with other creatures; and in that unity is its perfection and theirs, and a pleasure also for the beholding of all other creatures that can behold."—RUSKIN.



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PREFACE.

My sole apology for launching this little craft on the sea of authorship

"A promised prize to hope,"

is my love for the English language.

Again in the words of Byron:

"Would I were worthier"

to accomplish the task I have set myself. Luckily, my part in the construction of the little vessel is but a secondary one, and if I succeed in presenting some few score of what I consider to be masterpieces of their respective types before the English reader, without detracting from their beauties by my own suggestions or criticisms, I shall be satisfied.

Especially would I enlist the sympathy of the Teacher in the subject of my text. He is the true high-priest of language, officiating at many an altar to many a neophyte, whose plastic mind and nascent tastes have not only to be regulated, but verily formed at the prompting of the minister.

The glorious heritage of letters with all its wealth of grandeur, of strength, of beauty, and of music is for him who has the right of entry; who holds in faith the talisman of sympathy; in love the key of desire. That talis-

man may be transmitted by the earnest soul, himself believer, seeker, finder, to scores of humbler worshippers. That key may be turned by the resolute hand of the keeper for hundreds of waverers now groping at the gates, yet making plaintive moan for the inner light.

This heritage has been too long neglected, too long unknown —suppressed by the autocratic fiat of the usurper, and the inflexible dogma of fashion. To the many, its palaced apartments are never opened, its consoled profiles are unfamiliar, its pictured glories are but misty daubs, its musical accords are unheard or unheeded.

How long shall this be so? Till the iron bars of educational prejudice are lowered for ever. Till we are taught to believe that erudition consists not solely in the knowledge of antiquities. Till we forget to despise the flowers growing at our very feet, while seeking alone the exotics of other lands. Till we forego the exclusive consideration of dimensions, abstractions, and computations, to come back to the voices of earth and home; to sit once more as at the feet of a mother; to drink in anew, but purified, refined, etherialized, the language lessons of nature, which prompted the first utterance, which will syllable the last farewell, which, perchance will go out with our better selves into the temporal dark and the eternal light!

The Mother Tongue!—What name should be dearer to the student? What worthier his desire and his choice? The twin sister of art, the imperishable and the true. Dear name, inseparable from that little land

"bound in with the triumphant sea!"

Be its success what it may, to all lovers of art and literature, I dedicate my first born, this child of my heart. May it find some few sponsors to say a kind word for it at the baptismal font. Be its faults what they may, and I fear they are many, it is at least the child of affection, the legitimate offspring of love and faith—love for the dear, dead names that adorn its pages; faith in the mission of the glorious language they have immortalised—stamped with their own undying fame.

As I commenced my preface with a metaphor borrowed from the sea, let me conclude with another, that though

> "I have ventured
> Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
> in a sea of glory,"

it may not prove to be altogether

> "far beyond my depth."

A. H. MORRISON.

BRANTFORD, January 18th, 1886.

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THE

ART GALLERY OF ENGLISH.

INTRODUCTORY.

"What in me is dark
Illumine: what is low, raise and support."
MILTON.

LANGUAGE may be described as verbal architecture. Words are ideas crystallised; they are verbal bricks with which we plan our phrases, build our sentences and round our periods; here, soaring in lofty rhyme or stately prose towards the acme of classic diction, there, planting but a stone, low lying, as humble tribute to the memory of a beloved thought. But language is not only verbal architecture, it is verbal sculpture, often embodying in a few well-chosen and graphic words, the corporeal or mental characteristics of an individual, as truly as does the marble bust or statue convey to the human eye the lineaments and form of the being symbolised. Yet again, language is verbal painting, containing within its manifold vocabulary all the appliances of the artist to represent form and texture, light and shade, colour and atmosphere, every sentence penned or uttered being a mental picture, more or less artistic, impressed on the fair page of the in-

telligence. Lastly, language is verbal music, appealing by sound to that sense of the beautiful which is innate in every human nature, without which this world would be an aching void and life a barren waste. If I am right in my deductions, I deem my metaphor a not inappropriate one. If language is in very deed, as I see no reason to doubt, architecture, sculpture, painting and music of a certain sort; then is our national tongue a veritable art gallery, an art gallery of speech, in which are perpetuated and catalogued the loftiest conceptions of the æsthetic intellect and the constructive genius.

In art all terms are convertible; for architecture has been described as "frozen music," and it is not the first time one may have heard of "the shadow of a sound." We build our cathedrals and our epic verse. We carve our monuments and our biographies. We paint our landscapes and our narratives. We sing our anthems and our lyrics. There is no greater truth, than that within the limits of a few written or printed paragraphs, we may exhibit constructions typical of all art, and as suggestive of the objects typified, as ever have been the creations of the sculptor's chisel or the artist's brush. And of necessity it must be so; for eye and ear and voice are closely related; each is in telephonic communication with the intelligence. The effects of each are in a sense convertible. The eye can lend to the ear its cunning in a modified form. The ear repays the debt by rendering mentally visual what was before unseen. The eye inspires the voice, which reacts upon the ear. The mind is in all cases the centre

acted upon, and the result is the same, though arrived at by slightly different methods. The first man became an artist directly his eyes opened to the new-born light; for on his retina were traced in glowing procession the radiant forms of earth and sea and sky by that arch-artist, the perceptive intelligence. He became likewise a musician, though unconsciously; for once again that perceptive intelligence caught the rhythmic babble of the brook, the soft sigh of the wind, the twitter of the bird, and, possibly, the muffled refrain of the distant sea,through the intuitive aid of that arch-musician, the ear. He became a sculptor; for mentally he outlined as they really were, the objects which surrounded him, trees, flowers, animals, himself. He became an architect, though still unconsciously; when his mind leaving, as it were, his body far behind, leaving it, yet attached to it, scaled the ramparts of nature and climbed the serried heights,which towered ridge on ridge, and peak on peak towards the clouds. Surely upon beholding and appreciating all this novelty and all this beauty and all this grandeur, his lips must have opened spontaneously, to prefer, in a cry of astonishment and joy, the first orison to heaven. That cry was the vocal embodiment of all he had seen and heard and felt: 'twas the "frozen music" of the German poet, the foundation stone of the art gallery of speech.

In a state of being as complex as our own, there must of necessity be great diversity of taste. *Quot homines tot sententiæ* is an aphorism as old as the hills, and this question of art, and what constitutes true art, must ever

be matter for debate, of like and dislike, if you will. As for myself I can see beauty in all phases of nature and their representations, in a weed covered cabin as well as in the Parthenon, in a simple outline sketch as well as in an elaborate oil or water colour painting. The furrowed cheek of age bears not infrequently for me a bloom richer than the tints of youth. The rugged alliterative metre of the old Viking brings me messages quite as persuasive as the mellow lispings of more modern schools. The sombre pine bears a livery as grateful to my sense of sight as the gorgeous scarlet of the frost-kissed maple, and spite of Ruskin's "great, *ugly*, black rain-cloud," that rain-cloud is not ugly for me at all, it is, like its brighter hued brethren, fraught with promise and blessing, a part of nature and her great dower to man. I am cosmopolitan in my tastes and I love all that is beautiful, and much that in the eyes of my fellows is not beautiful, for I argue thus, that in contrast consists beauty. The soul reared in the purple and fine linen of a conventional system, which fashion maintains is the only true one, has scarcely been reared at all. It is an alien page, washed in with the neutral tints of another's mixing. To appreciate nature, we must see her in all her moods, under all her skies, surrounded by all her children. To appreciate art, we must study all styles, be in sympathy with all honest effort and see and think for ourselves. Not only must we occasionally abjure the fine raiment of conventionalism, we must positively clothe ourselves in the rags of the indigent. Not only must we temporarily renounce palm

groves and sun-kissed waters, we must traverse Sahara's arid waste. Not only must we forsake the rose-flushed snows of Alpine heights, we must dwell in the blackness of the gorge which slumbers at the glacier's foot. My immortal soul, if it have a spark of the divine fire, will instinctively fan itself into the flame of a divine appreciation, unaided by whim and untutored by caprice. Do not my senses speak to me of the sensible world around me, and speak truly? Do not those same senses respond as truly, when appealed to by the true imitations of the natural world, be the message delivered in architecture, in sculpture, in picture, in music, or in the literal embodiment of all, speech? Most assuredly they do. If they fail faithfully to record inwardly the impressions they have received from without, then am I blind; colour blind and form blind and sense blind. Then are we all by analogy in a manner blind, and if the blind lead the blind shall not they both fall into the ditch? Truly it is amusing to contrast the opinions of individuals on any given question in art or literature—amusing and at the same time, instructive. Here is one who deifies Turner, making him all but divine. By and by comes another, who with critical air and knowing shrug will "damn with faint praise" the misty glories of Ruskin's hero—Which is in the right? I myself confess to an honest liking for the rugged diction, the splintered periods, the thunder ruffled clauses of tempestuous Carlyle, but by me stands one, who snarls, "Regarded as English, however, his style is simply an execrable mongrel, although it is

marvellously wide mouthed, blatant and ferocious, as mongrels not unfrequently are. If our writers were to practise for a generation or two the scribbling of ever accretive pan-polyglot devouring Carlylese, Addison would be obsolete, Macaulay's works would be an unknown tongue, Shakspeare and our present version of the Bible would be unintelligible. The man who hybridizes it thus owes our literature an apology." Which is in the right? Here is a very reputable building, erected in a very reputable city, somewhere in a very reputable republic, and hither comes—led surely by an unkind angel—a very reputable English litterateur. He straightway condemns this building as unsightly and inartistic. With what result? A dozen captious critics rear their muzzles to the moonlight of their inspiration and bay down a very chorus of dissonant anathemas upon that reputable Englishman's devoted head. Which is in the right? Here is a vignette of Pope: "Those miserable mountebanks of the day, the poets, disgrace themselves and deny God in running down Pope, the most faultless of poets." Compare it with this: "His wit is as thick as Tewkesbury mustard." Which is in the right?—So I might go on, *ad infinitum*. Yet what does it all prove? That no man is a universal hero and that no work is a universal standard. We must see, each with his own eyes, and judge with his own feelings, and if favourites get praise from some, they must expect abuse from others. Depend upon it, the better we are abused the better shall our work become, always provided that the workman be worthy of his hire.

I.

Architecture in Language.

> All are architects of fate,
> Working in these walls of time;
> Some with massive deeds and great,
> Some with ornaments of rhyme.
>
> Longfellow.

We build our sentences as does the architect his *chefs-d'œuvre.* Stone on stone the fabric rises. Word on word the sentence expands, till each is complete, the expression of a thought—one embodied in stones, the other in words; one appealing to the perceptive faculties objectively, the other appealing to the same faculties subjectively; yet, both in a sense fulfilling the same mission, therefore, in the same sense, convertible. When the objective structure is complete, be it church, or mansion, or humble tenement, we may enter corporeally, to worship, to admire, or to rest. Similarly, when the subjective structure is complete, be it devotional, or classic, or simple, we may enter mentally, to worship, to admire, or to rest. In one we find bodily shelter, with a sense of mental, or perhaps sensual gratification; in the other we find mental accommodation, with a sense of bodily sympathy; for mind and body have ever reflex actions and so far as we know are analogous and inseparable.

Given a couplet, a stanza, a paragraph, or a succession of couplets, stanzas or paragraphs—What shall these become? Why that depends upon one's genius, one's taste,

one's idiosyncrasies of artistic temperament. To A the message may be but a couplet, a stanza, a paragraph or a succession of either; but to B it is a palace, a temple, a cathedral, or perchance a bridge of many arches, spanning the stream of thought and connecting the shores of time and finite sensibilities with the everlasting fields of eternal bloom and perfected mental fruition. It is to him then, according to humour, a couplet or a cupola, a paragraph or a pagoda, a succession of rhythmic lines, limited, not without beauty, yet breathing the music of earthly voices, or a succession of rhythmic fancies, "frozen music," limitless, reflecting the melodies of the winged choirs of paradise. It is anything he likes for the time being; that is to say, if it be true art. He can find in it something besides itself. It has a dual, a wraith, a ghost of itself, a shadow looking back at itself in quivering but not unsympathetic outlines from the crystalline depths of the psychical profound. It is but a step from the real to the ideal, from the objective to the subjective, from nature to art, and *vice versa*.

Look out upon the plain, there under the dawning light, dew-dimmed, stand the monoliths—under the dawning light of a new-born day, under the dawning light of a new-born civilization. They stand like sentinels, grim, scarred, ever alert, by ones and twos and threes, and if by chance, one has fallen, overtaken by the yearning desire for rest and slumber, its fellows watch over it, like Titans guarding the body of a fallen comrade. This is Stonehenge. These are the monoliths, mementos of the dead centuries.

The bleaching moss speaks more eloquently than the historic date or the half-obliterated epitaph, and circles their furrowed brows, so long bared to the storm and the drift, with hoary honour, scant relics clinging to the bald head of age. Twenty hundred years of sun and snow since they were young; since first they stood ranged in all their savage and gloomy majesty on the Amesbury wold; since first they stretched their barren arms to the pitiless void, whose minions have never yet ceased to scourge their fissured sides or trace thereon with mocking fingers the epitaphs of dissolution. What do they there, so solitary, vast, weird, and apparently objectless and profitless? The centuries echo back no answer to the oft repeated question; the dumb stones tell no tale; the plumed grasses nod in the yellow sunshine, the lichens redden and moulder in the autumnal blast, yet hold the secret; history cannot solve the riddle; only tradition and legend have their home here, and they make vague answer to the antiquary's quest. An air of glamour is over the spot, heavy with the mists of eld. Through it we see faint forms, and ever shifting phantasmagoria, of Celtic chief and Druid priest, of painted figure and flowing robe. Spirits we feel assured are not far off, as we peer between the sunless chinks, or catch the subdued moonlight reflected from the furrows, or hear the sad wind wail the requiem of the long forgotten dead. Yet what boots it to know the purpose of this mighty place of altars—Is it a place of altars or a barbarian's caprice? the relics are here. Are they not enough? Perchance, were the secret known, half the

charm of the monolithic wilderness would be fled—thus is it ever—"Ignorance is the mother of admiration." When all the arts of the oracle are laid bare, what reverence remains for the priest? It is enough for me, who am not an expert at the art of answering such conundrums, to stand beneath the open sky of the fair young spring, to feel the beatings of its lusty pinions, to catch the fragrance of its balmy breath: to stand, I say, in open-eyed, child-like wonder, and gaze and muse and gaze again, till the present merges into the past, till the centuries glide from beneath my feet, and the long ago, as I like to imagine it, shines out at me from the midst of those weather-worn stones, crowning their heads like aureoles of mellow flame, and weaving for me a romance, that may not be authentic history, 'tis true, but which is history enough for me, who would not have my dream dispelled, nor wake to find the glory that halos the charmed spot, but a common place *ignis fatuis* after all, a very will-o'-the wisp of a diseased imagination playing above the grave of the possible. It is enough for me to know that I am standing spell-bound before the cradle of architectural art, as it was first manifested in our own loved land. Yes! These unhewn pillars, though they support no dome but the arching roof of space, are veritable records of early Celtic monumental skill. How came they here in all their rugged massiveness? What force lifted them endwise to greet the stars? Where were they quarried? By what means conveyed hither? Again, I say, there is no answer. They are here, here to see, and touch and

dream over, and this is sufficient answer for me. Instinctively, my thoughts, spirit-led, glide from the monoliths before me, these silent attestations to a nascent architectural want in primitive man's nature, to language. I find myself surveying mentally the range of written literature, and asking myself, where is the written equivalent for all this majesty—for all this native grandeur of reality? I know it exists. I feel assured it has been written. Isolated thought, strung like giant beads on the thread of narration—bathed in the light of the long ago—sighed over by ghost-ridden winds—weird, rugged, solitary, cloud-tormented idealism. I seek for it and ere long I find it—Is not this the word-building, the stonehenge of the pen?—

What form rises in the roar of clouds? Whose dark ghost gleams on the red streams of tempests? His voice rolls on the thunder. 'Tis Orla, the brown chief of Oithona. He was unmatched in war. Peace to thy soul, Orla! Thy fame will not perish. Nor thine, Calmar! Lovely wast thou, son of blue-eyed Mora; but not harmless was thy sword. It hangs in thy cave. The ghosts of Lochlin shriek around its steel. Hear thy praise, Calmar! It dwells in the voice of the mighty. Thy name shakes in the echoes of Morven. Then raise thy fair locks, son of Mora. Spread them on the arch of the rainbow, and smile through the tears of the storm."

Is not each of these rugged periods, isolated, weather-stained, tempest-torn, a verbal monolith? Does not the moss of archaism choke up the broken clauses and hide

their fissures 'neath its rugged fringe? Is not the whole passage haunted with ghost gleam and ghost-shriek, the roar of tempest and the roll of thunder? Does it not speak with the tongue of eld? Is it not heavy with the air of romance? Yes, all this, and more. It is to me a veritable reproduction in words of the stony monuments of Salisbury plain.

Some minds I am well assured, love to dwell in the past, to drink their inspirations at the fount of the long-ago, and revel amidst the archives of antiquity. To such intellects, which must be preeminently retrospective, much of the present seems a dreary waste of practicality, a desert-like expanse swept by the dry winds of inanition, whose very air is impregnated with the dusty spores of the epidemic called *ennui*. Of such a type was the mind of Scott, and perhaps in a lesser degree that of Carlyle—more mediæval than modern. What a Gothic cathedral is to a nineteenth century warehouse, such is this mediæval cast of mind to the modern, plodding, matter-of-fact type of humanity. How can we account for such an anomaly in nature—a creature of to-day animated by an archaic soul? If effects be traceable, either directly or indirectly to causes, there must surely be some reason for the phenomenon. Is it because, though chivalry is dead and we have become in very deed a nation of shopkeepers, that some spark of the old knightly vitality is still latent somewhere in our money-grubbing, red-tape-tied natures? Or is it because the voice of a free-born instinct still calls to her children, beckoning them away from the marts and

quays of commerce, back to the greenwood alleys and rugged fastnesses of yore? Whatever the reason may be, the fact is beyond dispute that men love the past, and although the good old times are not, perhaps, just what they are represented to be by some of their more pronounced admirers and advocates, there still lingers a golden radiance emanating from the dead centuries, beneath whose glamour we love to dwell, and whose Aurora-like beams are not unfrequently shot athwart the monotony of many an otherwise prosaic and neutral-tinted life, rendering to it all the light and colour it is capable of receiving.

Gothic is a fine word. There is a world of rugged beauty in it, just as there is a world of rugged beauty in the style of architecture known by that name, as there is a world of rugged beauty in a paragraph by Carlyle, spite of the sweeping strictures of Professor Ross. His clauses are built as were the buttressed walls, before the superficiality of a later age and the vulgar tastes of trade corporations wrested the art from the hands of the architect, and let it to the contractor, the mason, and the plumber; before the rugged pomp of the dim aisles and pointed archways, gave way to the finical touch of the decorator, and the meretricious intricacies of the draughtsman. Who has not stood at some time of his life in the "dim, religious light" of such an ideal edifice, looking up to the roof, lost in the half-gloom of distance, with faint outlines just shadowed forth by the arches, and all beyond vague, weird and awe-inspiring, as though curtained by the

mighty wings of angels brooding over the spot, when seen in a dream? The vast columns grouped, as by the hand of Genii; walls massy, rough-hewn, and sombre; windows scarce letting in, yet not altogether excluding the light of day; just a faint streak of blended colour from the stained glass falling across the pavement at our feet, eloquent of warmth where all is cold, as is the soul-light from the eye momentarily shed across the pale face of intellect. All understood, yet half-expressed; all seen, though indistinct in shadow; the meaning clear, but the embodiments of the sense disjointed, uneven, antique, awe-provoking! This is the embodiment of a type of art in stone. Has it too its epitome in words? Without doubt it has for those who choose to read:—

"Sovereigns die, and sovereignties; how all dies, and is for a time only—is a 'time phantasm, yet reckons itself real!' The Merovingian kings, slowly wending in their bullock-carts through the streets of Paris, with their long hair flowing, have all wended slowly on—into eternity. Charlemagne sleeps at Salzburg, with truncheon grounded, only fable expecting that he will awaken. Charles, the Hammer, Pepin, Bow-legged, where now is their eye of menace; their voice of command? Rollo and his shaggy Northmen cover not the Seine with ships, but have sailed off on a longer voyage."

Is not this Gothic enough? Then take this:

"See Huissier Maillard, the shifty man! On his plank, swinging over the abyss of that stone ditch, plank resting on parapet, balanced by weight of patriots, he hovers

perilous—such a dove towards such an ark! Deftly, thou shifty usher; one man already fell, and lies smashed, far down there, against the masonry! Usher Maillard falls not. Deftly, unerring, he walks, with outspread palm. The Swiss holds a paper through his port-hole; the shifty usher snatches it and returns. Terms of surrender, pardon, immunity to all! Are they accepted? '*Foi d'officier* (on the word of an officer) answers half-pay Hulin, or half-pay Elie—for men do not agree on it—'They are!' Sinks the drawbridge, Usher Maillard bolting it when down; rushes in the living deluge; the Bastille is fallen! *Victoire! La Bastille est prise.*"

Read on from this and you shall find further examples of what I would teach. Read through the chapter "Not a Revolt," then tell me if there is not masonry in speech! All this to me is Gothic, early Gothic in its rugged majesty; so strong, yet so simple; so eloquent, yet so devoid of finish. The brief, terse clauses, tier on tier, not rounded; but abrupt, pointed, sharp-outlined against the shadows, seem to rear themselves from the gloom of a remote past and lose themselves in the gloom of a remote futurity: well-expressed and sure; yet something left to the imagination; and through all, as through stained glass, the many-coloured light of genius playing over the rough stones. And with this Gothic art, this architectural regularity, yet ruggedness of structure, this repetition of similar phases of expressed thought, whether in stone, or clause, or word, are linked in inseparable communion the Bible and the altar; the church and the Book

What was the Gothic edifice but the repetition of certain simple elements, combining to form a congruous whole. The pointed arch was the predominant feature ever repeated; yet this repetition was never wearisome. It was the key note to the pile. So with the Biblical phrase. What might be deemed commonplace, even monotonous, in lighter literature is here only emphatically grand:

"While the earth remaineth seed time *and* harvest *and* cold *and* heat *and* summer *and* winter *and* day *and* night shall not cease."

Or again:

"For I am persuaded that neither death, *nor* life, *nor* angels, *nor* principalities, *nor* powers, *nor* things present, *nor* things to come, *nor* height, *nor* depth, *nor* any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God."

This is the acme of architectural skill—word building extraordinary—consolidated walls of verbal expression loop-holed with the mono-syllables of faith.

Turn to Egypt, where the sleepy Nile at flood time frets among the Papyrus fringes, and the ripples make soft murmur to the crisping sedges; where the great water-lilies lift silvery chalices to the sunlight, and the low wind as it sighs along the shallows, kisses the white blossoms ere bearing away fragrant favour from their rifled bosoms. Yet 'tis not for rippling water, nor perfumed blossom, nor Bedouin breeze that we would seek this far-off clime. Hard by the banks of the historic stream stand the monuments of a by-gone race. There they stand; one, two,

three, seventy in number, of all sizes and ages, scattered, weather-stained, with an air half-repellent, half-defiant. Sphinx-like they propound their mighty riddle to the modern centuries, and who, in very truth, shall answer it? There comes no Œdipus to rend the secret from the Mockers of the Ages. Guessers there are in plenty, fantastic faith and blear-eyed superstition wink and nod in the twilight of their own egotism and self-conceit, over a fancied solution; but who shall say that the riddle is read, that the hag of doubt has been hurled to destruction down the steep of time? Set on their solid bases, they tower up to the clear sky, sunlit; to the clear sky, moonlit and star-spangled. What mighty changes in the constellations have they not witnessed! To what revolutions in the spheres have they not set their silent seal! With feet firm set, feet bathed eternally in the shifting waves of the desert sea, swept eternally by the dishevelled tresses of the torrid breeze, they stand, the sentinels of antiquity, guarding the resting places of kings. How came those huge blocks there? What force uplifted them from the breast of earth midway to the clouds? Through all this time, through all this change, the desert blast frets them not; monarchies fall, they heed them not; nations pass away, they make no sign; civilizations are born and perish; creeds rise and wane; philosophies bud, bloom, and decay; but these are immutable. What is eternal of man's handiwork, of architectural perfection of skill is surely here. They are the symbolism of finite strength, the climax of finite will. Yes, the climax!—stone

on stone—step on step—tier on tier—ever lessening in volume, yet ever increasing in grandeur, as they taper to the stars. Yet after all, the volume, the clay, the rock is the least part of them. This but fills the eye. The mere pyramid as pyramid is of the earth, earthy, and, if the sight go no farther, all that is left after scanning their giant flanks is the thought, that thousands have toiled on those flinty slopes and steps, and like the coral insects have perished at their toil, making no moan, and leaving no place incapable of being filled by future generations of toilers, who in their turn shall toil and likewise perish. But beyond the work, the bare accomplishment, is the sentiment welling ever outward, and increasing till all space is permeated with the refrain, that, so far as this world is concerned, as the monarch is now, so is the labourer. Each sleeps alike in the forgotten dust. The completed work is mausoleum alike for king and captive. Is this all then of life and life's teaching? What boots it whether the living clay be king's or captive's for the few short years? When all is over who will care to distinguish their barren dust? Is there nought further to learn? Must all end with the mummy, the monument, and the epitaph? Not so, we like to think, though life's record be indeed written among the shifting sands, the immortal energies dwell evermore beyond the futility of sepulchres, and the inanity of inscriptions; the panegyric of the satrap and the oblivion of the serf. Thus as the thought swells ever upward and onward before these architectural embodiments of the ambition of kings and the labour of slaves, these climaxes

in brick and stone, leading from the desert's drift, to the blue-ceiled vault of heaven, so is the climax in words likewise fraught with sentiment, which deepens and expands as it progresses; here sentence is piled on sentence and thought on thought, each loftier than the preceding, each permeated with a subtler logic or a more divine inspiration, until the pyramidal whole is clinched by the last towering clause which links the message with the light.

These pyramidal climaxes of earth are not so very far separated from the pyramidal climaxes of prose and verse. Each so grand, so progressive, so eloquent, yet itself so voiceless. An echo, this latent in words, that in stones. Each the shrine of an earthly monarch, though in different spheres. Each the reflected desire of a soul's ambition to perish nevermore. Can Shakespeare ask a worthier immortality than this:—

> "The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
> And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
> Leave not a rack behind."

or this:—

> "I conjure you, by that which you profess
> (Howe'er you come to know it), answer me:
> Though you untie the winds and let them fight
> Against the churches; though the yeasty waves
> Confound and swallow navigation up;
> Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down;
> Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
> Though palaces and pyramids do slope
> Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
> Of nature's germins tumble all together,
> Even till destruction sicken, answer me
> To what I ask you."

What more touching tribute can there be to the immortal memory of "Manfred," than his own pityful appeal to the shade of the dead Astarte?

> "Speak to me!
> For I have call'd on thee in the still night,
> Startled the slumbering birds from the hush'd boughs,
> And woke the mountain wolves, and made the caves
> Acquainted with thy vainly echoed name,
> Which answer'd me—many things answer'd me—
> Spirits and men—but thou wert silent all.
> Yet speak to me! I have outwatch'd the stars,
> And gazed o'er heaven in vain in search of thee.
> Speak to me! I have wandered o'er the earth
> And never found thy likeness—Speak to me!
> Look on the fiends around—They feel for me:
> I fear them not, and feel for thee alone—
> Speak to me! though it be in wrath;—but say—
> I reck not what—but let me hear thee once—
> This once—once more!"

Can the great pile of Cheops speak more eloquently than this? Had the master builder of old Egypt greater magic in his touch? What though the one be stone builder and the other word builder. Their enduring monuments alike shall stand—shall stand and point in glorious climax ever upward toward the stars.

With what consummate art does Bacon build! In that wonderful essay "Of Studies," the clauses are so artistically balanced and grouped that they seem to lie literally in strata. Verbal stories or flats so to speak, one over the other, one thought leading to the next, one sentiment capping another, till the pinnacle is attained. Yet the construction is not of the pyramid or climaxing type. The structure is level, in flats,

whose basements are equal areas. The effect is little heightened by gradation; but rather established by logical sequence and regularity of diction, by reduplication of expressive means, though the thoughts are ever new. It is not a pyramid, it is rather a pagoda of many stories, each resembling its fellows in archtectural outline and symmetry of parts, yet each distinct; each irradiated with its own light when the casements lie open to the rays of fancy; each chequered with its own shadow where the subtler logic of the argument excludes the momentary play of the sunbeam. With what skill, too, are the Latin quotations introduced towards the close of the essay, being in very deed, clamps of foreign workmanship, rivetting the upper clauses of the fabric to the pediments below, not obtrusive or grandiloquent or priggish, but exhibiting ornament as well as strength, suggesting finish as well as stability.

"Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them and wise men use them.

* * * * * *

"Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.

* * * * * *

"Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man; and, therefore if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the

mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend; '*Abeunt studia in mores.*'"

But the master builder of the Eastern type is De Quincey, as illustrated in certain passages of his "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater." He gives us minarets and pinnacles, as well as domes and cupolas, in his terse, clean cut contractions and iterations. He piles thought on thought, not in flats, nor yet altogether in climax, though climax plays its part, too; but in glittering and audacious phrases, which rear their slender shafts up to the very clouds, and look down, star-crowned, from their giddy heights, upon the impassive sphinx, the loathsome crocodile, the oozy mud of the Nile. He builds, too, from the summit downwards in the passage I shall quote. Scorning the usual methods, and setting at defiance the laws of gravitation, his foundations are in the clouds, and he descends by flights of fancies ever broadening to the base, which spreads outwards into the mists of uncounted centuries, and buries itself fathoms deep in the slime and reeds of a forgotten past. All the incongruities of the eastern pile, too, are here; its splendour and its filth; its sublimity when far seen, its attenuations when close viewed; its sacred animals and grinning idols; its courts spangled with tesselated glories and approaches besmirched with the offal of the bazaars; its atmosphere above, pure and fragrant with the breath of eastern forests, or brilliant with the flash of bird and insect; its environments below, rank weeds, mud and slime, reeking with

the odours of all unutterable and loathsome airs. All this is suggested, if not directly expressed to the senses of him who has wandered in Eastern lands; suggested by the magic art of the word builder, which, spanning the gulfs of time and space with inimitable skill, lifts the imagination into an infinity of being almost too vast for finite intellect to grasp.

"Under the connecting feeling of tropical heat and vertical sunlight, I brought together all creatures, birds, beasts, reptiles, all trees and plants, usages and appearances, that are found in all tropical regions, and assembled them together in China or Industan from kindred feelings. I soon brought Egypt and all her gods under the same law. I was stared at, hooted at, grinned at, chattered at, by monkeys, by parroquets, by cockatoos. I ran into pagodas; and was fixed for centuries, at the summit, or in secret rooms; I was the idol; I was the priest; I was worshipped; I was sacrificed; I fled from the wrath of Brama through all the forests of Asia; Vishnu hated me; Seeva laid wait for me. I came suddenly upon Isis and Osiris; I had done a deed, they said, which the ibis and the crocodile trembled at. I was buried, for a thousand years, in stone coffins, with mummies and sphynxes, in narrow chambers, at the heart of eternal pyramids. I was kissed, with cancerous kisses, by crocodiles; and laid, confounded with all unutterable slimy things, amongst reeds and Nilotic mud."

I suppose individual taste is the arbiter of style; that is to say, outside of individual taste there is no style,

nor can there be any. No absolute style can exist by its own inherent right. We cannot speak of an immutable style as we can of an absolute and immutable truth. Truth forms the man, but man forms the style, and as few men see with the same eyes, there can be no rigid standard for a universal perfection of expressed thought. What Professor Ross dubs "execrable mongrel," I deem very fine writing indeed. My architectural embodiments of verbal expression are to me very real, but to another they may seem to be absolute nonsense, *plus apud nos vera ratio valeat, quam vulgi opinio.* Yet because I prefer my own judgment, because I live in a world of my own, I do not wish to scout or ignore general prejudice. I would rather invite it to see with my eyes; for long gazing sometimes leads to far seeing. It is said marksmen improve their sight, by concentrating all their powers of vision on a small spot which is gradually removed farther and farther, as the visual organs become strengthened by the practice. So with literary appreciation. It is a progressive faculty, ever becoming sharper by use. What is taste after all but the faculty of appreciating certain phases of nature or art with more or less keen discernment and relish; while opinion is but the expression of that taste, which is more or less acceptable to the individual, according to the degree in which it assimilates with the preconceived, albeit unexpressed, notions of that individual. I suppose there is nothing in nature that is not beautiful in a sense,and in a sense interchangeable. But all eyes cannot see the beauty, or rather cannot view it

through lenses adjusted to the same focus. Neither can all intellects appreciate the eternal fitness for conversion and transmutation that exists in the world of visible and invisible entities, of nature and of art. To one man, specially constituted, Westminster Abbey is an abbey, a venerable structure of wood and stone, and nothing more. It is a very good place in which to pray, and possibly in which to be buried, if good luck or personal merit and the nation so decree it. To the same man a passage in Milton is a series of pentameters in very heroic blank verse. It is a verbal expression of lofty thought admirably rendered, and nothing more. He would deem it absurd to kneel before such a shrine to offer up a prayer, still more absurd to consider it a mausoleum or even a monument. But as for myself, I can enter the one as I do the other. I can wander, spirit led, through the echoing aisles of either. I can stand beneath the lofty arches, search the labyrinthine cloisters, walk up the fretted aisles, ponder in the shadows and feel glad in the sunshine of one or the other. I can prefer my humble tribute of adoration at the altars of either, and to me the stanza is as grand a tomb as is the one which enshrines the dust of patriots and kings, of philosophers and bards. For why? The fleshly hand that penned the immortal lines is ever present in the accomplished material work, and that work is in very deed both mausoleum and monument. Yet the mere words, like the stones of the builder, tell me only that the designer once lived and may be dead, but the spirit which animates fane or verse, and which appeals in a reflex sense

to my own spirit, proclaims the genius of the respective framers immortal—immortal and building for ever and ever. The abbey to me is but a fossilized poem echoing with seraphic strains of most exquisite music. The poem is to me but a verbal abbey reared and embellished with all of human skill and all of human sentiment, and likewise echoing with strains of exquisite music, but of a different type. And so with other thoughts verbally expressed. They are words it is true; but not mere "words, words, words," they are bricks for the builder, or pigments for the painter, or blocks for the sculptor, of themselves formless, but by their just use and arrangement more than bricks, or pigments, or blocks; they are, as I like to imagine, according to their fitness and associations, cathedrals and pictures and statues. Ay, more; they are blossoms and fragrancies and harmonies and everlasting sermons, preached by the divinities of earth and air and sea to congregations of immortal worshippers, that have their being in my own immortal instincts.

How much of beauty, of ugliness, of happiness, of misery in this world belongs to a vivid imagination or a good digestive apparatus, how much to reality or an ill-conditioned liver? How much of the beauty of literature dwells in one's self, and how much in one's author? I am led to propound these questions because I have been advised over and over again by competent authorities, that certain passages in which I take great delight are by no means to be considered first rate style, and again, I am assured by the same authorities, that cer-

tain other passages which I cannot at all tolerate, are entitled to rank high among the *chefs-dœuvre* of the national literature. I have been laughed at, quizzed, wondered at, and pooh-poohed most mercilessly for dilating upon the perfect expressions in some—to me—beautiful paragraph, stanza, or line; for finding in very deed, those blossoms, fragrances and harmonies, before alluded to; and sneered at for daring to suggest that even English has beauties comparable to the highest flights in classical poetry, and the grandest triumphs in mathematical deduction. Well, *quot homines tot sententiæ.* If my critics deem me an enthusiast, I, too, am entitled to my opinion, but in deference to the claims of friendship, and the amenities of social life, I shall keep it to myself, and go on finding my parallels, and expatiating thereon.

As a specimen of purity of style in verbal architecture, where the sentiment is built in clauses rather than otherwise expressed, and built, moreover, without a flaw, I cannot instance a better paradigm than Milton's magnificent apostrophe or invocation to light in "Paradise Lost." I say purity here advisedly, for there seems to me to be a crystal clearness about the arrangement and ring of the words, as though they were constructed of material through which the light can, indeed, find its way, to permeate with a translucent sense, like a crystal held up to the sun, the resplendent conceit. How doubly singular this effect, and how heightened in significance when we consider that the designer was himself blind; that the beautiful day had forever set for him, and that he erected

in "ever-during dark" that temple to light, which will last as long as the sun illumines the page on which its own immortal eulogy is stamped. But here is the passage, worthy of careful analysis, and a just estimate as to whether the material most resembles porcelain or crystal, and to what is due the secret of the resplendent effect:

"Hail, holy Light, offspring of Heaven, first-born,
Or of the Eternal co-eternal beam,
May I express thee unblamed? since God is light,
And never but in unapproachéd light
Dwelt from eternity; dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate,
Or hear'st thou rather, pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun,
Before the heavens thou wert; and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, did'st invest
The rising world of waters, dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite."

Here is another transparency, but this time it is a palace, and of ice, by Cowper:

"Silently as a dream the fabric rose;
No sound of hammer or of saw was there;
Ice upon ice, the well adjusted parts
Were soon conjoined; nor other cement asked
Than water interfused to make them one.
Lamps gracefully dispersed, and of all hues,
Illumined every side; a watery light
Gleamed through the transparency, that seemed
Another moon new-risen, or meteor fallen
From heaven to earth, of lambent flame serene,
So stood the brittle prodigy; though smooth
And slippery the materials, yet frost-bound
Firm as a rock. Nor wanted aught within,
That royal residence might well befit,
For grandeur or for use. Long wavy wreaths
Of flowers that feared no enemy but warmth,
Blushed in the panels. Mirror needed none

Where all was vitreous; but in order due
Convivial table and commodious seat
(What seemed at least commodious seat) were there;
Sofa, and couch and high-built throne august,
The same lubricity was found in all,
And all was moist to the warm touch; a scene
Of evanescent glory, once a stream,
And soon to slide into a stream again."

Observe, there is little colour in these lines, on the other hand, its absence is well marked. Form, too, is well depicted, and light, the light which filters through the ice block, colourless in itself, but contracting a cold, blueish tint, from the very compactness and depth of the material.

Blank verse is of all mediums, perhaps, the best for word building. The smooth iambic pentameter unhampered by the trickeries of rhyme, lends itself readily to the production of stately effects, and to symmetrical magnificence of construction. The octo-syllabic iambic verse of which we find so much in the romantic school of English poetry is better adapted to the painter's art. Here the colourist can revel in the hues of nature, while the short, rhyming, rythmical flow of the verse is admirably suited to convey to the mind's eye the numberless variations, yet ever recurring similarities, in landscape, costume etc., as regards form, tinting, and effects of verbal *chiaro-oscuro.* How skilfully Scott manages this measure, and, in a different sense, Byron. Their methods constitute true painting in speech. Long words are sometimes imperatively necessary to produce the best effects, either used singly or in pairs, or in long-drawn succession, and here again, the pentameter line has an advantage over a shorter measure.

There is more room in which to exercise one's vocabulary. Polysyllables judiciously used lend dignity to construction. They serve likewise to elevate the mental conceptions; wide-winged they mount to heaven, or stretch from the centres of desert-wastes to

"The multitudinous sea incarnadine."

Short words are more suggestive of colour, that is of the commonest colour, and being short they can be massed readily, monosyllable on monosyllable, and trope on trope, till the page becomes a very transformation scene, according to the humour of the artist; leafy coverts rustling in the breezes; or tossed branches, bare and wintry, wailing to bleak and leaden clouds; or blue skies flecked with vapour fleeces; or blossom-masses tinted with rainbow hues, red, blue and white, starring green meads or fringing pellucid waters, where the bronze and gold of insect life, and the silver flash of fish-scale and reflected sun-light are only different phases of the same illimitable power of colour-expression. But the pentameter is better suited for colder themes. If the rhyming tetrameter be colour and life-sense, then the decasyllabic of blank verse is Parian marble or Scottish granite, or may be, cedar of Lebanon. The vistas are colonnades; Doric pillars or giant trunks. The climaxes; domes, gables, friezes, many-fashioned summits, stretching out to the horizon in straight lines, geometrical and correct, with occasional grand sweeps and slightly sinuous undulations, or piercing up to the heavens to tower above ordinary constructions, as the obelisk, erect, looks down

on the prostrate column at its feet. Not that the heroic measure is, or need be, always confined to the expression of these sentiments, but, for such expression it is best suited. Its general effect on my mind, when I recall the measure is right lined, lofty, pure, simple not sensuous, crystalline, or pearly, or cool gray—classic, looming out of the semi-mists of antiquity and archaism, yet capable of reflecting all glorious tintings of the modern sunlight—not florid or gaudy, but flushed and stained rather than flaunting or highly-coloured,—breathing suggestion rather than proclaiming display—not the warm damask tones of the Orient queen with its heart's flame reflected from its tell-tale face, bnt the faint hues of our own blush rose when the jewels of morning are yet glistening on its cheek. So have I seen the sunlight fade away from Himalayan snows, sweeping up till the last flush faded into the death hue on the brows of virgin heights.

I have styled rhyme a trickery, not that I mean anything disparaging by the use of that somewhat invidious trisyllable. All that I intend to convey is that this jingle of rhyme is a modern innovation. The earliest verse had no such assonance of sound, it had not even alliteration, simply regulated accent and well adjusted pause—nothing more. Yet rhyme has its uses, but its principal office lies, in the domain of music. I doubt if it adds materially to form or colour-sense, even when in conjunction with the grand pentameter of Childe Harold or the polished decasyllabics of the Essay on Man. Rapid successions of similar sounds may give the effect of motion, they can

never impart the sense of dignity or repose. Blank verse for the snow-capped heights of Himalayan solitudes ; but rhyme for the cataracts which dash and splash and rumble and tumble down their rugged sides. If, however, rhyme adds nothing to the dignity and grandeur of composition, I do not say that it at all times detracts therefrom. The Spenserian cenotaphs of Adonais and the Coliseums and Venetian piles of Childe Harold are worthy compeers of "Temples of Light" and "Palaces of Ice." All I maintain is, that rhyme is not absolutely necessary to perfect poetic expression; that poetic expression of a certain type is, indeed, sometimes better without it.

What infinite variety there is in nature, and of course, as nature's copyist, in art. The resources of either are boundless. Mutation is the law of natural being. It is questionable whether there has been an exact duplicate of anything since first the fiat of creative might went forth. It is this infinite variety which makes existence endurable. Fancy a world in which there was no change. An eternal summer or winter; eternal bloom or barrenness; eternal beauty or ugliness ; eternal rejoicing or sorrowing ; every leaf the counterpart of another; every smile the reflection of a type; every tear the exact imitation of a model; no diversity of style, no difference of opinion, no gradations of culture, no social distinctions, no divergencies of creed ; all infidels or all fanatics, all aristocrats or all *sans-culottes,* all Bacons or all punchinellos, all Tories or all Whigs, all sticklers for the ghosts of Herbert Spencer, or all apostles of the humanity of Frederick

Harrison. Liberty in fetters would moan in anguish over a Sahara-like waste of inanity,—eternal simper or unceasing sigh; or passions rampant would feed, ghoul-like, for ever upon eternal self-conflictions and moral suicides, as exemplified in ourselves and our fellows. We should devour each other, and like the Kilkenny cats, nought but *tales* of horror would be left to fill the void of insentient space, with the echoes of ineffable anguish and affright. Therefore it is that my notion of a possible heaven is a very different one from the monstrous conceptions formulated by the leaders of the early church. Their hell I can conceive, unabashed effrontery of stupendous mendacity as it was; for monotony of being, whether in so-called realms of bliss or pain is hell; that is to say to the best as the best are now constituted, the worst, the blacklegs of humanity and scum of the saloons, might find it endurable to be permitted to loaf through an eternity of the once orthodox Elysium. And I fail to see, accepting as a truth that the intellect is immortal, how the intellectual part of man's nature can be at once transformed by such a very simple and prosaic, and withal, quiescent means of regeneration, as death, into a self-existent psychical entity in another sphere, altogether different to its former self as habited in the flesh. No, in change is bliss. This is the law of labour, that work brings change, and in change is progression and content.

> Eternal process moving on,
> From state to state the spirit walks;
> And these are but the shattered stalks,
> Or ruined chrysalis of one.

An eternal circle of eternal choristers, white winged and radiant, harping their eternal symphonies on eternal harps, whether of gold or gun-metal, round an eternal throne of an eternal divinity, seems to me to be an eternal parody on the eternal fitness of the economy of man's better nature, and the supreme wisdom of the Formative Power. 'Tis a vision begotten of convent seclusion and cloistered idleness. 'Tis the link of an ignorant and solitary fatuity, uniting the voluptuous dream of Olympian bliss or the orgies of a Scandinavian Valhalla to the dawning light of a new Reformation, which has rendered possible and probable the inborn right of an immortal spirit to labour and progress even in the realms beyond the grave. Give me labor or give me nothing,—for idleness means nothing. If after life's fitful fever we indeed sleep well, if the rest be dreamless and the spirit give no sign, then shall we know nothing, feel nothing, learn nothing, do nothing, which means dreamless rest. But, if one force survive to add its quota to the great industries of the universe, whether manual or mental, we in very deed live, and living, I hope and trust we shall be able to recognize our work, and give account of it to the eternal progression of the cycles, which, though concentric, like the ripples on the clear surface of water, spread ever outward and onward from the point where self-conscience first struck the great ocean of infinite being.

Variety then is the soul of art. Art itself, even when perfect, is but a body of clay. Like the artist, it needs vivifying with an individual spirit. It must tell its

own tale, and stand or fall on its own merits, not on another's. Hence the different types of art. The world has never been contented with one pattern, however excellent. Every age is marked by its own progressive or retrogressive spirit. And thus it must ever be. There is no cessation, for cessation means stagnation; and stagnation, first putrescence and then annihilation. A marble palace is of itself a very beautiful object to look upon, but who could live for ever in Venice without sometimes longing for Alpine heights and the peasant's chalet? Who would care to perambulate for ever the corridors and halls of the art museum, and not sigh sometimes for a glimpse at the originals depicted? Who could long gaze upon a beautiful miniature of the beloved, without longing to clasp in all the throbbing, passionate exultation of possession the fair prototype to his breast? So with art in diction,—the architecture of the pen. Its great recommendation is its diversity. Excellence is, as I have already suggested, relative. To one a certain type may be altogether excellent, to another, expressionless, to a third, repulsive; but if it suit me not, there is another to turn to. Rest assured, the rejected of one or of many shall yet find wooers, and, if at all worthy, lovers. Recollect, I speak of art. There is that, of course, to be met with at all times which is not art, but it will of itself sink and be forgotten. To live at all, a commonplace thought must be attired in raiment more excellent than that which clothes the commonplace crowd, or a grotesque or unlovely phraseology must enshrine a thought, which proclaims itself fit to

survive, irrespective of the broadcloth or the fustian of the vocabulary. I fancy Macaulay will descend the stream of time more by virtue of the brilliant point lace of his narrative, than by inherent truth or reliability of sentiment or statement. The name of Carlyle, spite of his "jarring tattoos upon German kettledrums," which is, I suppose, equivalent to my fustian—will live when that of many a detractor has been forever buried beneath the drift of an illimitable oblivion—and why? His thoughts are worthy, and, because worthy, immortal, though, giant-like, their limbs are thrust too far through the arms and legs of their often ill-fitting garments. They have outgrown the meagre and threadbare resources of the verbal wardrobe. Their muscular hero-worship and their double-jointed cynicism set the wristbands and trowser straps of a conventional diction at defiance. But this is digression, our business is with the architect, not the tailor; though we have heard of one of the last named fraternity *building* a pair of pantaloons. And, using the word in its widest sense, I presume the artist—or professor, which is it?—of the goose and shears has as good a right to the term as I have when speaking of the construction of language. Such is life. Yet does it not prove the theory of convertibility? The coat may build the reputation of a man after the man has built the coat, that reputation being direct or by proxy; direct so far as the author of the coat is concerned, who merits our approval as a master-builder; by proxy, so far as the wearer is concerned, who is not seldom proclaimed a gentleman on the strength of his tailor's—unpaid—bill!

To verbal architecture let us return. In order to illustrate still further the variety in art and its methods, I shall leave pyramids, pagodas and ice palaces for the nonce, and quote Byron's magnificent stanza on the Pantheon, found in the fourth canto of Childe Harold.

"Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime—
Shrine of all saints and temple of all gods
From Jove to Jesus—spared and blest by time ;
Looking tranquility, while falls or nods
Arch, empire, each thing round thee, and man plods
His way through thorns to ashes—glorious dome !
Shalt thou not last ?—Time's scythe and tyrant's rods
Shiver upon thee—sanctuary and home
Of art and piety— Pantheon !—pride of Rome !

Let us subject this stanza as an antiquary might the Pantheon itself, to close critical analysis, in order to see what it really is, or what it most resembles. It is a classic temple of purest marble. I know of no substance which the measured rhythmic phraseology of the clauses so forcibly presents to my mind, as that loveliest of all materials so dear to the classic heart. Built with consummate skill and showing traces of inimitable art and grace ; reared on five verbal pillars, dissyllabic and Doric.

"Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime."

the fabric rises in all its simple majesty and perfection of symmetry, by evenly balanced clauses, to the fifth line, where it swells, again contracting in the concluding verses, till in the last we find the key stone "Pantheon" inserted midway between two final phrases forming the interjectional climax

or gable of the whole. I never read the stanza but I see the edifice—not the edifice, indeed, they call the Pantheon, which, I am given to understand, is dome-shaped; but an edifice I have constructed mentally, that is inseparable from this discription. It is eminently classic, simple, pure, tranquil; a sanctuary indeed, standing upon those five massive pillars, Doric, I imagine, for they rise without base clear from the ground, and terminate as abruptly, without volute or acanthus leaf to distract the eye, or mar the severely simple outline; over them the entablature lying along the summits in level lines, jointed yet rhythmic, culminating in the last grand hexameter which proclaims the completion of the perfect whole. This is the perfection of word-building; thoughts reared on verbal pillars and enshrined in verbal blocks, rough-hewn from the quarry of speech, as eloquent of the type of a particular order as the most finished picture, and breathing a sentiment as pure as might have emanated from the sanctuary itself. Byron abounds with such examples. He is a prince among builders. Hear him describe a ruin:

> A ruin—yet what ruin!—from its mass
> Walls—palaces—half cities—have been reared.

Is not this dilapidation embodied in words? Broken, disjointed, fragmentary; phrases for sentences; semi-ejaculations falling from one another—as stone from stone, moss-grown and weather-cleft, seeks the plain—while over all

> —Fall the stars' faint rays
> On the arena void—seats crushed—walls bow'd—
> And galleries, where my steps seem strangely loud.

Again, I call this word building rather than word painting; for form or position in space seems to me to be the embodied idea, and there is a total absence, or almost total absence of colour and atmosphere. In fact, it is partly this non-chromatic sense which suggests the builder rather than the painter, this sense, and the sometimes stately, sometimes broken succession of the clauses, leading up by flights, as it were, to the culminating point, or, insinuating by elliptical or ejaculatory processes the idea of the dismantled edifice tottering to its fall. In all this there is profound art, whether it be taken as instinctive or premeditative; that is, whether the words and clauses, flowed intuitively and spontaneously by a sort of inspiration from mind to pen, or whether they were studiously and laboriously *thought out*, and so piled on one another as the result of careful analytic foresight and subtle logic of execution.

As a specimen of what I should call the alternative style of building, in which the clauses, well-proportioned and rythmic, balance one other and suggest choice or alternation, take this from Gibbon's "School of Athens":—

"When the liberty of public debate was suppressed, the orator, in the humble profession of an advocate, might plead the cause of innocence and justice; he might abuse his talents in the more profitable trade of panegyric; and the same precepts continued to dictate the fanciful declamations of the sophist, and the chaster beauties of historical composition. The systems which professed to unfold the nature of God, of man, and of the uni-

verse, entertained the curiosity of the philosophic student; and, according to the temper of his mind, he might doubt with the Sceptics, or decide with the Stoics, sublimely speculate with Plato, or severely argue with Aristotle."

This, too, is a colourless type of verbal architecture—yet not biographical, which is sculptured, neither is music the prominent idea, though the clauses read very smoothly. It is simple yet eloquent; not burdened with ornament, yet sufficiently relieved; less imposing and massive, perhaps, than Byron's Pantheon, yet pure and elevated, and in its way as suggestive of the classic and the Greek.

In direct contradistinction to the colourless type of word-building, which forcibly reminds one of the neutral-tinted or mono-chromatic structures so dear to the eye of lovers of repose and architectural simplicity of purpose, is that style known as ornate, and, to a still greater degree, the florid. By ornate, I mean decorated, beautiful, splendidly adorned. By florid, I have in my mind that style of Gothic architecture which in England succeeded the decorated style. It too was decorated, but stilted; rose laden, yet thorn tormented. It has been described as stiff and rectilinear, the lines vertical, the mouldings thin and hard, the ornaments cumbrous; "rich and gorgeous, rather than elegant, graceful and comfortable." Perhaps, I should rather denominate it Elizabethan; showy, possibly brilliant, but only so for effect: the hues of apparent health mantling on the cheek; but beneath—the grinning skull. As an example of the first order, the ornate, I shall instance Swinburne. Speaking of the

structure of Shakespeare's chronicle histories, King John and Henry VIII, he says:—

"Scene is laid upon scene, and event succeeds event, as stone might be laid on stone, and story might succeed story in a building reared by mere might of human handiwork: not as in a city whose temples or walls had risen of themselves to the lyric breath and stroke of a greater than Amphion, moulded out of music by no rule or line of mortal measure, with no sound of axe or anvil, but only of smitten strings, built by harp, and not by hand."

Again, commenting on the masterly manner in which King John is made to suggest the death of Arthur, while contrasting Shakespeare's method with Marlowe's, our critic says:

"The elder master (Marlowe) might, indeed, have written the magnificent speech, which ushers in with gradual rhetoric, and splendid reticence, the black suggestion of a deed without a name,—his hand might have woven with no less imperial skill the elaborate raiment of words and images which wraps up in fold upon fold, as with swaddling bands of purple and gold embroidery, the shapeless and miscreated birth of a murderous purpose that labours into light, even while it loathes the light and itself; but only Shakespeare could give us the first sample of that more secret and terrible knowledge, which reveals itself in the brief, heavy whispers that seal the commission and sign the warrant of the king."

These examples, you will observe, are true instances of word-building; for, though they contain colour and form

their subjects are not such as may be depicted on canvas, neither could they be modelled or carved, nor do they belong altogether to the realm of music, as it is more the cunning of the structure than the music of the sound which commands admiration. True, the rhythm is perfect, but it is subservient to a purpose. It is a mere accompaniment attending the evolution and growth of a plot, built of thoughts, framed in contrasted clauses, born of ambitious desire, and culminating in murderous expression.

As a specimen of what I denominate the florid type of verbal architecture, overstrained effect, "rich and gorgeous," rather than true, appealing to the head rather than to the heart, and somewhat cumbrous and top-heavy, I shall quote from Sheridan's speech against Warren Hastings:—

"O, Faith! O, Justice! I conjure you by your sacred names to depart for a moment from this place, though it be your peculiar residence; nor hear your names profaned by such a sacrilegious combination, as that which I am now compelled to repeat!—where all the fair forms of nature and art, truth and peace, policy and honour, shrunk back aghast from the deleterious shade! where all existences, nefarious and vile, had sway!—where, amidst the black agents on one side, and Middleton with Impey on the other, the toughest head, the most unfeeling heart! the great figure of the piece, characteristic in his place, stood aloof and independent from the puny profligacy in his train!—but far from idle and inactive, turning a

malignant eye on all mischief that awaited him!—the multiplied apparatus of temporising expedients, and intimidating instruments! now cringing on his prey, and fawning on his vengeance!—now quickening the limping pace of craft, and forcing every stand that retiring nature can make in the heart! violating the attachments and the decorums of life! sacrificing every emotion of tenderness and honour! flagitiously levelling all the distinctions of national characteristics! with a long catalogue of crimes and aggravations, beyond the reach of thought, for human malignity to perpetrate, or human vengeance to punish!"

This may be very fine writing, but I do not like it. It may be built according to the purest models of English prose, but I fail to appreciate it. It may be truth, but it has a hollow ring. The dashes may represent the vertical lines of a peculiar style, and certainly the spaces are filled in with cumbrous ornament enough, *parturient montes, nascitur ridiculus mus.* It forcibly reminds one of a monument, erected nominally to the memory of one of those much abused and persecuted little rodents immortalised in the Latin maxim, but really perpetuating for all time the bombastic self-esteem, impudent assumption, and aggressive rhodomontade of a man thoroughly ignorant of the nature of the duty he had undertaken to perform, viz., to convict of petty larceny the *ridiculus mus* aforementioned. Not that Warren Hastings at all resembles the huge and voracious quadruped which is proverbially supposed to carry terror to the hearts of the

fair sex; but the presumable offence for which he was arraigned, very much resembled it, in its normal dimensions.

From the florid to the simple style, seems a natural enough transition. When one's eyes have been half-blinded by the glare of colour and intricacy of form, or one's ears stultified by the banging of big drums and blare of trumpets, it is a relief to step into the cottage porch, or throw one's self at full length beneath the green twilight of the rustic arbor; where the fragrance of the honeysuckle mingles with the perfume of the rose; where nothing more dissonant, or suggestive of outside disturbance appeals to the ear than the drowsy hum of insect life, or the rhythmic babbling of the wayside rill. From Sheridan to Wordsworth is such a transition; yet not attained by a mere step or succession of steps, 'tis a Curtius-like leap from meretricious, if resplendent heights, into the eternal peace and simplicity of another sphere. Contrast Sheridan's gilded and gargoyled "Impeachment" with Wordsworth's "Fountain," and tell me which is the more beautiful work of art:—

"My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirred,
For the same sound is in my ears,
Which in those days I heard.

Thus fares it still in our decay;
And yet the wiser mind
Mourns less for what age takes away,
Than what it leaves behind."

Nothing could be simpler than the construction of these lines. The words are commonplace. The tenement is

indeed an humble one. There is no pretence of imagery. Yet it is full of the loftiest art, the art which has copied nature so faithfully, that it is impossible to tell where one begins and the other ends. It is full, too, of a subtle melody, the murmur of the waters outside the porch, which, entered, leads straight to the builder's heart; the heart that is enshrined within his own creation, for life, for death, for time, for eternity, nor needs it loftier mausoleum or more enduring epitaph.

Doubtless it is as sudden and great a transition from the simple yet peaceful porch of the cottage, with its trailing vines and fragrant blossoms, to the dim and drear precincts of the prison, as it is from the icily splendid tropes of Sheridan to the simple lay of Wordsworth. But in contrast sometimes centres interest. Beside the sunlight ever lurks the shadow. One half the globe must of necessity mate with night while the other half woos the day. Pleasure has repletion and life has death. Talking of prisons the question naturally suggests itself, should a prison be beautiful ? Or, should it be considered from a mere utility standpoint ? It seems like mockery to incarcerate a fellow-being in marble halls ; to chain him to a fluted column with Corinthian capital; to surround his thorny path of enforced woe with the acanthus leaves and blossoms of art ; or to compel him to drag out the "lengthening chain" of perpetual labour and coercion within sight of rose gardens. Would a criminal under the gibbet be "soothed and sustained," I wonder, by the knowledge that his noose was a silken one, or that the beams of the

dread instrument of death were carved from cedar? Hardly, I suspect. Though some æsthetic criminals,—I presume they are æsthetic from their very *insouciance*—choose a dainty *menu* for their final breakfast, and make their exit from the terrestrial platform with a rose in their button-hole, and the last fragrant whiff from a Havannah, yet haloing their lips. I admire such insouciance, simply, I suppose, because were I in a like predicament I should behave quite differently. My exit, I fear, would be a most unbecoming one to record in the annals of heroism. But this is a good sign. Perhaps I shall never have to undergo the ordeal. Providence, they say, tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. Should, though, the prison-structure be beautiful? Emphatically, No! 'Tis but adding another lash to the cat, another pang to incarceration. Simplicity, humanity, and Christian feeling, even for the felon—Yes! But beauty—No! To the slave nothing is beautiful. To the free, all things are a revelation of delight. A prison, to my mind, should be built in accordance with it's office, massive, unpretentious, low-lying, long-lined—an elegy in stone—the blank verse of architecture—the embodiment of Dante's vision;—

> "Through me you pass into the city of woe:
> Through me you pass into eternal pain:
> Through me among the people lost for aye.
> Justice, the founder of my fabric moved:
> To rear me was the task of power divine,
> Supremest wisdom, and primeval love,
> Before me things create were none, save things
> Eternal, and eternal I endure,
> All hope abandon ye who enter here.'"

* * * * * *

> "Here sighs with lamentations and loud moans,
> Resounded through the air, pierc'd by no star,
> That e'en I wept at entering. Various tongues,
> Horrible languages, outcries of woe,
> Accents of anger, voices deep and hoarse,
> With hands together smote that swell'd the sounds,
> Made up a tumult, that for ever whirls
> Round through that air with solid darkness stained,
> Like to the sand that in the whirlwind flies."

Yes, this is a prison, built with words and strengthened with pitiless, iron-bound periods. I do not say that a prison should be dedicated to eternal pain, or that its courts should be made to echo with lamentations and loud moans, by harsher treatment than is necessary. All I maintain is, that a certain amount of pain and anguish and woe is inseparable from the prison walls; that such has ever been my notion of an earthly prison, and that notion is reflected in Dante's lines. Perhaps, it may not be a quite true reflection. I have heard that some prisoners laugh and sing and are merry—are presumably happy and contented with their lot. So much the better for them. I mean to say that I cannot imagine such a state of affairs. To me a prison is a tomb. I want it built like a tomb, in fancy at least. Were I deprived of liberty even for a time, I should be very, very miserable. If condemned to perpetual imprisonment I should wish for death.

It is sometimes, indeed often, difficult to tell where the architecture of composition ends, and where its painting, or sculpture, or music begins. In our decisions, I suppose, we must be led by our tastes, and our tastes

must be administered to by our appreciative abilities, our enthusiasm and our love. In some magnificent stanzas and passages, we meet with a blending of all styles, or of three or two. The architectural type will beget a sense of colour and atmosphere, we know not how, intuitively, as the gray of dawn flushes unconsciously into the rose light of the early day; or it will be so rigid and well-defined, and withal so characteristic of individual life or traits of personal entity, that it may become statuesque; or on the other hand, the music of the rhythm may be so grand and imposing, or so soft and insinuating, that the stateliness of the structure is partly forgotten in the magic of the sound. We must, in such cases, be led by the dominant instinct of the moment, the intuitive appeal of natural tastes, to art. Yet, in the majority of cases, I deem the lines along which we have to travel, are well defined, and the tabulation into groups not difficult to accomplish.

As an illustration of embodied thought, partly architectural, partly picturesque, and withal throbbing with the organ tones of a grand rhythm, I shall next instance that most magnificent stanza on Venice, which opens the fourth canto of Childe Harold:—

> "I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
> A palace and a prison on each hand;
> I saw from out the wave her structures rise
> As from the stroke of an enchanter's wand;
> A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
> Around me, and a dying Glory smiles,
> O'er the far times when many a subject land
> Looked to the winged Lion's marble piles,
> Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles."

Notice well the mental effects produced as the theme develops. The first lines, balanced and rhythmical, suggest the art of the builder alone. Gradually the outline merges into colour, blending with atmospheric effect,

> " A thousand years their *cloudy* wings expand
> a dying *glory smiles.*

What a word is Glory! A concentrated millenium of voices shouting hosannas to high heaven! While the lengthened cadence of the last alliterative hexameter anthems the triumph of the whole and ushers out the thronging ideas in a grand burst of stately harmony.

Thronging ideas! Ay, do they not come by companies, by troops, by battalions, by armies, by populations, by myriads, jostling the centuries, and crushing back the flight of years through the misty portals of time, back, to the very gates of a never ageing yesterday! I know not whether I am singular in my views; but the sound of "Venice" has for me a nameless charm—upon the bare mention of the word, crowds of thoughts, like flocks of freed birds, burst from the dissyllable and wing their flight back, back, back, through the past years to the sea-girt home which gave them birth, there to flutter and hover and circle for evermore on tireless wings.

Such is the magic of a word! Such is the treasure locked in a few terse clauses! Apply the key, and who can keep back the golden tide? Past ages unfold themselves Shades of the mighty dead file in long procession from their graves, diademed with the lustre of great deeds and draped in the fadeless glory of an illustrious renown. A

word! and empires spring again from the dust beneath which they have long lain mouldering. Once more does the busy mart resound with the hum of traffic. The orator's voice is heard from the rostrum, while the plaudits of assembled multitudes shake the welkin anew. The clash of struggling armies and battling navies; the pæans of the victors and the groans of the vanquished; the song of youth; the sigh of age; the soft whisper of love; the muttered malediction of hate; the ecstatic utterance of devotion; the organ's swell and the chime of bells, all combine in one grand symphony of sound and hurtle over us through the hush of dead centuries, striking the inner ear with a matchless volume of sound, while we listen to the music and realize the refrain and are lost in the speculative mazes of the past.

Without doubt, such a word is "Venice."

"What memories of old to that region belong."

Venice the superb. The fairy city of the sea, The bride of the Adriatic, whose blue waves once kissed the snowy feet of the Mother of Republics, ere her marble basements were moss-grown, and the winged Lion looked down upon the triumph of her foes.

Can there by any possibility be a more beautiful word? It is marble. It is music. It is a palace. It is a thunder burst of harmony. It is at once an anthem and an elegy. It is the epitome of regal splendour. Alas! that it should have become the home of indigence and want. The serenade of the cavalier has given way to the plaint of the

mendicant; her palaces are crumbling; her monuments decaying; her highways forsaken.

"And silent rows the songless gondolier."

But through all she is beautiful and mighty still. She reigns in memory the peerless Queen of the hundred isles, whose puissant nod once commanded the homage of nations.

"A palace and a prison on each hand."

A palace!—From which the Doge, attended by the Venetian élite, and surrounded by all the pomp and circumstance of more than kingly dignity, proceeded annually on Ascension Day to fling from the prow of his barge of state, the golden-decked Bucentaur, into the crystal tide, that ring which was the token of betrothal; nay more, the pledge, that he, the representative of the republic had wedded the waves, which brought as marriage portion treasure from every clime to the very threshold of her imperial bridegroom's heritage!

A prison!—With whose drear and dreaded precincts are ever associated the memories of the Council of ten, the mysterious and terrible Council of three, the dagger, the poisoned flower, the deadly cup, the dark waters of the canal, the horrors of the dungeon!

A palace!—Word suggestive of light and life. Of long lines of gondolas gliding up the grand canal. Of stately rows of palaces. Of marble shafts shooting up from crystalline depths. Of vast flights of steps kissed by the tremulous lips of glancing waters.—Blue waves ever

laughing below. Blue skies ever smiling above. Stealthy motion of floating vehicle, weird-like and yet graceful. Flash of waving banner iridescent with gorgeous tintings. Mellowing daylight. Ceaseless hum of converse. Midnight and carnival.—And then the change.—The city illuminated from flood to attic, pours forth a blaze of splendour. Thousands of gondolas hung with painted lanterns flit hither and thither beneath the soft southern sky.—Myriad reflections in limpid waters. Subdued lustre of marble halls. Sparkle of lamp-lit waves. Rhythmic wash of ripples. Soft note of guitar. Low serenade of lover. Music everywhere. Laughter everywhere. Carousal everywhere, till dawn flushing rosy in the east warns the revellers to their luxuriant couches to dream, perchance, of brighter, merrier carnivals to come.

A prison! Gloom of night—night unlit by the lamp of the gondola, uncheered by the voice of revel. The gray mists steal over the shadowy lagoons, fit companions for the "cloudy wings" of ghostly years that have glided forever into the eternity of the past. Around, like spectral Colossi, rise the marble structures lapped by the flood which now stretches beneath us cold and death like—an objective epitaph of the glories that have faded and the souls that have fled. We stand and muse in the melancholy gloom of the lowering night. The present has merged into the past.

> "We become a part of what hath been,
> And grow unto the spot, all-seeing, but unseen."

'Tis the bridge of Sighs. Look, the victim! A Patri-

cian! One of the noblest in Venice! Out of the hall by a secret door into the covered way. Down the compartment reserved for the doomed. Out of the *palace* into the *prison*, to the dungeon and the death. Or worse, perchance, in some noisome cell below the lapping of the waters, alone with his bruised body and crushed heart, friendless, naked, cold, despairing, he is left to brood over his great agony, to tear himself in the frenzy of his despair, or to die like a dog, without a dog's privilege of crawling into the sunlight to take a last glance at his kennel and his kind. Awake!—Let her citizens be thankful that their dungeons no longer echo the lamentations of the condemned, that *Denunzie segrete* has been wiped forever from the walls of the fair city of the sea.

"After life's fitful fever," the puppets of humanity who have played their little parts on the world's stage, "sleep well," each in his narrow bed. How mournful is the thought that this is all for the labour of years. That the guerdon of the toiler, hoary with the snows of many winters, furrowed with the wrinkles of many sorrows, is but the same as that of the new-born babe, which blossoms into earth, and so fades with the morning dew into the mists of the future and the unknown. Mystery of mysteries! Who shall read the riddle? It is hopeless. The mocking sphinxes of repeating centuries propound their ceaseless riddle, but guard the secret well, and the womb of Time yields not up her second Œdipus to hush the curious babble of the questioners, to quench the burning desire of the generations, the "Dwellers on the Threshold."

Born to-day in tears, while all around, perchance, make holiday—to-morrow comes, and nips the blossom, and we leave the shedding of tears to others, while we sleep our eternal sleep. All our beautiful work in the beautiful world ended—forever—and exiled, we go out, poor, naked, shivering wretches, scourged from the altars of our faith and the havens of our love, into the cold void of oblivion to— What? A hope or annihilation? Oh! that the inevitable may bring greater consolation than a thought like this. Oh! that something may be left beyond the river other than the bleak shadow cast by the sepulchre and the tomb.

> "Placed on this isthmus of a middle state
> A being darkly wise and rudely great."

How can we help these gruesome shadows falling sometimes athwart our lives? How can we help giving way sometimes to despondency, when no voice comes from the gloaming to cheer us on our way? How mournful are the vistas of the Past, forsaken by the beautiful spirits that peopled their teeming ways! How void as yet are the courts of the Future, catching but faint echo of advancing footsteps, which shall anon fill the silence, and then, in turn, fade into utter silence again. To-day we build a cradle and sing a crooning lay of life and love. To-morrow we dig a grave and moan a plaint of death and grief. Rosy palms to-day are outstretched in the dawning to the sunlight of being, while the air is full of the young mother's melodies and prayers. To-morrow the cold brow

of dissolution rests on its lonely pillow, and the last sounds are the sobs of the heart-broken and the falling clods on the coffin lid. Yet is there strange fascination in the presence of death. The features so set and still; the lines smoothed; years wiped from the brow, and only a gentle smile left, like dumb response to the caress of the death-angel. There is such unutterable peace imprinted on the clay, that surely, I have thought, the disembodied spirit, wherever it may be, must in a measure be partaker of the surcease of life's sorrow. I have seen such perfect content dimpling on the cheek of a dead child, that I have almost looked for the angel fingers that were smoothing away the traces of mortality; that I have almost listened for the fluttering of the angel pinions that shadowed the face of the holy dead. We erect our tombstones and write our epitaphs and scatter our flowers and shed many tears, and sorrow, perchance, many days, till the sun shines again, till Time

> —the beautifier of the dead,
> Adorner of the ruin, comforter,
> And only healer when the heart hath bled.

bids us rise from our ashes, and renounce our sackcloth and go forth once more into the haunts of the children of men. But ever and anon we return to the graves. I think when we have once laid a loved one beneath the quiet mould we love the graves. We in some sort anticipate the time when we too shall sleep there and be at rest. Above all we love what is mournful and elegiac in all noble composition in which is the echo of sadness, the

refrain of mortality. We seek instinctively those tombs, not built of marble or granite, but constructed of words; verbal catafalques, enshrining a threnody sacred to the memory of the illustrious, the noble, the brave, the good, yet still to earth, the lost. There are two such word mausoleums in our language that are unsurpassed for mournful beauty and solemn magnificence of diction. The muffled clauses in either throb with more than mortal sympathy. They pass, "like a glorious roll of drums" through the vaults of the intellect, and the vaults echo and re-echo the refrain. They sound like the tramp of many feet, and the subdued murmur of many voices in the shadowy procession of a waking dream. They tower up like monumental indexes from earth to heaven, filling all of time and all of space, leaving no room for the finite and the mean, and bearing aloft the memorial hatchments of two glorious hosts—one sleeping in illustrious Westminster, the other in the gloomy Tower;—One—the matchless requiem of all of admitted honour and all of accredited renown; the other, the mournful tribute to the Nemesis of despotism and the tyranny of fate. The clauses of the first, though sad, at least haloed, like martyr's heads, with the light of a chastened sorrow; the periods of the latter, like fiery crosses, quenched in blood and tears.

"Upon my going into the church I entertained myself with the digging of a grave; and saw in every shovel-full of it that was thrown up, the fragment of a bone or skull intermixed with a kind of fresh mouldering earth that

some time or other had a place in the composition of a human body. Upon this, I began to consider with myself, what innumerable multitudes of people lay confused together under the pavement of that ancient cathedral; how men and women, friends and enemies, priests and soldiers, monks and prebendaries, were crumbled amongst one another, and blended together in the same common mass; how beauty, strength, and youth, with old age, weakness, and deformity, lay undistinguished in the same promiscuous heap of matter."

* * * * * * * * *

"When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow; when I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind; when I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together."

This is Addison's Westminster, and is at once a tribute and a hope; in it there is at least something of consola-

tion; but in the one to follow, none. It is Macaulay's memorial wail to Monmouth and his kindred dust in the Tower.

"Thither have been carried, through successive ages, by the rude hands of gaolers, without one mourner following, the bleeding relics of men who had been the captains of armies, the leaders of parties, the oracles of senates, and the ornaments of courts. Thither was borne, before the window where Jane Gray was praying, the mangled corpse of Guilford Dudley. Edward Seymour Duke of Somerset and Protector of the Realm, reposes there by the brother whom he murdered. There has mouldered away the headless trunk of John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, and Cardinal of Saint Vitalis, a man worthy to have lived in a better age, and to have died in a better cause. There are laid John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, Lord High Admiral, and Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, Lord High Treasurer. There, too, is another Essex, on whom nature and fortune had lavished all their bounties in vain, and whom valour, grace, genius, royal favour, popular applause, conducted to an early and ignominious doom. Not far off sleep two chiefs of the great house of Howard, Thomas, fourth Duke of Norfolk, and Philip, eleventh Earl of Arundel. Here and there among the thick graves of unquiet and aspiring statesmen, lie more delicate sufferers; Margaret of Salisbury, the last of the proud name of Plantagenet; and those two fair queens who perished by the jealous rage of Henry. Such was the dust with which the dust of Monmouth mingled."

I have now done with this special phase of my subject, the architecture of thought. Not that I have by any means exhausted it, it is limitless, its possibilities can cease only with the death of language. But I have said enough to illustrate my meaning. Perhaps had I searched through the archives of all past literature I might have found other examples, worthy types of many different styles, for, as I have already said, the vocation of literature is two-fold, and a poem or a paragraph is not merely the written or spoken embodiment of a sentiment, it is far more—the ocean as it rolls in from the ever pregnant horizon to fling itself on the repellent beach, is more than so much salt water and foam; the beach is more than so much brackish shale, dank sea-weed, and broken shell. Each bears a message from another realm, a message from eternity to time, to be read, to be pondered, to be cherished. So with everything in nature and in art. If there are sermons in stones, there are also stones in sermons—Ah, me! How weighty some of them are—with which to build our mansions to the skies. If the ocean to this one is a poem, cannot he also construe the music of a poem into the veritable murmur of the sea-green waves, the lisp of ripple and the roar of billow? He can convert all things by imagination into all other things.

> "The mind is its own place, and in itself
> Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven."

There is no length nor breadth nor height nor depth that it cannot cross or scale or fathom; no music that it

cannot hear; and this is one of the pledges of eternity that it can make existence and labour and enjoyment possible even when all is changed. When the pedestal of earth has been knocked away from beneath these feet of clay, the intelligence, unincumbered and undismayed, can still poise itself, self-supported over the eternal gulf, still manifest itself by internal workings and promptings and aspirations, by external effort and effect, as a unit of deathless nature, which from its very essence is indestructible, though not inconvertible; everlastingly mutable, yet still eternal and still in some sort the same.

II.

SCULPTURE IN LANGUAGE.

"Sculptors of life are we as we stand,
With our souls uncarved before us."
—Bishop Doan.

I have said that language is not only verbal architecture, it is verbal sculpture. As some thoughts are built into verbal expression, so are others carved or moulded into descriptions of personality and character, or into biographies of style. I should term most biographical description, whether of the individual or the style, carving, rather than building or painting, for herein we deal with the human entity in the flesh, or if not in the flesh, at least in the spirit. That is, we consider traits, temperaments, eccentricities, affinities, aversions, purely subjective

notions, which in some shape give their own form to the flesh. Thus is it ever; the figure in a sense, reflects the idiosyncrasies of the individual, the features are illuminated by the rays of the inner light, whether for good or bad, for high emprise or mean desire. We know a fox when we see him, be he quadruped or biped; be he preceding or following the hounds. A mountebank in morals or intellect cannot conceal his tell-tale grin, any more than can poor Jacko hide his capacious smile from the summit of the hurdy-gurdy, where, spite of durance vile, he has to obey the promptings of nature, by displaying his polished grinders to the juvenile *sansculottes*, for whose delectation he gibbers and performs his grotesque antics. How strange is it, by the by, this reflection of beast in man! A strong proof to me of the credibility of evolution. Whatever is noble, and useful, and faithful and intelligent in the brute we find reflected in man, but reflected in such a manner that we cannot dis-associate the notion of the attribute from that of the brute. They are correlative and inseparable. In the crowd that comes and goes, that frets and seethes, in the mart, the mansion, and the thoroughfare, we meet a man who has the noble look of the horse, the regal aspect of the lion, the wistful, yet open-eyed, frank benevolence of the Newfoundland, the patient, down-in-the-mouth doggedness and forbearance of poor neutral-tinted Neddy, the long-eared. Similarly, what is ignoble and useless, faithless and soulless is represented, only too faithfully, in the same marts and the same thoroughfares, by the same reciprocal action or interchange of

lineament. We see the human jackal sneaking round his prey, the human hyæna feeding, ghoul-like, upon graves yet wet with the tears of the widow and the orphan, the human vulture picking the bones that jackal and hyæna have left. We have the human owl blinking from the platform and the rostrum. We have the human mice obtuse enough to be fascinated by the glare from those sightless orbs, transported by the insensate hootings from those capacious maws, and worse, we find them suffering themselves to be hoodwinked, befooled, and ultimately devoured by the same blind cannibals of reason and devourers of votes.

If evolution be true, and I see no good reason to doubt it; for what after all is the progress of nature and humanity but evolution, and it matters little to me whether my great, great, great grandfather was an honest, whole-natured gorilla from South Africa, living peaceably with his mate in a baobab tree, or a "human" ruffian hanged for riot, outrage, and wife-murder in a pot house, ever so many years ago, so long as I am not a gorilla and can keep clear of the gibbet.—If evolution, I say, be true, then this is the secret of the affinities I have just noticed; and, further, if the fittest survive, which I again see no reason to doubt, this fact is at once a plea for the aristocracy of race, of intellect, of honor, in whatever guise fonnd, and a death-blow to the theories of Nihilism, Communism and socialistic creeds generally. Race will tell. Race must tell. Shatter the Roman senate today, we shall have the feudal baron to-morrow; expel the baron and we give cre-

dentials to the pontiff; put down the pontiff and we usher in the prince; dethrone the prince and we crown the millionaire. King Mob cannot rule and shall not rule; this is the fiat which has been written in revolutions and signed in blood, the testimony of the best. It is the immutable law of a Divine Nature, which ever springs, Phoenix-like from its own ashes. We cannot conceive of God but as regal, a throned king without a peer. Poor, persecuted, despised, insulted, crucified, rejected, as was the Christ-man, we cannot rank him with the *sans culottes*. If man is better than the ape, correspondingly, we require the highest class of man to be better than the lowest class, and this condition is the sequence of a very natural pride felt in certain well-defined superiorities of being and culture. Too much familiarity breeds contempt. The gentleman who consorts with the black-leg very soon, and almost invariably, becomes contaminated; the black-leg seldom gains a point by his intimacy with the swell. We cannot touch pitch without being defiled. Nor is there mistaking superiority. As the progressive entity is sculptured by self or progenitors, that impress is left and bequeathed, nor can it be destroyed except after many generations of abuse and renunciation. A pick-pocket cannot at once be made to look like a lord-chancellor, neither can the long-descended heir to a throne be mistaken by the human-nature reader for a hoodlum of the slums. And this in spite of socialistic and subversive philosophy, philanthrophy, sociology, and psychology, to boot. What besotted egotists men are!

What fallacious reasoners! What rabid adherents to a sect, a notion, or a cult! They tell you, with grave faces and the dogmatic air and tone of experts, that such and such an animal is worth three times, ten times, fifty times as much as such and such another animal, because it is better bred. They assure you that blood *will* tell, and that the high-bred pacer must beat the lowly nag; that South Down mutton is infinitely preferable to the poor flesh of neglected stock. They prate of their breedings in and breedings out, and their pedigrees and their dams and their sires. They point with pride to a certain long-bodied, small-headed, greyhound-ribbed steed, and whisper with bated breath the modest sum at which it is appraised—Ten thousand guineas!—while another far more pretentious and serviceable looking beast is knocked down to the first bidder at a hundred pounds—but all the difference is blood, you know! Yes, blood is everything in nature until you come to man. Then suddenly "the crimson tide" finds itself, for some unaccountable reason, at a discount. The mere mention of blue blood or high-breeding in a man is enough to make one's Democratic hair stand up in outraged dignity, like quills upon the fretful porcupine. A well-bred Berkshire hog, wallowing in his native filth, we can stand, in fact he is a rather savoury animal; but a well-bred man—Out upon him! He is too much for our sensitive noses. He smells of Mayfair. He is an aristocrat, an exquisite, he boasts of blue blood, of long lineage. He is a fop, a numskull and an exclusive. Who ever heard of a man's blue blood

attaining to anything like honour or success? Can it win races, jump hurdles, weigh 3,000 lbs., or fetch 10,000 guineas? Out upon it I say. What is sauce for the goose is *not* sauce for the gander. The better bred the beast, the better the beast. The better bred the man, the less we expect from him. Yet is this true? Because some are unworthy and have stumbled along the slippery highways of rank and fortune, does the mire of contagion cling to all? Does no blue blood moisten the arid sands of Egypt, or stain the barbs of Zulu spears? Is the voice of the well-born never heard in the hour of peril animating the soul of the serried ranks before the thronging foe? Have no names from the hated class floated down the stream of time as patterns of chivalry, of honour, and of trust? Does the historic page bristle with no high-born titles of merit or well-won patronymics of renown? Is all the aristocracy corrupt, degenerate, effete, and all the democracy pure, unselfish, patriotic? Have the lower classes no failures to record? No disappointments to register? No shortcomings to compound? What mockers of ourselves we are! What harlequins of chance! What ridiculous clowns of necessity! What "irredeemable flunkies!" Who would ourselves bid at the polls of nature, had we the chance, for the birthright of a silver spoon; and could we, indeed, but be born again, would choose the very conservatism we denounce as our cradle, and mumble ourselves to sleep upon the bosoms of the wet-nurses of lineage and fortune!

Let us be true to truth, and own to the inevitable in-

stincts that animate all true natures. Of what avail is it to carve our laborious initials in the adamant of life, if it be not to place our own self-glorified mementos a niche higher in the temple of fame. Should it be, indeed, the highest ambition of the Socialist to pull down all loftiness from its well-earned seat of vantage, and leave to posterity no pinnacle higher than a Nihilist's aim, a heritage of mediocrity only one degree above the level of the gutter? A thousand times, No! Rather than bemoan fate and decry those better, or higher, or wiser, or wealthier than ourselves, let us, too, face the fire. Let us, too, mount the "imminent deadly breach," and plant the standard of our faith in all that is lofty, and all that is worth emulating upon the repellent ramparts of adverse circumstances—then, too, shall we be heroes, and our moan shall cease when we stand with our peers in the front ranks of the best. And that the best *is* the best I have no hesitation in proclaiming, let revolution and mutation say what it may.

> "This is true liberty, when free born men,
> Having to advise the public, may speak free;
> Which he who can, and will, deserves high praise;
> Who neither can, nor will, may hold his peace.
> What can be juster in a state like this?"

In a sense all men are sculptors, predestined to carve out their fortunes in life, the only difference being that some, through a lucky chance, find life a softer material to deal with than do others not possessing like advantages. These first have merely to mould their futures in a plastic clay, with little labour; while others, by dint of an en-

during courage or a lofty genius must hew them out of the solid rock of opposition, with much expense of vitality and feeling. But the result is about the same in either case. With the one class the ambition is to keep and perpetuate what they have obtained, perchance, through alien or hereditary influence. With the other to obtain, so that they may be enabled to keep and perpetuate. And notice how this metaphor of sculpture may be amplified. While some lives are so grand and complete that they seem to be carved, "in the round," and stand out in all the majesty and beauty of an exact nature, the very counterparts of the models which must of necessity be the true man or the true woman, others are but bas-reliefs, high or low. Some nearer perfection, some with lesser merit, and therefore little above the plain, while the vast majority scarcely ever reach the level, they are intaglios, sunk beneath the surface and out of sight. Their aspirations or their opportunities have not served to raise them; perhaps, their inherent weaknesses have sufficed merely to lower them still farther beneath the plain of a possible mediocrity. Is this the fault of the individual or the inevitable? Who shall say? Who can picture a world where all is "in the round," and nothing in intaglio? Who can express such a phase of absolute equality in terms of finite thought? No! No! While there may be many a Phidias and Praxitiles, many an Angelo and Flaxman, there must of necessity be lesser lights—for without comparison the greater lights could never be recognized. "To those who understand God there is no

God," for familiarity breeds contempt. If all had genius, or place, or gratified desire, earth would be no place for men. It would be at best a barren waste of ennui defaced by the folded hands of inanition, and somnolent with the yawns of a race of stultified and ambitionless automata. But if life be good at all, degree and condition of life is likewise good. It is good for "the best," who must look down to elevate. It is good for "the worst," who must look up to be elevated. This is good-work, that is, God-work. An eternal interchange. By this the lofty are taught humility. By this the lowly are taught a proper pride. How then shall we say, level all distinctions? For then, what work would there be to accomplish, what end to attain, what to teach and what to learn? All would be swallowed up in an infinite vacuity. Progression would cease and utter stagnation would be the lot of being. It would be the death knell of human possibilities, and of necessity, so far as humanity is concerned, the grave of the *absolute possible* itself.

I am led to give expression to these thoughts, because in contemplating the unhewn block, no matter how rough the surface or how shapeless the mass, in fancy, I can always outline some beauteous creation lurking within, which it needs but the active, the aggressive genius of man to evolve from its stubborn womb. And so with words. Given one hundred words, the question with me is not so much, what are they? as, what shall they become? Thrown out in a promiscuous heap, like dice from a box, they are nothing. But gathered and moulded by

the cunning craftsman, they may become "a thing of beauty" for evermore, an idea graved and embodied for all time in the adamant of the national speech. Given seventy-seven words with which to fashion into being a deathless conception, the image, let us say, of the dread Arch-fiend himself, the progenitor of all hell's offspring and earth's woe. Seventy-seven words, some of them duplicates, possibly triplicates, wherewith to stamp on a nation's memory forever, the melancholy figure of the yet half-glorified Arch-Nihilist of the ultra-mundane spheres. Who shall do it? Who *can*, with such abbreviated material, give birth to such a tremendous work of art, worthy to be placed on the pedestal of immortal fame?—Listen:—

> "Their dread commander; he, above the rest
> In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
> Stood like a tower; his form had not yet lost
> All her original brightness; nor appear'd
> Less than archangel ruined, and the excess
> Of glory obscured; as when the sun, new risen,
> Looks through the horizontal misty air
> Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon,
> In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
> On half the nations, and with fear of change,
> Perplexes Monarchs."

Is not this the perfection of art? Perfection, indeed! For although the arch-traitor has been discovered, defeated and condemned, does he not yet enlist our sympathies, even our admiration? Who can withold a natural pity at the bare suggestion of this mighty wreck, standing yet aloft in the dignity of unconquered pride, though begirt

by the pains of hell, draped in the remnants of his departed glory, haloed by the last beams of his fortunes that have forever set. I say this is word carving extraordinary, or if it please you better, word moulding, for whenever I read or hear these wonderful lines, the attendant hosts, that I know are present, angel forms

> "Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
> In Vallombrosa,"

fade into the far distance; the flames recede, beaten back as by a powerful air, the whirlwind of that arch-fiend's personality; the gloom descends, and settles, and gathers, concentres and takes shape, till from it is evolved one form, in which all else is swallowed; he, "the dread Commander—" alone; undismayed, though beaten; unconquered, though despairing—standing out in incomparable majesty; the livid twilight, "pale and dreadful," of the infernal abyss, growing darker at his frown—An arch-angelic Ajax in animated bronze, defying the lightnings of high heaven.

This is a single figure, the embodiment of the supernatural. The sculptor is Milton. The passage may be taken as a type of what can be done in this department by a true artist with a limited number of words. Of course the question is open to discussion. Is it justifiable to call this Puritanical conception of the "Arch-Fiend" word sculpture? Why call it word sculpture rather than word painting? Because it relates to the individual and it is more than a portrait. A portrait, even full length, is at best, flat, and requires a sympathetic background to

heighten the effect as a whole. It suggests rather than truly reproduces, in short the essential element of natural form is wanting, just the very element given here in all its perfection. The figure stands out in startling distinctness from a background where all has become vague and subservient to the main idea.

From the supernatural we descend, or, rather in this special case, ascend to *terra firma*, to the level of the natural, to the depiction of man, singly or in the group. Here I mean actual man, the man who has lived and walked with his fellows, has perhaps paid the debt of nature and has mouldered into the dust from which he sprang; the man of history, of biography, or of our own social circle. The creature of fiction and romance, the mythical hero of the novel or the melo-drama has his own sphere, to which I shall return anon. In the first place, how shall we arrive at a definite conception of the individual, the actual historical man? We have not seen him. Years have passed away since death arrested his labours, since the grave swallowed up his visible form. There is no earthly trace left of the being once radiant with the hues and hopes of youth and health. We have seen no sculptured bust of the one we know, and, perhaps, love and reverence; perhaps, pity and despise. No portrait gallery to which we have access shadows forth the lineaments of the original. Whence, then, comes our love and reverence, our pity and loathing? How do we know the hero we worship in our hearts, or enshrine in our intelligencies—for there may be love without admiration and

admiration without love—? How do we recognize the tyrant we dread, the libertine we contemn, the pretender we deride? Because the word-sculptor has been sponsor. He has moulded in our hearts the cherished forms of our literary loves; he has graved upon our brains the never-to-be-forgotten lines of our literary heroes and our literary aversions. More than this. Each worshipper, each student is himself a sculptor, and has embodied a conception, a thought,—which is unuttered language—of the divinity he worships, of the mediocrity he tolerates, of the subterfuge he rejects. It may not be a true facial or figural conception. But what of that? I worship not the man, but the intellect. To me it matters little if "The Thunderer" have a Roman nose or a pug, —"Boz" may weigh two hundred-weight, or be a mere attenuation, "spindling into longitude immense." I have carved my conception of the real hero, that is, the immortal part of him, and I know it to be true. What do I want more? Sufficient for Pope to write,

> "Nature, and Nature's laws, lay hid in night
> God said, *Let Newton be,* and all was light."

and though I had never known Newton, or seen bust or portraiture, or read a line of his "Principia," his image is now none the less a reality. He is the incarnation of light, the sculptured divinity of philosophical law, standing on the pedestal of all time, with earnest eyes ever peering into the immensity of space, gauging the possibilities of the future, and lover-like, wooing the secrets from the stars.

Who was Mrs. Corbet? I know not. A prosaic name enough. It calls up no memories, pleasant or otherwise; it reflects no sunlight; it casts no shadow on the dial-plate of my being. I have no conception of what the woman was like, physically. For that I care nought. Worse still, I have no mental image of her. Yet I know she was distinguished, or worthy, or notorious, else would her name have perished and been forgotten. But in the absence of personal acquaintanceship, or bust, or statue, or portrait, again I turn to Pope, for I find that he has embodied, has graven the true woman, the mental personality, in an epitaph of ten lines, which I read, and now I think I am intimately acquainted with Mrs. Corbet. I honour her. Ay, as though I had fraternized with her for years. I know her, and reverence her, and here is the secret of my knowledge and my esteem:

> "Here rests a woman, good without pretence,
> Blest with plain reason, and with sober sense;
> No conquest she, but o'er herself desir'd;
> No arts essay'd, but not to be admir'd.
> Passion and pride were to her soul unknown,
> Convinc'd that Virtue only is our own.
> So unaffected, so compos'd a mind,
> So firm, yet soft; so strong, yet so refin'd,
> Heaven, as its purest gold, by tortures try'd,
> The saint sustain'd them, but the woman died."

Johnson calls this the most valuable of Pope's epitaphs, which means, I presume, that it is true. In his own words, "Who can forbear to lament that this amiable woman has no name in the verses?"

As architecture may be made to embody many tastes,

and as painting may be made to represent many phases of natural being, so sculpture may be made to shadow forth in bronze, or stone, or marble, many sentiments in the personality of the individual. Thus, if I determine to erect a statue to my friend, I may seize upon any personal or mental idiosyncrasy, which happens to be uppermost in my mind at the moment, and render that idea permanent, through the medium of the cast or the chisel. Was he sternly just? Then can I invest him with the toga of Brutus, and he shall stand on his pedestal the impersonation of an impartial justice. Was he bold? Then shall the soldier's meed be his, to wield from his lofty height the sword or the battle axe, as the apotheosis of the warrior. Was he a student? Then cap and gown shall be his, habited in stone-gray academicals, he shall look down upon the learners of to-day. Was he unforunate and weary? Then shall the muse of melancholy best befit his monumental case, with broken lyre and abstracted air he shall sorrow forever in the midst of a sorrowing, breathing humanity. I can erect my effigy, a demi-god, above earth's minions on the summit of the loftiest column in Trafalgar Square. or, I can lay it in all humility, with meek hands clasped upon its pulseless bosom, prone upon some broken tomb in the dim-religious aisles of Westminster Abbey. So with the sculpture of the pen. The hero or heroine we cherish may bear any general allegorical symbolisation we choose, as long as the lineaments are preserved. He may be defiant Ajax, howling invectives at the lightnings of Jove—She may be a heart-

broken Niobe weeping in stony woe over the unburied bodies of her murdered offspring. Some lives seem steeped in the bitter dregs "of a green and yellow melancholy," a perpetual pining from the cradle to the grave. Poor afflicted souls! How pitiful is their little tale of three-score pages! How fraught with retrospective yearning the *finis* at the end! Such a life was Cowper's, and no more pathetic monument has ever been left to an unhappy memory than that of the gifted but afflicted bard carved out in a few, brief clauses by Collier.

"More than fifty years after the day on which a sad little face, looking from the nursery window, had seen a dark hearse moving slowly from the door, an old man, smitten with incurable madness, but then enjoying a brief lucid interval, bent over a picture, and saw the never-forgotten image of that kindest earthly friend from whom he had so long been severed, but whom he was so soon to join in the sorrowless land."

What a world of pathos is here! We live in a moment the silent agony of half-a-century, for out of the touching word-tribute looks the poor, pale face, with its wistful, wondering eyes,

"Like patience on a monument smiling at grief;"

longing for the release which a Christian faith forbids to compass.

Of the same type, the elegiac or melancholy, is that wonderful word sculpture dedicated to the poet Keats by his friend Shelley, of all characteristic and descriptive

carving the most touchingly beautiful. Like the classic statues of old, it is coloured, or rather tinged with the suggestion of colour; but not aggressive colour, "faded violets, white, pied and blue," all cold tints, or where relieved, relieved by shadow only, "the last cloud of an expiring storm," "thunder," "pansies *over-blown*," "dark ivy tresses." It puts one in mind of a marble Faun, in strong alto-relievo, standing out from a twilight back-ground of all funereal and melancholy accompaniments—a statued threnody—a petrified grief transmuted into words, with something of the original wail yet lingering in the air, and linking together the sobbing clauses.

"Midst others of less note, came one frail Form,
A phantom among men, companionless
As the last cloud of an expiring storm,
Whose thunder is its knell; he, as I guess,
Had gazed on nature's naked loveliness,
Actæon-like, and now he fled, astray,
With feeble steps o'er the world's wilderness,
And his own thoughts, along that rugged way,
Pursued, like raging hounds, their father and their prey.

A pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift—
A love in desolation masked—a Power
Girt round with weakness—it can scarce uplift
The weight of the superincumbent hour;
It is a dying lamp, a falling shower,
A breaking billow;—even whilst we speak
Is it not broken? On the withering flower
The killing sun smiles brightly; on a cheek
The life can burn in blood, even while the heart may break.

His head was bound with pansies overblown,
And faded violets, white, and pied, and blue;
And a light spear topped with a cypress cone,
Round whose rude shaft dark ivy tresses grew,
Yet dripping with the forest's noon-day dew,

Vibrated, as the ever-beating heart
Shook the weak hand that grasped it ; of that crew
He came the last, neglected and apart ;
A herd-abandoned deer, struck by the hunter's dart.

All stood aloof, and at his partial moan
Smiled through their tears ; well knew that gentle hand,
Who in another's fate now wept his own ;
As in the accents of an unknown land
He sang new sorrow ; sad Urania scanned
The stranger's mien, and murmured : ' Who art thou ?
He answered not, but with a sudden hand
Made bare his branded and ensanguined brow,
Which was like Cain's or Christ's. Oh ! that it should be so."

No man is a hero to his own valet, but as some one very fitly remarks, that may be, because the valet *is* a valet and not because the hero is not a hero. A statue may sometimes be a burlesque upon the individual, perhaps intentionally to point a moral; or from lack of ability in the artist; or from prejudice which aims to direct the finger of scorn at a defunct aversion. In any case, the original whose effigy is so pilloried, can hardly be deemed a hero by the grinning valets of society, no matter whether these strut in the silken hose of the "Upper Ten," or shuffle and skulk in all the unkempt exuberance of patchwork and tatters peculiar to the " Great Unwashed." If any one man, who might have been a hero, had he so chosen, has been lampooned more than another, buffeted with words of scorn, beaten with many verbal stripes, metaphorically spat upon, and crowned with the thorny jibes of a never-ceasing laughter, that man is surely " His most high and mighty Majesty" Charles II., " Our mutton-eating king" of the witty Rochester. " The Old Goat " of the courtiers.

His verbal statue, too, has been erected, in matchless prose by Taine, but what a sorry hero looks down from the height! What a burlesque of a monarch to wield the sceptre over a powerful realm!

"Charles and his brother, in their state dress, would set off running as in a carnival. On the day when the Dutch fleet burned the English ships in the Thames, the king supped with the Duchess of Monmouth, and amused himself by chasing a moth. In council, while business was being transacted, he would be playing with his dog. Rochester and Buckingham insulted him by insolent repartees or dissolute epigrams; he would fly into a passion and suffer them to go on. He quarrelled with his mistress in public; she called him an idiot, and he called her a jade. He would leave her in the morning, "so that the very sentries speak of it." He suffered her to play him false before the eyes of all; at one time she received a couple of actors, one of whom was a mountebank."

We naturally ask ourselves, is this conception which gibbers upon the grinning crowd more like a Frenchified Pantaloon than a starred and gartered monarch, a true one, or is it exaggerated from any of the causes already mentioned; intentionally, through lack of appreciative ability, or through prejudice? Alas! If history, which in this case at least, means a remarkable consensus of reputable opinion, be reliable, our "hero" is nought but a crowned "idiot," forever posing as a royal charlatan "in a corner," and "kissing by the half hour together to the observation of all the world," his latest infatuation in hoop

and patches. But notice the exquisite carving. Whatever the demerits of the sculptured, we cannot withhold the meed of praise from the sculptor. A monarch! What monarch? Chasing a moth, with the enemy at his gates. A statesman! What statesman? Coquetting with his dog during the emergencies of business. A hero! What hero? Insulted by the courtiers he had benefited. A man! A model of a man! What man? What model? An idiot. Dubbed witless by a strumpet, whose treasury was the same "high and mighty" Prince, but whose paramour was a "mountebank," pampered and gorged, we presume, by means of the very funds extorted from that same royal treasury.

Yet one more contribution from the Stuart Gallery, by an artist no less distinguished than Dryden himself, ere we leave the embodiment of the real for that of the ideal. This time Buckingham poses as the model. Poses, I say, but that word is quite inadequate to convey my meaning. Buckingham, a Proteus among courtiers, who was everything and nothing by turns, at once a despot and a slave; patriot and profligate; duellist and innkeeper; cabalist and dupe; ambassador and exile; chancellor and renegade; comedian and traitor; satirist and soldier; citizen and fool. A very Proteus, I repeat. A lion; for he devoured the fair. Fire; for he scorched his friends. A torrent; for his passions were irresistible. A whirlwind; for he swept his opposers away. A gossamer; for temptation swept himself away. Surely no single character of his time so truly resembled the sea-

god of old, to astound merely by his marvellous changes, yet to succumb miserably if arrested by the illicit witchery of a wanton's smile. Difficult as the task may appear, at least one inspired pen impaled this many-hued Will o' the wisp of fashion, this variegated Jack o' Lantern of the stews. Impaled him, and with inimitable cunning drew him in splendid bas-relief across the frieze of a matchless satire in extended procession—of himself in all his moods. There the impressions remain for ever fixed, tinctured with the prismatic hues of their unique original.

"In the first rank of these did Zimri stand,
A man so various that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts and nothing long;
But in the course of one revolving moon
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking;
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blest madman, who could every hour employ
With something new to wish or to enjoy!
Railing and praising were his usual themes;
And both, to show his judgment in extremes;
So over-violent, or over-civil,
That every man to him was God or devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art;
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
Beggared by fools whom still he found too late,
He had his jest, and they had his estate.
He laughed himself from Court; then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief;
For spite of him the weight of business fell
On Absalom and wise Achitophel;
Thus wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left."

Now for the third type of our word carving, "the ideal," which oftentimes, however, so closely resembles "the real," as scarcely to be distinguished from it. This type is, of course, to be found in its greatest perfection in the lighter literature of our language, for it belongs, *par excellence*, to the realm of the dramatist, the romancer and the poet; in short, the *inventor* of being. 'Tis true there may have been an original in the mind of the artist, a mental shadowing of an actual form. Yet the creation is none the less ideal; for in the first place it is not a direct copy, and, secondly, it is often purposely disguised, as regards some of the minor details, in order to avoid the odium of extreme personality, or to outwit legal process. The broad type is of necessity subdivided into many minor classifications, as all phases of human being are represented; all grades of intellect, of sentiment, or of humour, impressed into the service of the designer. We have the lofty and the humble, the grave and the gay, the dignitary and the waif, the intellectual and the simple. As wide as is the compass of human possibilities, so wide is the plastic capability of expression, by means of which are moulded the verbal statuettes of ideality. Moreover the masters of the art are many. The page of literature bristles with names which add lustre to the aurora of literary renown in this department. They span the "dome" of all time; some shooting up to the zenith in arrowy shafts of resplendent light; others merely flickering along the horizon in rippling possibilities or potentialities, so to speak; but each adding its quota to the

sum of the magnificent whole, whose iridescent arch throws down through all the centuries its quenchless lustre, haloing the graves of the immortal dead and illumining the pathway of the future for other aspirants yet unborn. I shall call these next few illustrations which I have culled from the wealth of the National Art Gallery of speech, word-statuettes; because I can think of no happier name to give them. They so forcibly remind one of those beautiful little images, seen in museums and art collections, modelled in some sort of plastic material, red clay, or wax, or plaster of Paris, and labelled with names familiar to all who take a delight in visiting such repositories of the beautiful and the chaste: "Rip Van Winkle on the Mountain," "The Wounded Scout," "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," "One More Shot," &c., &c. Some of these statuettes are little gems so far as design and execution are concerned. Poems in clay. As are their kinsmen the poems and descriptive paragraphs themselves statuettes in words. Here is a single figure from Goldsmith familiar to every school going youth and maiden, yet how touching and how grand. Perhaps all the more touching because we like to believe the reality not only possible; but that the poetic ideal, with slight alterations, might indeed stand for many an original, who, having done his life-work, has passed quietly and unostentatiously away, leaving the world better for his presence.

> "A man he was to all the country dear,
> And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
> Remote from towns, he ran his godly race,
> Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his place;

Unpractis'd he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More skill'd to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain.

* * * * * *

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all,
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new fledg'd offspring to the skies,
"He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

* * * * * *

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal each honest rustic ran;
E'en children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile."

Second only to this pen anaglyph of the village preacher is that of the village schoolmaster, by the same author. It is scarcely less beautiful and quite as true. Yet no less ideal than true. For these impersonations stand for types, not individuals. We recognize them, but rather with the eye of instinct than that of direct vision. We may have dreamt of such characterisations, or even created them, and feel assured that they exist, though we have never met them in real life. They are copies of the individual, *plus* every possibility for good in the type, modelled to illustrate abstract excellence, viz.: virtue and rustic

learning. They are not mere hard reproductions to be adversely criticised by the stickler for cast-iron rule and slavish imitation, if a wrinkle is wanting or a hair be out of place:

> "A man severe he was, and stern to view,
> I knew him well, and every truant knew;
> Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
> The day's disasters in his morning face;
> Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
> At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
> Full well the busy whisper circling round,
> Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd;
> Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
> The love he bore to learning was in fault;
> The village all declar'd how much he knew,
> 'Twas certain he could write, and cipher, too;
> Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
> And e'en the story ran—that he could gauge;
> In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill,
> For e'en though vanquish'd, he could argue still;
> While words of learned length and thundering sound,
> Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around,
> And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,
> That one small head could carry all he knew."

The schoolmaster has ever been a favourite topic with the dealer in words. Not seldom, has he, poor fellow, received hard treatment at the hands of that worthy; sometimes—in which case, though, he is not "poor fellow" —it must be admitted deservedly, for instance there is Squeers: at others, it has been rather his misfortune than his fault that he has cut such a sorry figure on the author's pedestal. He has been considered a legitimate butt for the *gamins* of Scribbler's Alley to deride; for the parvenu of Grub Street to point the finger at; for the penny-a-liner of the slums to be-spatter with word-

garbage. He has been the *bete-noire* of embryo humanity, and the evil-to-be-endured of adults. He has been the slave of querulous infants, and the dupe of niggardly trustees. He has been the Punch and Judy of the examination halls, and the Diogenes of the social circle. He has been slighted as a hybrid, and sneered at as neither "fish, flesh, nor good red-herring." He has been a man among boys, but a boy among men, without a voice in the councils, a status in the commonwealth, or a balance at the bank. In fact he has been a tutorial *Vox et præterea nihil*, his only inheritance a ferule, and his sole, inalienable right a seat, not in the hereditary house, but in a waxed chair, possibly supplemented by the aberrant horrors of a fretful pin. Poor fellow! His has been a hard lot. Nature has not been kind to him, neither has fortune. Nor, sad to say, has fame itself. Goldsmith's tribute is, however, a fair immortalisation of many a pedagogic rose that has been fated to "blush unseen, and waste its sweetness on the desert air." It is eminently British, and eminently rustic. And, withal, the conception is a taking one. It deserves to live, and will do so. Of quite a different type, the very antipodes of our village "Syntax" is, however, Washington Irving's conception of the same worthy. It, too, is marvellously good and as true to New England character as Goldsmith's is to British, and as deserving of immortality. It is the old Teutonic dominie masquerading as a Pilgrim Father of the third or fourth generation. It is the village square-toes elongated into an academical Yankee Doodle.

The educational bogie of conventional custom transmuted into the nascent scare-crow of republican latitude. It is our rustic and substantial Duns Scotius, whittled into the attenuated skeleton of a prospective Daniel Webster run to seed. It is a type of humanity such as the United States alone can produce. It is a type of the schoolmaster such as only the United States could maintain without scaring the genius of learning into fits, and the whole of her progeny into premature graves. The figure of Ichabod Crane, the instructor of the juvenile tatterdemalions of Sleepy Hollow, is a masterpiece in its way, and here is a copy:

"The cognomen of Crane was not inapplicable to his person. He was tall, but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His head was small, and flat at top, with huge ears, large green glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose, so that it looked like a weather-cock, perched upon its spindle neck, to tell which way the wind blew. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes baggy, and fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for the genius of famine descending upon the earth, or some scare-crow eloped from a corn-field."

I have here a fragment by Elia, a torso, *plus* head and arms. A disfigured remnant that might have been dug out from the ruins of an antique temple. Like the centaur of old, a human head and body, but mounted now on

wheels, instead of the curvetting limbs, that erst bore the man-monster onward to do battle with the Lapithæ. The original of this fragment was a cripple who had lost his lower limbs, and was, therefore, compelled to move from place to place by means of a machine on wheels, constructed for the purpose. More than once have I seen such a figure gliding over the pavement between Hyde Park corner and Kensington, and I can vouch for the truth of the copy; but, whenever I read it, so subtle is the method of presentation, that I lose sight of the man himself, that is, the Real. My mind goes back to other scenes, to other ages, and I recognize nought but the Ideal—a metope of a Doric frieze fallen from the Parthenon, habited not in flesh and blood, but chiseled from the pure face of the marble by a sculptor of old. Here is the fragment:

"He seemed earth-born, an Antæus, and to suck in fresh vigour from the soil which he neighboured. He was a grand fragment; as good as an Elgin marble. The nature, which should have recruited his reft legs and thighs, was not lost, but only retired into his upper parts, and he was half a Hercules. I heard a tremendous voice thundering and growling, as before an earthquake, and casting down my eyes, it was this mandrake reviling a steed that had started at his portentous appearance. He seemed to want but his just stature to have rent the offending quadruped in shivers. He was as the man-part of a centaur, from which the horse-half had been cloven in some dire Lapithan controversy. He moved on as if

he could have made shift with yet half of the body-portion which was left him."

I have hitherto given no example of the delineation of the "female form divine." We have examined the man supernatural, in Milton's Satan; man, the real, of the biographer and the elegiast; man, the ideal, of the poet and the essayist; but, as yet, for man has been found no help meet for him. It is time then to touch upon this branch of the subject. The subject of woman is one well fitted to employ the sculptor's chisel and the poet's pen. As there is nothing so beautiful in animated nature as a lovely woman, so there is nothing so typical of purity and grace as a lovely disposition enshrined in a woman. She is to the true man the embodiment of all virtue and all love. Indeed she is the sole guarantee that virtue exists, and that other than mere family affection is possible. She is at once the hostage and the victor of love. Her form partakes of her spiritual nature, all her lines are soft and flowing, that is, from a perfect physical standpoint. All her idiosyncrasies of temperament are cast in the same mould as her physical attributes, that is, from a perfect psychological standpoint. We need not stay to note the exceptions. She is the representative of the statuesque in art. Her pose is naturally graceful; her curves undulating; her outlines, soft and rounded; her lineaments, pure. Colour, though frequently present, is unnecessary for the portrayal of the type. It adds little to the inherent perfection of that type, be it physical or mental. A fair woman, like a marble statue, may derive

the major part of her fascinating grace from the very absence of colour, and the consequent heightening of the effect of purity; for colour, though it may add to voluptuousness, always detracts from the idea of abstract purity. It renders beauty carnal, rather than etherial. That is why snow is symbolical of innocence, and red is the colour of war. A crimson lip is a beautiful feature; but its first tacit vocation is to provoke the kiss of passion:

"He pressed the blossom of his lips to mine."

A pale cheek on the other hand subdues the merely animal, and at once calls up the intellectual and the continent. In the description of women then, we have to take into account the method of treatment pursued by the author. If his portrayal be warm, passionate, charged with colour, voluptuously sensual, and full of life and action, such description accords rather with the painter's instinct than the sculptor's. It is a picture, not a carving. Of course there may be colour present, but it must not be in excess, for directly characteristics of outline and purity are made subservient to tintings, then marble fades from the mind, and canvas and the palette are suggested.

Some pens are so incisive, that they perforce make their creations stand out from the page. Here outline, shape, position, figure, is truly represented, that is statuary. Others again are suggestive, they merely shadow forth their conceptions, they show them as through a gauze veil, half displaying, half concealing the charms they describe. This type occupies a middle position and must

be classed according to modifying circumstances. Yet others limn their divinities in all the colours of the rainbow. The cheek flushes with health, the lips, like overripe cherries, are ever ready to burst open and show the milk-white seeds within. The flesh tints are pronounced, the garments many-hued. Jewels flash everywhere. The dispositions are in accordance with the physical belongings and surroundings. They are Eastern houris, human pomegranate blossoms, languid with the dews and odours of Eastern climes—the very antipodes of the first class, who are high bred Teutonic maidens; blanche-roses, with white skins and fair tresses. Notice, too, the difference of psychical characteristics. The pomegranate blossom will sway to the torrid breeze, and languidly yet voluptuously meet its wanton caress. The blanche-rose, on the other hand, will draw her pale skirts closer to her shrinking form, till the hot breath of the froward zephyr has passed by. The following very fine delineation of female form from Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia," will illustrate the idea of the statuesque in diction. It is an exquisite group of sleeping maidens from the pleasure-house of Prince Siddârtha, and forcibly calls to mind a somewhat similar work of pen-art in Don Juan. Similar, with a difference, for Arnold's description has purer tints than that of Byron. Notice that form is the element depicted, form with very little colour, till we come to the concluding lines, when the tints become warmer, and the two principles blend:

"Here one lay full length,
Her vina by her cheek, and in its strings
The little fingers still all interlaced
As when the last notes of her light song played
Those radiant eyes to sleep and sealed her own.
Another slumbered, folding in her arms
A desert antelope, its slender head
Buried with back-sloped horns between her breasts
Soft nestling; it was eating—when both drowsed—
Red roses, and her loosening hand still held
A rose half-mumbled, while a rose-leaf curled
Between the deer's lips. Here two friends had dozed
Together, weaving môgra-buds, which bound
Their sister sweetness in a starry chain,
Linking them limb to limb and heart to heart,
One pillowed on the blossoms, one on her—
Another, ere she slept was stringing stones
To make a necklet—agate, onyx, sard,
Coral and moonstone—'round her wrist it gleamed,
A coil of splendid colour, while she held,
Unthreaded yet, the bead to close it up.
Green turkis, carved with golden gods and scripts.
Lulled by the cadence of the garden stream,
Thus lay they on the clustered carpets, each
A girlish rose with shut leaves, waiting dawn
To open and make daylight beautiful."

Now compare this with the same idea as elaborated by our other word-artist Byron:

"Many and beautiful lay those around,
Like flowers of different hue, and clime, and root,
In some exotic garden sometimes found,
With cost, and care, and warmth induced to shoot,
One with her auburn tresses lightly bound,
And fair brows gently drooping as the fruit
Nods from the tree, was slumbering with soft breath,
And lips apart, which show'd the pearls beneath.

One with her flush'd cheek laid on her white arm,
And raven ringlets gather'd in dark crowd
Above her brow, lay dreaming soft and warm;
And smiling through her dream, as through a cloud

The moon breaks, half-unveil'd each further charm,
As, slightly stirring in her snowy shroud,
Her beauties seized the unconscious hour of night
All bashfully to struggle into light.

* * * * * *

A fourth, as marble, statue-like and still,
Lay in a breathless, hush'd and stony sleep;
White, cold, and pure, as looks a frozen rill,
Or the snow minaret on an Alpine steep,
Or Lot's wife done in salt—or what you will."

* * * * * *

The careful reader will note that this latter extract, beautiful as the first, and descriptive of the same phase of Eastern life, is, however, its very converse, as regards method of treatment, for whereas the first commences and continues with outline and towards the end becomes tinged with colour; the second opens and continues with slight colour and terminates in a few matchless verses of pure outline. These form a veritable figure carved in word-marble. We almost see the literal embodiment of the vision, the peculiar lustre of the freshly cut marble, the crystalline sparkle of the salt. 'Tis a dream from the age of Praxitiles transmuted into rhyme.

To pass now from groups to double or single figures, we need not leave the author last quoted. Take stanza CXCIV of the second canto of Don Juan. We have the image of a pair of lovers that might well be taken to represent a terrestrial Cupid and Psyche, or Venus and Adonis:

"They look upon each other and their eyes
Gleam in the moonlight; and her white arm clasps
Round Juan's head, and his around hers lies
Half buried in the tresses which it grasps;

She sits upon his knee and drinks his sighs,
He hers, until they end in broken gasps;
And thus they form a group that's quite antique,
Half-naked, loving, natural and Greek."

In stanza XLIII, canto 6, is a fine example of that suggestive style I have already mentioned as being shadowed forth; looming, as it were, through a medium which conceals nothing but the sharp outline and prominent feature.

"She was not violently lively, but
Stole on your spirit like a May-day breaking;
Her eyes were not too sparkling, yet, half-shut,
They put beholders in a tender taking:
She looked (this simile's quite new) just cut
From marble, like a Pygmalion's statue waking,
The mortal and the marble still at strife,
And timidly expanding into life."

Yet once more let me take an illustration in prose of a single figure—a goddess, from Nathaniel Parker Willis, perhaps as fine as anything of the sort in the language. A combination of outline and shadow; of incision and suggestiveness. It is the statue of Albina McLush.

"She sat usually upon a *fauteuil*, with her large, full arm embedded in a cushion, sometimes for hours without stirring. I have seen the wind lift the masses of dark hair from her shoulders, when it seemed like the coming to life of a marble Hebe—she had been motionless so long. She was a model for a goddess of sleep; as she sat with her eyes half closed, lifting up their superb lids as you spoke to her and dropping them again with the deliberate motion of a cloud, when she had murmured out

her syllable of assent. Her figure, in a sitting posture, presented a gentle declivity from the curve of her neck to the instep of the small round foot lying on its side upon the ottoman."

This is fine work. Words have never been put to better use. These latter figures seem to evolve out of a background of bare possibility; and gradually to take shape till they stand out in full relief—or full relief partially hidden by a veil you have seen carved over them, the product not of the neutral background, but of the artist's ingenuity. I have spoken of figures carved out of word-marble; these seem to have been moulded out of word-mist.

There is such a thing as generalizing in sculpture—the embodying of a class in the individual. For instance; in a statue to Liberty, we typify every freeman who has struggled in the cause of emancipation:—in one to Victory; every hero who has fought and bled in the annals of conquest. When we carve a bas-relief to Ceres and surround her with the wheat sheaves and cornucopiæ of plenty we signify the reign of prosperity; so we represent strength by a Hercules; justice by a blinded figure with sword and scales; time by the figure of an old man with hour-glass and scythe; death by a skeleton, etc. In literature we repeatedly find the same generalization, now in poetry, now in prose. Humanity and the attributes of humanity are of course favourite topics, and not infrequently in a few lines glowing with warmth, or sparkling with humour, or magnificent with rhetoric are

hit off with inimitable skill and grace the virtues, the follies, and the vices of mortals. This species of characterization belongs properly to the sculpture of literature. It is better done in stone than in colours; for the conception is general rather than particular, abstract, yet that can take a concrete form, and is therefore better moulded by the intellect than coloured by the passions or the fancy. We require a rigidly pure type of truth which is better colourless. Whenever colour enters there is more play for the fancy, and consequently, exaggeration.

Man corporeal as applied to the typical has always been a favourite topic with man. Atlas supporting the world on his brawny shoulders is typical—of labour and strength and with the Japanese, I believe, of punishment. Adam is typical—of the potentiality of human possibilities for greatness as well as for frailty and sin. Jove hurling his thunderbolts at the Gigantes is typical—of superhuman strength and vengeance and the inevitable law of retribution. Prometheus chained to Caucasus, is typical—the vulture of remorse represented as ever preying upon the vitals of a fallen and earth-bound humanity. Buddha is typical—of the great heartedness which after all beats beneath the bosom of degenerate man. So is Christ typical. So is the Wandering Jew. So is Prince Arthur. So is Nebuchadnezzar. So is Moses. So is Noah. So is Tubal Cain. The Deity itself is typical—of man; for in the image of God created he him; and man, reacting, is like wise typical of the Godhead, for the human figure has been worshipped by all nations in all ages, whether

carved, grim and misshapen from the solid rock; moulded or fashioned in clay, bone, metal, ivory, or other material; or suspended from the crucifix in all the symbolised agony of the death throe.

Man metaphysical as applied to the typical has likewise always been a favourite topic with man, especially with the dramatist,the novelist, and the poet. Indeed in these modern days, more perhaps, than in any other age, there is danger, that while treating him from this purely metaphysical standpoint, we forget that he is possessed of a corporeal entity, and so depict him as a mere abstraction or sentimental pivot, round which to revolve fine drawn theories of the potentialities of psychology, the sublimities of æsthetics and the utter insignificance and inutility of doctrines that deal with anything really human or capable of a common sense and therefore common place existence.

Take up a novel, the product of this modern analytic school of fiction, and we shall find that instead of having to deal with narration, where personalities are prominent, and from which personalities we are led to infer the characteristics of the individual, the method is reversed; that we are fed upon abstractions and theories, mere metaphysical speculations round which we have ourselves to construct the flesh and blood of humanity as best we may. But as for narrative, there is none. There is no sight or scent or sound of nature in all the platitude of dreary pages. It is an eternal drawing room, furnished with the upholstery of the *séance*, and occupied

by highly rectified spirits, who converse as no ordinary spirits encased in normal integuments, were ever yet heard to converse; or perhaps, a chemist's laboratory, where creeds and cults and philosophies take the place of the elements in the crucible; where much of the metallic is *brass*, and much of the gaseous,—pure *wind*. The conceptions are clever, but strained, and not altogether comprehensible, far preferable to my taste is a good ghost story; therein, at least, I am deceived with my eyes open. It does one good after perusing half-a-dozen lucubrations of this type to get back to Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday, for these, at least, are indigenous to earth; to revel among wild Indians and Hottentots; to take a hand in a murder or so, half-a-dozen burglaries, and a brace of Gretna Green marriages; to inhale the intoxicating spirit of a real old-fashioned highway robbery, supplemented by the return of the ladies' jewels, the elaborate apology of the Gentleman of the Road, and his final acceptance by the heroine of the piece. All this helps to counteract the bilious tendencies of the *séance*. A thorough course of Scott or Dickens is, moreover, a capital tonic for the mental system prostrated by long exposure to the analytic and philosophic epidemic alluded to, while Harrison Ainsworth and Wilkie Collins are certain cures.

Well, *chacun a son goût*. I like the analytic in its place. But to my taste the romance is the proper field for everyday personages, no matter how improbable their adventures and hair-breadth their escapes. The more improbable and hair-breadth the better. I read a novel

rather for amusement than instruction. The philosophies belong of right to the schools; and they are my labours, not my recreations. A drama where the actors are skeletons and their dialogues scientific treatises may be all very well for a literary gathering of æsthetes, but is hardly fit for the play houses of ordinary humanity.

But as I have said, the study of man, whether man physical or man metaphysical, possesses a rare charm for a certain order of intellect. The man physical, under every possible condition of being, even to the absolutely repellent, has exhausted the skill of the sculptor. We have biographies in stone, histories in bas-relief, and the pedigrees of nations in marble. Man metaphysical, too, has been symbolised under every conceivable form. His virtues have been extolled as archangels, and epitomised as mural tablets. His aggressiveness has been allegorised as the figure of Siva, and his vices deified as the abomination of Moloch. So in literature we find his record on every page. Now the individual, in biography; now the type, in drama, criticism, or poetry. Here, for instance, is his life chiselled in speech by Shakspeare. It is a modern frieze, if you will, on which are carved in seven verbal metopes the biography of man from the cradle to the grave:

> "All the world's a stage,
> And all the men and women merely players;
> They have their exits and their entrances;
> And one man in his time plays many parts,
> His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
> Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;
> And then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel,

And shining morning face, creeping like a snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover;
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier;
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth: And then the justice;
In fair ronnd belly, with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part; The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon!
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank: and his big manly voice,
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound; Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything."

This is an amplification, a procession as it were, like those on the Doric temples of old; but here is a mural tablet on the same topic set in the wall of literary narration, and by the same hand:

"Is man no more than this? Consider him well: Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume! Ha! here's three of us are sophisticated! Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.—Off, off, you lendings."

Of a somewhat different order, but still inimitable in its way, and true to the life, is man's full length, metaphysical statue by Pope:

"Know then thyself, presume not God to scan,
The proper study of mankind is man.

Placed on this isthmus of a middle state,
A being darkly wise, and rudely great;
With too much knowledge for the sceptic side,
With too much weakness for the stoic's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act, or rest;
In doubt to deem himself a God or beast;
In doubt his mind or body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err;
Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
Whether he thinks too little or too much;
Chaos of thought and passion, all confused;
Still by himself abused or disabused;
Created half to rise, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth in endless error hurled,
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world."

This is human nature epitomised in poetry, if you like. Has Phydias given us anything more splendid? Has Flaxman bequeathed us anything more true? These are, of course, ambitious works of art, embracing in one magnificent series or group every conceivable type of man, past, present, and—so far as we are able to judge—to come. But if so disposed, we can particularize. We have statuettes as well as monuments. Here is the statuette of a man by Shakspeare.

"What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form, and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet to me what is this quintessence of dust?"

If we so choose, we can form a Shakspearian gallery of these statuettes, there is material enough, and of excellent

quality. What will you have? The effigy of a lover? Here it is:

"A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye, and sunken; which you have not: an unquestionable spirit; which you have not: a beard neglected; which you have not:—but I pardon you for that; for, simply, your having no beard is a younger brother's revenue:—Then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation."

Here is a fortune-teller, a capital figure. Notice the attenuation of the outline, you can count his ribs:

> "A hungry, lean-faced villain,
> A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
> A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller;
> A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,
> A living dead man; this pernicious slave,
> Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer;
> And, gazing in my eyes, feeling my pulse,
> And with no face, as 'twere outfacing me,
> Cries out, I was possess'd."

Now we come to a merry man. Look at the twinkle in his eye. It is catching, mirth-provoking, the personification of jollity:

> "A merrier man,
> Within the limits of becoming mirth,
> I never spent an hour's talk withal;
> His eye begets occasion for his wit;
> For every object that the one doth catch.
> The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;
> Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)
> Delivers in such apt and gracious words,

That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished ;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse."

But see ! here is a cupid, a gem, unique of its kind, copied from the life :

"The boy,
Than whom no mortal so magnificent !
This wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy ;
This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid ;
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,
Dread prince of plackets, king of cod-pieces,
Sole imperator, and great general
Of trotting paritors,—O, my little heart !—"

Next to the Cupid stands a villain. Mark the scowl upon his brow—a thorough-bred ruffian, I warrant you :

" Hadst not thou been by
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted, and signed, to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind,
Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,
When I spake darkly what I purposed ;
Or turned an eye of doubt upon my face,
And bid me tell my tale in express words ;
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me."

A Brawler should be a suitable companion to the Villain, and here he is, with a sneer upon his lip, and a menace in his eye.

"Thou ! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes. Thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing on the street, because he

hath awakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? With another for tying his new shoes with old ribbon? And yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!"

Look at the cheeks of this next figure, a Trumpeter. One can almost hear the blast of his instrument:

> "Now crack thy lungs and split thy brazen pipe;
> Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias cheek
> Out-swell the colic of puff'd Aquilon,
> Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood,
> Thou blow'st for Hector."

Here is an exquisite little figure of a beauty:

> "Oh she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
> Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
> Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear;
> Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
> So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
> As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows."

Now we come to a group, splendidly cut, true to the life, that will stand for the whole class of Braggarts:

> "Hold you content: What man! I know them, yea,
> And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple;
> Scambling, out-facing, fashion-monging boys,
> That lie, and cog and flout, deprave and slander,
> Go anticly, and show outward hideousness;
> And speak off half-a-dozen dangerous words,
> How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst,
> And this is all."

Yet one more ere we leave our Shakspearian Gallery. We began with the statuette of a Man, let us end our list with the effigy of a Fool. What more fitting? For though

many a man may be Life's knave, every man must become at last perforce Death's fool, and grin for ever in mockery of life from out the charnel house of corruption. Ha! ha! what a joke on life is the skull! Though sometimes to be sure Dame Nature is too shrewd for the grave and robs the joker of his teeth, whereat artifice and the dentist, true to instinct, step in, to remedy the defect, and so perpetuate the irony of Fate and the "Motley" of the tomb. Well, here is our Fool:

"A fool, a fool!—I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool;—a miserable world!—
As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And railed on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool,
Good morrow, fool, quoth I: *No, Sir,* quoth he,
Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune:
And then he drew a dial from his poke;
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, *It is ten o'clock:*
Thus may we see, quoth he, *how the world wags:*
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine;
And after an hour more, 'twill be eleven;
And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep contemplative;
And I did laugh, sans intermission,
An hour by his dial.—O noble fool!
A worthy fool! motley's the only wear."

All these figurettes of humanity are inimitable after their kind. Again, I say, I know not how the average mind receives these messages, for myself, they are insepa-

rable from objective forms, and herein lies the beauty of a literary masterpiece, it is not merely so much description or analysis, it is suggestive. It is a link joining the subjective and the ideal to the tangible and the real. These vignettes of poesy are veritable graven images as well as letter-press;—now in a museum, now in an art studio, now on the head of a peripatetic Italian, crying his snowy wares before the area railings, according to the humour of the moment. Much of course must depend upon individual imagination and individual taste, likes or dislikes. I have heard of a young lady who fainted at the odour of a rose. I have known men blind to colours. Others who hated music. Some who despised pictures. One, at least, who has denounced the female form as the ugliest created thing so far as outline goes. *Que voulez-vous.* This is part of the wisdom of nature's plan. In diversity is the only possible panacea for *ennui.* But for those who can see with the eyes of transmutation, this faculty is, indeed, the philosopher's stone. It transmutes all to gold. It hears an elegy in the insect's hum. Erects a stanza into a cathedral. A line of Ruskin becomes a veritable picture. A quotation from Shakspeare, a statue. A clod of earth is transformed into a garden of Eden. This is life; this is enjoyment. There is nothing else worth living for. It is the only present heaven. Fancies like these, are the sun, moon, and stars of existence. Quench them, and the impenetrable darkness of the night of despair enfolds all in its bat-like wings. Vampire-like, it sucks the life-blood

from the heart of a slumbering humanity. Therefore it is that imagination is good, and romance is good; for without imagination creeds would perish, and without romance, honour would decay, nay life itself would become a Sahara of reality too torrid to support its own outgrowth. It would produce but to destroy. A fairy tale is the most beautiful idyl to the child-mind, as love is the most beautiful idyl to the youth, as honour is to the mature, as rest is to the aged. Yes, the grave itself is a romance, and a beautiful one withal; a chrysalis-sheath, an earth-shell, crowned with flowers, watered with tears, and watched over by gentle hearts, from which the spirit, butterfly-winged has broken forth, to sip the dews of heaven. What matter if it be a figment! We believe it none the less. If it make us happy while we live,—well. Will the insentient dead mourn the fiction if the earth-dream never be realized. No, it is the living that are haunted by fears and vague unrest and unsatisfied longings. The dead sleep well, and their last peaceful smile is the token of their satisfaction, that they have indeed entered into their rest.

From Shakspeare I shall again quote, for he is the Phidias of the pen; yet not merely the true copyist of nature, or the matchless idealist, but something of the sensualist as well. He is both Phidias and Praxitiles. He can mould a hero or a history. He can carve a nude and voluptuously languishing conceit or a Bacchanalian revel. As the purely abstract is, however, to be our present theme in connection with verbal

sculpture, he is for the nonce rather Phidias than Praxitiles. We have the purely abstract embodied, as I have before remarked, in various ways; for instance, Justice, a figure blindfold, with sword and scales; War, a figure with drawn sword; Peace, a female with a child in her arms; Plenty, the cornucopia; Music, the lyre; Poetry, Calliope, &c., &c. In Shakspeare we find a gallery of such conceits carved with inimitable skill, each perfect of its kind. Some posing in utter nudity of abandonment, others clad in the flowing robes of a chaste and becoming seemliness. Here the bold, unabashed effrontery of passionate desire flashing from the verse; there, the modest, down-cast mien of the novice, shyly shadowed forth in words. One altogether good and lovely, as we know intutively, from its aspect; the second comely to the eye, but with a nameless something in the air which proclaims a heart at variance with the fascinating exterior; a third, undisguised, standing forth in all its undraped ugliness of deformity and nakedness of sin.

As Life is the first desideratum to the individual, let us commence our second gallery—of the abstract—with the symbolization of Life. Here is the fac-simile, a word-group in which the same idea is typified by diverse objects, yet each pointing the same moral:

> "To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow.
> Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
> To the last syllable of recorded time;
> And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
> The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
> Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,

That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more ; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.—"

What is of the next importance in the category of the abstract? Love, perhaps. Here it is in the guise of a female:

"She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek ; she pined in thought ;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief."

Or here it is as a boy:

"Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind ;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind ;
Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taste ;
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste;
And therefore is love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguiled.
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
So the boy Love is perjured everywhere.—"

Yet again we have it as a flower:

"The imperial vot'ress passed on
In maiden-meditation, fancy-free,
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell ;
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white ; now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it love-in-idleness."

So on *ad infinitum*.—As a sequel to love, marriage, I opine, deserves a prominent place on our consoles, and shall have it:

" Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship.

* * * * * *

For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife ?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace."

With love and marriage are surely connected such conceptions as chastity, reputation, cheerfulness. Here are their word-types moulded in finest phrase. Chastity. A maiden's figure :

" Mine honour's such a ring ;
My chastity's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors ;
Which were the greatest obliquy i' the world
In me to lose."

Reputation shall be represented by two superb figures, than which nothing can be finer. First :

" The purest treasure mortal times afford,
Is—spotless reputation ; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay."

Second:

" Good name, in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls ;
Who steals my purse, steals trash ; 'tis something, nothing ;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands ;
But he, that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed."

Last of this group, Cheerfulness, a humorous conception :

" Let me play the fool ;
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come ;

And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire, cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish?"

The Virtues and the Vices have ever been favourite subjects with the sculptor and the modeller. The generalization of the former has been well symbolized in the three graces: Faith, Hope and Charity, a beautiful conceit, more than once exquisitely rendered. As for the embodiment of incarnate vice, the original is so hydra-headed that it would be really hard to find an adequate universal type. The fittest museum for the apotheosis of the order, however, would not unlikely be the "Chamber of Horrors" at Madame Tussaud's." We have such a chamber in Shakspeare and shall come to it presently; but in the meanwhile let us consider a few casts of a different description. Here are Virtue and Vice contrasted, two pieces of two figures each, lilliputian groups so far as brevity is concerned, but pregnant with epigrammatic genius:

"Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water."

"The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones."

Next in order come the Virtues, singly, each excellently modelled.—First a statuette to Honour;

"What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,

And I will look on both indifferently ;
For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death."

Then we have a husband's love tipified :

"You are my true and honourable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart."

The next is a more ambitious work, "a terminal" set up to invoke the deity of Friendship, while itself embodying the idea :

"I am no orator, as Brutus is ;
But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
That love my friend ; and that they know full well,
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood ; I only speak right on ;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know ;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me ; but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny."

Eloquence is represented as a female, persuasive by reason of both beauty and logic :

"In her youth
There is a prone and speechless dialect,
Such as moves men ; beside, she hath prosperous art
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade."

One of the *chefs-d'œuvres* of word-sculpture, is our next figure, that to Mercy :

The quality of mercy is not strain'd ;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven,

Upon the place beneath; it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes;
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above the scepter'd sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice."

Content is symbolised by a beautiful fragment—would there were more of it:

"To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue,
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess."

Lowly content is thus epitomised:

"'Tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief,
And wear a golden sorrow."

And now for the Chamber of Horrors. Shakspeare is a master at portraying vice in all its naked hideousness. He never hesitates at a strong word and his trenchant graver pares away every atom of mere sentiment, that might otherwise interfere with a just rendition. He leaves nothing to the imagination, all is expressed, seen, and recoiled from. What a memorial is this to Hypocrisy:

"Mark you this, Bassanio
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.

An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart;
Oh, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!"

And this to jealousy—It is a verbal statuette of Othello. Is there anything more pathetic in language. Words have exhausted themselves in this effort. Every line is a suspicion, a plaint, a heart sob, a Niobe of woe, weeping for the slaughtered offspring of her love:

"Look, where he comes!
Not poppy, not mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday."
Oth. "Ha! Ha! false to me?
To me?

* * * * * *

I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioneers and all had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known. Oh, now, for ever,
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! Oh, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner; and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war,
And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!"

Here is the same figure in a slightly different guise, posing as wounded pride:

"Had it pleas'd Heaven
To try me with affliction; had he rain'd
All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head;
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips;
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;

I should have found in some part of my soul
A drop of patience ; but (alas !) to make me
A fixed figure, for the hand of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger at,—
Oh ! Oh !
Yet could I bear that too ; well, very well ;
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart ;
Where either I must live, or bear no life ;
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up ; to be discarded thence !
Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads
To knot and gender in !—Turn thy complexion there !
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubim ;
Ay, there look grim as hell !"

Here he is again as the type of unreasonable and jealous accusation :

Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write whore upon ? What committed !
Committed !—O thou public commoner !
I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds.—What committed !
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks ;
The bawdy wind that kisses all it meets,
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it. What committed !—
Impudent strumpet !"

Yet again—the same gloomy form, now muffled in the cloak of a dread irresolution :

"It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars !
It is the cause,—Yet I'll not shed her blood,
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster,
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then put out the light ;
If I quench thee thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,

Should I repent me ;—But once put out thine,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd thy rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must wither :—I'll smell it on the tree.—
O balmy breath, that doth almost persuade
Justice to break her sword ! —one more, one more,—
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after.—One more, and this the last ;
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears ; this sorrow's heavenly ;
It strikes where it doth love."

For the last time this unhappy model proclaims itself as the personification of Remorse :

"Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd wench !
Pale as thy smock ! when we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl ?
Even like thy chastity.- -
O cursed, cursed slave !—Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight !
Blow me about in winds, roast me in sulphur !
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire !—
O Desdemona ! Desdemona ! dead ?
Dead ? Oh ! Oh ! Oh !"

Language can go no further. All this is the acme of pathos, of anguish, and of sin. It is more startling than the grim form of Robespierre in his bath, with the cruel blade in his side ; more repellent than the caged criminal, rat-haunted and torn, behind the iron meshes of his prison bars ; more pathetic than the unuttered monody of the axe and the gibbet, that makes that dismal chamber in Baker Street reek with an atmosphere of woe, and chases the novice, terror-striken, from its unhallowed threshold.

But one more figure in this catalogue of frailties, and that but one line, ere we close the list of the personified abstract. It is the effigy of Calumny."

"Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny."

We have yet to consider another phase of this branch of the subject, which may with propriety be denominated verbal sculpture. Indeed, I do not see how it is to be otherwise classified. It is so utterly and undisguisedly subjective, that it would be almost impossible in sculpture itself to give the idea a tangible form, unless, indeed, we may call a shadow tangible, and were to represent it as the shadow cast by the statue on the floor or wall of the gallery. I allude to the Biography of Style, or perhaps I should term it Criticism of Style, by which in a few happy words are hit off the leading excellencies, defects and mannerisms of the authors considered, with here and there interposed a personal trait or habit, to render more life-like the portraiture. Well, the metaphor of the shadow may not be such a bad [one after all, for what is one's style but the reflection of the soul, or the temperament cast outwards by the light of the inner reason, or taste, or humour. The matter is the true substance, the fashion in which it is presented, whether heavy or light, enduring or evanescent, repellent or fascinating, must in a large measure depend upon the *bulk* of the question or matter discussed, and the strength of the light brought to bear upon it. Nor yet is the metaphor exhausted, for, as sometimes the shadow remains for a space,

after the legitimate source has passed out of sight, so will a happily conceived paragraph, or stanza, or line, linger in one's memory, haunting it, as it were, long after the mere matter-of-fact thought, which gave rise to the felicitous shade, has released its hold on the perceptive faculties.

Who does not know Carlyle, with his rugged diction hanging, so to speak, in tatters round the sturdy limbs of his giant thoughts—patchwork of dissertation rent by his own portentous growlings? It is philosophy done up in faggots; hero worship, bristling with fretful quills; and family-glorification and personal abuse, posing as verbal scare-crows to intimidate the diarists of the future. I love Carlyle. He is one of my heroes. I admire him and his Teutonic voice, shouting, and roaring, and raving, and rumbling in the Valhalla of Nineteenth Century Literature; but I can see his faults. The style is like the man, no humbug about either; yet both occasionally howling under the intermittent spasms of dyspeptic colic. What could be happier than this little effigy of semi-humorous and not altogether untruthful satire by Professor Ross:

"His Sartor Resartus is a colossal half-German jumble of rugged common sense, sporadically uncommon nonsense, close epigram and wayward irrelevancy, and an oscillation between old gaberlunzie rags and the transcendentalism of Fichte."

Ross is not altogether fair in his treatment of Carlyle; but the above extract merits consideration, if only out of respect for the "gaberlunzie rags," whatever they may be.

The humorous and the sardonic suit well this style of word-sculpture. Epigram, satire, down-right abuse, if hearty and conscientious, lends interest to the modelling. What can be more exquisite to the man with a sense of humour, than the following "casts" of the poet Churchill's style by Hogarth, Johnson and Murphy respectively:

"Wilke's toad-echo."

"He (Johnson) talked very contemptuously of Churchill's poetry, observing, "That it had a temporary currency, only from its audacity of abuse, and being filled with living names, and that it would sink into oblivion. * * * * * * * To be sure he is a tree that cannot produce good fruit; he only bears crabs. But, sir, a tree that produces a great many crabs is better than a tree which produces only a few."

"No more he'll sit in foremost row before the astonished pit; in brawn Old Mixon's rival as in wit; and grin dislike, and kiss the spike; and giggle and wriggle; and fiddle and diddle; and fiddle-faddle, and diddle-daddle."

Surely Punchinello himself must have posed as the model of the above works of art.

Sometimes we call the simious order of animated nature to aid in the personification of style, as instance Hervey's conception of Lyly's Euphues:

"Nash the Ape of Greene, Greene the Ape of Euphues, Euphues the Ape of Ennuie."

Sometimes the idea to be conveyed may be transmitted through a double medium: man and beast. Here are Spencer and Greene on Shakspeare:

"The man whom nature self had made
To mock herself and Truth to imitate."

"An upstart crow beautified with our feathers."

Here is the estimate of Shakspearian genius embodied in prose and verse by various hands, by Gray:

"To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face."

by Dryden:

"But Shakspeare's magic could not copy'd be,
Within that circle none durst walk but he."

and by Coleridge:

"In Shakspeare one sentence begets the next naturally; the meaning is all inwoven. He goes on kindling like a meteor through the dark atmosphere; yet when the creation in its outline is once perfect, then he seems to rest from his labour and smile upon his work and tell himself that it is very good. You see many scenes and parts of scenes which are simply Shakspeare's disporting himself in joyous triumph and vigorous fun after a great achievement of his highest genius."

Milton's style is admirably epitomised in a few terse words by Johnson; where his Paradise Lost and Sonnets are contrasted:

"Milton, madam, was a genius that could cut a Colossus from a rock, but could not carve heads upon cherry-stones." The madame addressed being Hannah More.

Not infrequently is the adventurer impressed into the service to stand as sponsor for an objectionable style: as when Byron says of Leigh Hunt:

"He is an honest charlatan who has persuaded himself into a belief of his own impostures and talks Punch in pure simplicity of heart He is a good man and a good father A great coxcomb and a very vulgar person in everything about him."

But others hold different sentiments, going to botany and the hedges for their inspirations, as does A. Smith when writing on the same subject:

"Hunt, whose every sentence is flavoured with the hawthorn and the primrose."

Sometimes a statue itself is made the lay figure: as in the following magnificent analysis of her sister Emily's "Wuthering Heights," by no less an artist than the illustrious author of Jane Eyre:

"'Wuthering Heights' was hewn in a wild workshop, with simple tools, out of homely materials. The statuary found a granite block on a solitary moor; gazing thereon he saw how from the crag might be elicited a head, savage, swart, sinister; a form moulded with at least one element of grandeur, power. He wrought with a rude chisel, and from no model but the vision of his meditations. With time and labour the crag took human shape; and there it stands, colossal, dark, and frowning, half-statue, half-rock; in the former sense terrible and goblin-like—in the latter almost beautiful, for its colouring is of mellow gray, and moorland moss clothes it; and heath, with its blooming bells and balmy fragrance, grows faithfully close to the giant's foot."

An old classic that has long mouldered in his grave

and modern science, two most unlikely co-workers, may be engaged to personate the author's fancy in the art studio of speech—nay, one may even imperceptibly glide into the other, a sort of literary metempsychosis of delineation, long drawn, beginning with feet of classic clay and ending in atmospheric scintillations of polar light. Such is Wainright's memorial to Thomas Hood:

"Young in years, not in power. Our new Ovid!—only more imaginative!—painter to the visible eye—and the inward; commixture of what the superficial deem incongruous elements, instructive living proof how close lie the founts of laughter and tears! Thou fermenting brain, oppressed as yet by its own riches! Though melancholy would seem to have touched thy heart with her painful salutary hand, yet is thy fancy mercurial, undepressed, and sparkles and crackles more from the contact—as the northern lights when they near the frozen pole."

Sometimes the "study" is commenced in the studio or the library and ends in a bath-tub, or the model, first seated in an easy chair armed with "gray goose quill," and MS. is finally relegated to the exterior of a hair-dresser's, where he is expected to shoulder the barber's pole, and exhibit himself in his shirt. In such fashion has Sydney Smith conceived his conceit of Bentham:

"Mr. Bentham is long; Mr. Bentham is occasionally involved and obscure; Mr. Bentham invents new and alarming expressions; Mr. Bentham loves division and subdivision—and he loves method itself more than its consequences. Those only, therefore, who know his

originality, his knowledge, his vigour, his boldness, will recur to the work themselves. The great mass of readers will not purchase improvement at so dear a rate, but will choose rather to become acquainted with Mr. Bentham through the medium of reviews—after that eminent philosopher has been washed, trimmed, shaved,and forced into clean linen."

Compare this next fragment on the same worthy by Hazlitt with the general tone and "gaberlunzie rags" of Ross' critique on Carlyle:

"His (Bentham's) works have been translated into French—they ought to be translated into English..... He was a kind of manuscript author—he wrote a cypher hand, which the vulgar have no key to. It is a barbarous philosophical jargon, with all the repititions, formalities, uncouth nomenclature, and verbiage of law Latin; and what makes it worse, it is not mere verbiage, but has a great deal of acuteness and meaning in it, which you would be glad to pick out if you could."

Macaulay, like A. Smith, is not above taking a metaphor from horticulture, though I could better imagine "the spirited poet, the splendid orator, the brilliant historian, the delightful essayist," smirking in a frilled shirt bosom, "a book in breeches," than figuring in a pair of gardener's gloves. Yet here is his copy "in the round" of Boswell:

"Nature had made him a slave and an idolator. His mind resembled those creepers which the botanists call parasites, and which can subsist only by clinging around the stems and imbibing the juices of strong plants. He

must have fastened himself on somebody. He might have fastened himself on Wilkes, and have become the fiercest patriot in the Bill of Right's Society. He might have fastened himself on Whitfield, and have become the loudest field preacher among the Calvinistic Methodists. In a happy hour he fastened himself on Johnson."

In our next study we have a group of two, and a distinguished two withal: to wit, Gibbon and Johnson. It is a crystallization rather than a carving, in which the fancies are congealed from a sort of universal medium, or chaotic dregs, embracing such incongruous and dissimilar elements as Alpine heights and hautboys, kettle-drums and garden walks. It is a happy conceit, however, and by Colman:

"Each had his measured phraseology; and Johnson's famous parallel between Dryden and Pope might be loosely parodied in reference to himself and Gibbon: Johnson's style was grand, and Gibbon's elegant; the stateliness of the former was sometimes pedantic, and the latter was occasionally finical. Johnson marched to kettle-drums and trumpets; Gibbon moved to flutes and hautboys; Johnson hewed passages through the Alps, while Gibbon levelled walks through parks and gardens. Mauled as I had been by Johnson, Gibbon poured balm upon my bruises by condescending once or twice in the evening to talk with me. The great historian was light and playful, suiting his matter to the capacity of a boy; but it was done *more suo*—still his mannerism prevailed; still he tapped his snuff-box; still he smirked and smiled, and

rounded his periods with the same air of good breeding as if he were conversing with men. His mouth, mellifluous as Plato's, was a round hole in the centre nearly of his visage."

> "Like a carved pumpkin was his classic jole,
> Flesh had the solo of his chin encored;
> Puffed were his cheeks, his mouth a little hole,
> Just in the centre of his visage bored."

A very happy illustration of the style, or rather the literary reputation of Nathaniel Parker Willis is to be found in one of the June numbers for 1885, of that excellent American weekly, the *Critic*. I shall quote an extract and let its happy metaphors and airy traceries speak for themselves, confident of one thing at least, that they will be appreciated by all who love delicacy of outline and sentiment in word sculpture.

"Professor Beers's biography of N. P. Willis is after the fashion of a resurrection flower. Dry, crumpled, whipped hither and thither by the blasts of popularity, an autumn leaf yellow and apparently hopeless as any that dangles on a frosted maple, Willis's reputation, thrown into a delightful literary form, coddled, cherished, nursed into existence again, suddenly revives and swims like a living thing on the breath of the moment, expands in liliaceous form, throws out rootlets and tentacles, and actually threatens to germinate again in the rarefied atmosphere of 1885! Such is the imperishability of light things. That Willis was light, even his best friends cannot deny. His abounding talent was a heap of thistle-down, and swept up and down the universe as restlessly as a cloud,

taking root nowhere. . . His airy pen played with and prattled over everything; its sting was as delicate and evanescent as a sea-nettle's—a graze, a flash, a phosphorescence, and it was gone. But so new was this quality—airiness—in American literature then, so delightful in its omnipresent flutter—for Willis "dashed" at everything—that it soon made him famous on both sides of the Atlantic, and more especially as a correspondent. Undoubtedly Willis was the father of the "special correspondent," for he anticipated Bayard Taylor, and set a fashion which has become one of the most impressive literary phenomena of our time."

With two studies of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, by different hands, I shall conclude my illustrations of personal characteristics, style, etc.; the first is by Rogers, an admirable little copy, where the man's loquacity poses as the model, and a delicate raillery guides the *burin;* the second by Hazlitt, who has compressed Nature herself into a lay figure of the poet and metaphysician, producing a striking likeness.

"Coleridge was a marvellous talker. One morning when Hookham Frere also breakfasted with me, Coleridge talked for three hours without intermission about poetry, and so admirably that I wish every word he had uttered had been written down. But sometimes his harangues were quite unintelligible, not only to myself, but to others. Wordsworth and I called upon him one forenoon when he was in a lodging off Pall Mall. He talked uninterruptedly for about two hours, during which

Wordsworth listened to him with profound attention, every now and then nodding his head, as if in assent. On quitting the lodgings, I said to Wordsworth, 'Well, for my part I could not make head or tail of Coleridge's oration; pray did you understand it?' 'Not one syllable of it,' was Wordsworth's reply."

"He who has seen a mouldering tower by the side of a crystal lake, hid by the mist, but glittering in the wave below, may conceive the dim, gleaming, uncertain intelligence of his eye. He who has marked the evening clouds uprolled (a world of vapours) has seen the picture of his mind unearthly, unsubstantial, with gorgeous tints and ever-varying forms."

Thus has sculpture its analogies in letters, its facsimiles in language. Not only have we the completed *chefs-d'œuvres* of the masters, carved and polished to the highest point of professional perfection, but we have studies of the art in all stages of its progress. Here, the rough granite of embryonic expression, a bare possibility, just shadowing forth the suggestion of a conception; rude tribute to the genius of the Viking, so hardy and rugged and regardless of the amenities of life and the polish of literary excellence: there the resplendent image of a glorified perfection, every particle of crudeness pared away to the uttermost shred, standing out clear cut and beautiful, the embodiment of learning, or fancy, or eloquence, seeming more like a gift from the Gods than the handicraft of mortality, typical rather of an ethereal light and life than bespeaking the bleakness of the quarry or

the labour of the slave. And between these two extremes we have every gradation that mind can conceive, ingenuity invent, or ability execute; grave and gay, rugged and tender, passionate and gentle, commonplace and inspired,—deity and hind. The figures bristle in the niches, in the corridors, in the courts, translucent with light or cowering in shade. Literature, too, has her Milan. Fairer than the Carrara marble of the Duomo's façade extends the virgin purity of the unwritten page. One hundred and six pinnacles is a marvellous number truly to fill the eye of the beauty-seeker, gazing up toward blue Italian skies; but the possible pinnacles of that unwritten page are numberless, their traceries more exquisite, their frettings beyond compare. Four thousand five hundred statues, life size, in marble, is a gallery of art worthy of a cathedral, worthy of a restored Parthenon itself, but the statues adorning the temple of Literature are four thousand times four thousand and thousands of thousands. More than this, their possibilities are limitless, far-stretching as space itself, enduring as eternity. Every figure added to that Gothic Church of stone means so much outlay, so much restriction; outlay that becomes restriction, for the larger the sum expended the less remains to expend, and wealth is not inexhaustible; restriction that reacts upon outlay, for every statue added means less space for the future into which to crowd others. Not so with language; therein outlay is nothing, for grandeur and truth and beauty of diction are free gifts. They cannot indeed be bought or

sold. They shine naturally like the sun. They spread ever outward and upward and onward like the heavens. Nor is there restriction, for thought and the power to express thought are likewise the free gifts of the ages, the legacy of an eternal past to an eternal future, and room has been provided for the storage of the bequest, though earth's duration be limitless, and the light of reason unquenchable. It is a beautiful conceit, whatever its absolute truth, that though out of the dross of earth, with all its potentiality of sin and all its possibilities of woe, has been moulded the creature of clay with all his absolute sin and all his absolute woe; yet this is not the end. The *finis* of existence is not written here or thus. So far, 'tis but the effort of the 'prentice hand of time, rough hewing the creature from the quarry of mortality. By-and-bye, with perfected skill, from the same clay, and from the same creature, will be shadowed forth by the same hand, the angel spirit, which still later on, white-winged and radiant, shall soar from earth and earth's trials, to seek its true pedestal in Heaven. So with language, and the people of its clay. At the first, of the earth, earthy; barbarous, inapt, uneuphonious, inexpressive. Time's 'prentice hand gains skill and cunning through the passage of the years, and presently is likewise shadowed forth the suggestion of a perfection, white-plumed and radiant, which, also, has in part received its consummation, and, perhaps, may one day leave the earth to soar upward into regions of greater light and greater possibilities, fluttering no more broken-winged and help-

less along the shallows of a deluged universe, but like the old-time dove bearing the olive branch of peace to all nations and tongues, as a sign that dissentions have ceased, that Babel is forgotten, and the international millennium of intellectual life truly arrived.

III.

PAINTING IN LANGUAGE.

"Dwells within the soul of every artist
More than all his effort can express,
And he knows the best remains unutter'd
Sighing at what *we* call his success."

Of the sister arts, Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting, the last named is perhaps the most popular with the masses, because best understood; and because moreover it finds expression largely through the medium of colour, which is in itself a fascinating agent, not only to the instincts of humanity but also to those of the brute creation. The subject of architecture is too complicated, its conceptions too vast, too emblematic, or too grave, to fascinate any but the specialist or the general art-lover or student. Sculpture is too colourless, too rigidly severe, too mythological or historical in intent to be thoroughly understood or appreciated by the uncultured. But painting being a direct reproduction of the natural, of everyday life, with all its hues and accessories, appeals alike to the eye of education and of ignorance, with this result,

that the eye of ignorance is sooner filled, and more easily satisfied with the outcome of the easel. Neither fastidiousness nor critical acumen steps in to mar full enjoyment; therefore what the hypercritical may cavil at, will prove a source of unalloyed pleasure to honest Hodge and his spouse, who look more to colour than to outline, and will easily recognize a landscape, or basket of fruit or flowers, no matter how rudely daubed, where they would be lost in unappreciative wonder at the grotesque and intricate tracings of a Gothic cathedral, the mythological contortions of a Laocoon, or the undraped loveliness of a Grecian Dryad or Nymph. It has been said that Ignorance is the mother of Admiration; the aphorism like most old saws, has a flaw in its construction. Ignorance is rather the mother of wonder. Now, the inherent difference between admiration and wonder is indeed very great. We may wonder at an earthquake, we should hardly admire it. A Bengali Pundit, reciting in Sanskrit to a gathering of the Western "unwashed" the most beautiful verses of the Mahabharata, might certainly create a sensation, but that sensation would be one rather of open-mouthed wonder than of heart-felt admiration. The unfamiliar jargon with its gutturals, its nasals, and its monotones, would appeal more forcibly to the ear, than would any innate beauty of sentiment touch the heart of the listeners. The Sanskrit scholar could alone reap enjoyment from the recital; therefore, in such a case at least, knowledge, not ignorance, would be the mother of admiration. To put the reformed aphorism to its appli-

cation then; we have but to place honest Hodge aforesaid, beneath the intricate elaborations of a late Gothic vaulting, or within the peristyle of a restored Parthenon, and I doubt if the leading emotion excited would be one of unalloyed admiration. It would certainly be one of wonder, at the foils, cusps, and pendants of the one, at the Doric simplicity of the other. Not understanding the *tout ensemble* from an art standpoint, he would fail to appreciate the details. Again, present to him a bas-relief of the Panathenaic festival or a statue of Medusa, the classical solemnity of the one and the stony horror of the other would, in the first instance, be conducive to weariness, in the second, to repugnance; for, again, not understanding the moral of the work, he would fail to appreciate the work itself. Set up before him the merest daub of his own rustic homestead, and he will recognise it with a grin of satisfaction, and feel himself upon the safe ground of criticism. If there be a stick out of place he will recognize the blunder. If the colouring be faulty he will discover the incongruity, that is, if he be not colour-blind or a fool. Now in literature we shall find a corresponding correlation of incentive to wonder and appreciation. The architectural in letters is too lofty for the untrained mind to grasp. Milton's Paradise Lost would be Greek to the rustic. The analysis of character, which falls under the head of the Sculptural, would be as little understood; for here again the rustic mind is not accustomed to the analysis of motives or metaphysical abstractions. The flavour of Ross's "Gaberlunzie rags"

would be lost to the millions; but a *genre* painting in words, such as Burns' "Cotter's Saturday Night," appeals directly to the unsophisticated taste, it is recognized as a home production, so true is it that "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin." A few simple, descriptive stanzas, charged with the colour of life, like the glass bead to the Indian, at once charms and interests, excites or soothes—a Marseillaise may stir up a populace to revolution, and Auld Lang Syne dissolve an audience in tears.

Why does the fairy tale of childhood exercise such a fascinating influence upon the child-mind? It is not true, and the child knows it is not true. It is not classic, nor need it be. What cares the child for super-culture? I say the child; but I am much mistaken if there be not in the heart of many a gray-haired child of earth, some little nook sacred to the memory of Jack the Giant Killer, some little fleshly porch round which are still clinging the tendrils of Jack's wonderful bean-stalk. As for myself, when I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but now that I am a man, I have *not* put away childish things, nor would I. To me they are relics of Eden. Ah, those days! they are the heaven of life, and only as a little child, can we, in my humble opinion, ever enjoy heaven again. For in ignorance is much bliss, and 'tis folly to be over-wise. But I ask, wherein lies the secret of the fairy-spell? Largely in the texture and the colour of the fiction-pictures presented. Is not every prince handsome, arrayed in purple and fine linen, and glittering with the hereditary jewels

of Romancedom? Is not every lady beautiful, hanging by shimmering tresses in the ogre's cell, or inserting tiny feet in sparkling slippers, or sweeping through the court-yard or forest-aisle in brocaded gown, and snowy plume, and costly habit? Have not all the trees apples of gold, or cherries of ruby, or plums of amethyst, and do they not all glister with emerald leaves, a very garden of Hesperides? All is glitter and warmth and sunshine, winding horns and silver bells, huntings and weddings, feastings and revelries, Beauties and Beasts, enchanted castles and haunted woods, two-headed ogres and grinning dwarfs—exaggerations of form, of motion, of colour, of texture, but still true pictures in a sense; for they are wonderfully akin to that other world from which the child-being seems to have sprung, in which it lives, and whose glamour I have sometimes thought is almost in itself a plea for the soul's immortality, so different is that fairy realm of joyance from the hard, prosaic, cruel world which maturity only too often knows. Well, the untrained adult resembles the child in many ways, more especially in his love for bright colours and pictures, these, at least, can be understood and appreciated. If the child loves the fairy-tale, so, too, does the rustic and the savage. Each clings to his tradition, and their superstitions are the last things they part with.

After all, the instincts and habits of the simpler types of humanity are much the same as those of the so-called brute creation. The savage is charmed by a tinselled gew-gaw, or a gaily figured garment, in much the same

fashion that a butterfly or a bee, or a humming-bird is attracted by a brilliantly coloured flower; and, if all that evolutionists say be true, it is to the esthetic appreciation of bird and insect for colour, that we owe, not only the bright hues of the creatures themselves, but also those of the flowers among which they feed and disport themselves. There is much then that is in common among the bird, the butterfly, the child, and the savage, so far as this phase of natural feeling goes. In a slightly different sense we find the same instinct developed and perfected in the highest orders of humanity. I say in a different or modified sense; for whereas the insect, the child and the savage will invariably choose the most flaunting and showy colours, and repeat them in their own personalities if capable of so doing, the trained, artistic sense of cultured man impels him to select only those shades that harmonize or contrast favourably; so, whatever may be his predilection for a showy parterre, or a painted butterfly's wing, his own coat is becomingly modest; a quiet gray, a sober black, or some unobstrusive neutral tint, being usually considered preferable to crimson or bright blue or yellow. A buttercup is an exceedingly beautiful object—in a meadow or vase; but a human buttercup of the male sex, exists only in a banker's book; a damask rose is a lovely addition to a flower bed, but a damask-coated man of business would, to say the least of it, create a sensation "on change," or in Wall Street. Yet it has not always been so, but progressive humanity—with some latitude extended to the ladies, who, however, must be becoming

and artistic, never vulgar or ostentatious—seems to be inclining to sombre unobtrusive shades in habit, leaving the brighter tints to nature and her denizens. Still the colour sense is developed in civilized man, and only with a highly developed colour sense is possible the artist, that is, the artist on canvas, and the artist in poetry and prose of a certain type. Architecture and heroic verse would be possible without colour. Statuary and critical analysis of character and style are sometimes better without colour. But an autumn day, an idyl, or a romance could hardly exist as such without the attribute of colour. Without the glory of the setting sun, the autumn day would fade into the ashy twilight of a monochrome. Without the purple and yellow efflorescence of the meadows, the hawthorn and dog-rose of the hedges, the clustered glories of trellis and porch, the idyl would be but a pale-winged moth, fluttering ghost-like in the dusk over the white blossoms of fancy. Without plumes and crowns and shimmering steel, and gay dresses, and bright landscapes, the romance would subside into an elegy, its death-knell would be rung in the sad neutral tint of its own narration.

Yet does the painter require other aids than colour to the full development of his purpose. In common with the architect and the sculptor he desires form to lend reality to his depictions. For the same purpose he requires texture. This latter adjunct is, of course, an inseparable concomitant of his fellow-craftsmen's art, with this difference, however; that whereas the architect

and the sculptor deal with the material itself, and elaborate from it, their conceptions, both the brush-artist and the word-artist have to imitate the material which they undertake to represent; that is to say, their creations must not only be formed of a certain material, but the material itself, or rather its appearance, has to be called into being by the same hand—this is what I mean by texture. A church on canvas has not merely to be constructed aright, with all its lines symmetrical, dimensions proportioned, and colour natural, let us say stone-gray, it must be made to look like stone, to have that appearance of stability, solidness, texture, inseparable from erections of the kind. A velvet dress must not only be coloured purple, or claret, or crimson, the pile upon its surface must be raised by the cunning hand, so that it may not be mistaken for a meaner fabric. But above all, and here the artist—be it with brush or pen—stands alone; does he require light, shade, and atmosphere to imitate exactly the phases of nature in all her moods, and render palpable to the eye of the intelligence by reproduction and imitation what has already been conveyed to the senses at first hand, through the appeal of nature herself.

Form and texture, light and shade, colour and atmosphere, are, then, some of the desiderata of the word artist; that is, the one who paints rather than builds, or carves, or simply sings in language. Of course, the more subtly are these elements blended in the pictures, the more artistic will be the effect, the more enjoyable the work to

the connoisseur. Now to one, now to another, must be given the greater prominence; or, if the work be of a certain order, each must contribute its quota to the general effect. In a highly finished, sunny landscape, for instance, colour and atmosphere are the predominant elements. In a breaking storm, light and shade. In architectural designs, form and colour. In describing the bloom on a peach, or the dress of a female, colour and texture. In certain types of *genre* painting, an adroit admixture of all is indispensable to true artistic effect. Of course, it is in association that much of the charm of word-painting centres, and the keener the perception, and the more highly cultivated the taste, the greater the appreciation. A child looking at a picture is pleased, simply because he recognises by a sort of intuition certain objective reproductions, with the originals of which he is already acquainted. This is association of ideas. For the same reason he is entertained by the recital of an adventure or the relation of an incident; for narrative at once conjures up a mental *picture* of the situation, which will be expressed in terms of his experience of life, supplemented by fancy where experience fails. I doubt very much if the child, in either case, can analyse the source of his pleasure, or state in logical sequence, the causes which give rise to his emotions. But the trained and accomplished artist sees farther than the child, and therefore enjoys more thoroughly the perfection of the art. He will see beauties that entirely escape the child's gaze. He will detect delicacies of tint and differences of out-

line, the consideration of which constitute distinct enjoyment in themselves. In short, his associations will be multiplied, will be abstract as well as concrete. They will be the child's raised to the 100th power. The objective tending to subjective, the subjective to transcendental, the transcendental to emotions and promptings and longings which defy analysis and lead to a maze-land of conjecture and myth. So is it ever in literature and art. The untrained mind may be pleased with a work as a whole without exactly knowing why. It is your true artist alone, who goes into ecstacies over the landscapes of Ruskin and Turner, while able to give a reason for the faith that is in him. How many individuals among the everyday crowd know why nature is so beautiful? How many of the so-called "educated classes" can give definite reasons for preferring the old masters to the new, the classic school to the modern? How many can explain the secret of the beauty contained in these exquisite lines:

> "The slender acacia would not shake
> One long milk-bloom on the tree?"

How many see more than ordinary beauty in the lines? So on *ad infinitum*. It is all very well to talk of beauty, but what is beauty? I seriously doubt if there be any outside of the individual. The world is full of colour, you say. True! but of what avail is it to the blind? The woods resound with music. Do the deaf hear it? The world, we say, exists. Does it,—to me, if I be dead or had never lived? The first principle of being is in self,

personal sensation ; the highest in personal effort. The first principle of beauty is in personal perception ; the highest in personal culture. I go so far as to say that with even sensation and perception there can be no beauty of a certain type without culture ; for instance, literary beauty of the highest order. The grandest effort in poetry may fall on deaf ears, simply because the ears have not been attuned to the music. There may be exceptions, certainly ; but the exceptions prove the rule. What must be the inevitable conclusion arrived at from a knowledge of these facts ? That there may be, nay, are, many to whom the terms form and texture, light and shade, colour and atmosphere as applied to literature are meaningless words —and why ? Not because these elements are not abundant in literary composition, but because the faculties have not been trained to receive or recognize the impressions. To such a one

> "A primrose by the river's brink
> A yellow primrose is to him,
> And it is nothing more."

No, nor so much, for a literary primrose would not even be yellow.

Habit is second nature ; therefore, if we learn the habit of seeing the beauties of nature in prose and poetry, we shall double nature, and thereby double the pleasures of life, for appreciation constitutes pleasure. Without appreciation life must be pain or a blank. The cottager sitting at his door in the summer evening, placidly smoking his pipe and watching the blue wreaths curl round

his head ere vanishing into the upper air, doubtless derives a sense of pleasure from the prospect before and around him, especially if it be an agreeable one. There is a sense of mellowness in the atmosphere at once seductive and comforting; a soft green exuberance of leaf and meadow which is soothing to the eye; a pleasant sound, not distinct, but suggestive in the air; a quiet langour over everything that is felt and appreciated by the child of nature himself. In time he wearies. The fire dies out in the bowl. The last cloud is puffed from between his lips. Drowsiness approaches. The mingled sounds of the ebbing day grow fainter, till finally, the rustic, weary too with his twelve hours labour, retires to take his needed rest. The man of letters likewise enjoys the evening spell of leaf and sound and langour, and, let us not be hard upon him if he, too, finds a temporary pleasure in offering up burnt sacrifice to the deities of peace and reflection. But after the gloaming falls and the shadows have swallowed up the light, when he also retires to his sanctum; the study, or the library, he is in possession of a talisman the clown knows nothing of. From his well furnished shelves he can take town a second summer, or if it please him, spring, or autumn, or winter, and wander once more among fields of fragrant clover, or stand by lisping brooks, or gather wealth of bloom, or skim over Siberian snows till midnight, or till his drooping eyelids shut out the second light of day and warn to slumber and to dreams. The fountains and the violets and the fragrance and the music go out at 9 o'clock, or earlier, with the wearied

hind; but to the student they remain in glowing words till all glowing hours, as his eyes, unwearied, peruse idyls like this:

"O mother Ida, many fountain'd Ida,
Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die,
For now the noon-day quiet holds the hill;
The grasshopper is silent in the grass:
The lizard, with his shadow on the stone,
Rests like a shadow, and the cicala sleeps;
The purple flowers droop: the golden bee
Is lily-cradled: I alone awake.
My eyes are full of tears, my heart of love,
My heart is breaking and my eyes are dim,
And I am all aweary of my life.
* * * * *

"Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
It was the deep midnoon: one silvery cloud
Had lost his way between the piny sides
Of this long glen. Then to the bower they came,
Naked they came to that smooth-swarded bower,
And at their feet the crocus brake like fire,
Violet, amaracus, and asphodel,
Lotus and lilies: and a wind arose,
And overhead the wandering ivy and vine,
This way and that, in many a wild festoon
Ran riot, garlanding the gnarled boughs
With bunch and berry and flower thro' and thro'.
* * * * *

"O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
Idalian Aphrodite beautiful,
Fresh as the foam, new-bathed in Paphian wells,
With rosy slender fingers backward drew
From her warm brows and bosom her deep hair
Ambrosial, golden round her lucid throat
And shoulder: from the violets her light foot
Shone rosy white, and o'er her rounded form
Between the shadows of the vine bunches
Floated the glowing sunlights, as she moved.
* * * * *

"O mother, hear me yet before I die.
They came, they cut away my tallest pines,
My tall, dark pines, that plumed the craggy ledge
High over the blue gorge, and all between
The snowy peak and snow-white cataract
Foster'd the callow eaglet—from beneath
Whose thick mysterious brows in the dark morn
The panther's roar came muffled, while I sat
Low in the valley. Never, never more
Shall lone Ænone see the morning mist
Sweep thro' them; never see them overlaid
With narrow moon-lit slips of silver cloud,
Between the loud stream and the trembling stars."

Are not these exquisite substitutes for scenes that have but just waned with the daylight? Can any read these appreciatively and misunderstand what fragrance and colour and light and music in literature mean? Is it not a second life, the privilege to peruse, to understand and to love another world like this—another world without its sin, whose pleasures are unalloyed, and whose only grave is the dreamland of slumber from which there seems an eternal waking? Now that the thought strikes me, I would ask, what joy has even the mathematician equivalent to this? His second life, if he have a second life, is a sphere within a sphere. Either he pursues through trackless space the evanescent shadow of a constantly retreating formula, or pent within a polygon, his existence is a perpetual see-saw upon right lines, or a game at hide and seek in angles. Can he see the emerald of the meadow in $x+y$, or hear the murmur of the "multitudinous sea incarnadine" in the cosine of an angle?" Can he pluck violets in a parallelogram, or blow the dew-drops from the thistle-spine, in the intricacies of

an equation? What can he see outside of his four walls —for space to him must be walls; walls and a dome, papered and ceiled with a sphere-dotted firmament, and lit by the globular chandeliers of two unapproachable lights? It is grand, it is noble, it is intellectual if you like, but there trills not the voice of the bird in the message, there blooms not the flower in the garden of the mind. The ruby, the azure, the perfume and the cloud-land are shut out by bonndaries, and the only refrain is the reiterated thunder of an eternal No, making answer to the plaintive query, Have I solved the solvable! Have I attained the *finis* of the quest? Therefore would I teach the little child, the love of all that is beautiful in nature and all that is beautiful in the reflection of nature, first, in the pages of this fair earth, and next in the pages of our fair language and literature, so that indeed his life may be dual in its best sense. That when the light of each successive day is quenched, he may see with other eyes, beyond the evening bars, into the azure-land of another morrow, cloud-flecked yet sunlit, and decked with all the beautiful things that make life itself beautiful, and an earthly paradise possible.

I suppose all close students of literature, that is, they who read for reading's sake, have favourite passages which serve to illustrate some peculiar turn or bent of mind. For myself, as I confess to a strong love of nature, I may say, that next to nature, I admire a good description of the natural, either with pencil or pen. Those pictures or picture-passages which best typify the natural; that is,

which are replete with form, colour, harmonies, contrasts of light and shade, etc., possess a rare fascination for me. Among literary excerpts typical of this reproduction process, I have one which I consider a master piece of diction, as it embodies in itself all the desiderata of the word-artist lately enumerated. I allude to that magnificent stanza in the first canto of the Lady of the Lake, which describes sunset in the Trosachs. The analytical reader will notice the fine contrasts of light and shade therein depicted. How the opening lines, which are full of light, colour, and atmosphere, the accompaniments of the peaks and upper air, are succeeded by verses replete with the gloom of the valleys and the darkness of the glens; while out of the darkness into the light are reared the fantastic forms of the mountain masses, whose texture is so effectively rendered, that they seem to be literally written in granite. I have italicised those words and lines especially suggestive of form and texture, as there is a natural affinity between these elements, and they have already been mentioned in conjunction:

"The western *waves* of *ebbing* day
Rolled o'er the glen *their level way*;
Each *purple peak* each *flinty spire*,
Was *bathed* in *floods* of *living fire*.
But not a setting beam could glow
Within the *dark ravines* below.
Where *twined* the *path* in *shadow hid*,
Round many a *rocky pyramid*,
Shooting abruptly from the dell
Its thunder-splintered pinnacle;
Round many an insulated mass
The native *bulwarks of the pass*
Huge as the tower which builders vain
Presumptuous *piled* on Shinar's plain.

The *rocky summits, split and rent,*
Formed *turret, dome,* or *battlement,*
Or seemed fantastically set
With *cupola* or *minaret,*
Wild crests as *pagod* ever decked,
Or *mosque* of Eastern architect.
Nor were these *earth-born castles* bare,
Nor lacked they many a *banner* fair ;
For, from their *shivered brows* displayed,
Far o'er the *unfathomable* glade,
All *twinkling* with the *dew drop's sheen,*
The brier-rose fell in *streamers* green,
And *creeping* shrubs, of thousand dyes,
Waved in the west wind's summer sighs."

This is as fine a piece of word-painting, with one exception—which we shall come to by-and-bye—as is to be found in Scott, and well merits careful perusal and close analytic study. Scott is a master of colour, but he is a master of much besides, not the least is his power to captivate the eye while holding the ear.

As a fine instance of form, form with a suggestion of texture, which also presents contrast of light and shade, the following from E. A. Poe's "Descent into the Maelstrom" deserves a place in our gallery. I think the dark swirl of the dreadful gulf and its funnel shape are admirably portrayed :

"Never shall I forget the sensations of awe, horror, and admiration with which I gazed about me. The boat appeared to be hanging, as if by magic, midway down upon the interior surface of a funnel, vast in circumference, prodigious in depth, and whose perfectly smooth sides might have been mistaken for ebony, but for the bewildering rapidity with which they spun around, and for the

gleaming and ghastly radiance they shot forth, as the rays of the full moon, from that circular rift amid the clouds which I have already described, streamed in a flood of golden glory along the black walls and far away down into the inmost recesses of the abyss."

Coleridge, too, has given us a fine idea of form in his "Hymn in the Vale of Chamouni." Here again I italicise the lines or words which convey the notion. The last figure, "the billows stiffen," is very grand, and suggestive of a world of form-thought:

> "And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely clad!
> Who call'd you forth from night and utter death,
> From *dark and icy caverns* call'd you forth,
> *Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,*
> *For ever shatter'd,* and the same for ever?
> Who gave you your invulnerable life,
> Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
> Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
> And who commanded—and the silence came,
> *Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?*

Mountains and delineations of mountain scenery are, of course, inseparable from the idea of form; that is elevated, lofty, majestic form. A level landscape, or a reach of sea, or a description of either tends to produce a flat, monotonous effect, though pleasing in other lines. With the mountain is connected nobility of being, of thought, of artistic expression; and, moreover, diversity of colour, and exquisite contrast of light and shade. I have two pictures in my mind's eye of mountain scenery, which I shall never forget, so deeply are they impressed on the retina of memory. Either might have furnished data for

a poet's masterpiece. One is of the Western Ghauts, the mountain chain lying between Bombay and the great inner plateau of Hindostan; the other, that vast range of upland giants skirting the table-land of Thibet, the Himalayas, which stretch for hundreds of miles along the north-eastern frontiers of the peninsula. Never shall I forget one memorable journey over the Ghauts, made in the spring of 1871. How stupendous the heights seemed after being accustomed to the monotonous plain of ocean! How luxurious the vegetation after being deprived so long of the sight of green leaf and herbage! We started early one dewy morning by train from the foot of the monster rampart, and commenced the assent, winding up serpent-like in successive replications through a wilderness of tropical verdure and bloom. Up we went, ever up; here startling troops of screaming parrots from their perches on the jungle-skirts, there scaring the jackal from his lair. Up, up, up—the giddy heights towered above us, while below, ever so far, it seemed miles; from the carriage-windows we could just discern another train, tiny, attenuate, indistinct, like a string of ants, commencing the same laborious ascent. Up, up, up—backward and forward, round and round, through all that spring morning, we crawled, two massive engines labouring in front, I know not how many break vans in rear. The dew-drops shrank away from the herbage. The red sun mounted to his mid-day throne. The wild panorama yet lay around in majesty of confusion, an amphitheatre of rock, and leaf, and bloom, precipitous height and far-stretching vale,

mountain peak, and the interminable jungle, below us, around us, above us, here mingling with the sky, there vanishing into unfathomable depth. Up, up, up—the hawk circled and screamed overhead, a stone detached by the passing wheel near some overhanging brink, plunged down, it seemed forever, into a ravine too measurelessly profound to be plumbed. Fancy followed that never-resting stone for ages, for æons, for eternities; a pebbly Ixion, falling evermore through torrid space. Still up, up, up, till at length a platform reached, we halted, and here I alighted to stretch my legs and get my first outside glimpse of mountain-jungle scenery. I faced the sea, from which a faint air seemed blowing, bringing with it suggestions of home and loved ones, now far away. Behind and yet above still rose the broad mountain barrier. How strange, thought I, as I stood on that little space midway to the clouds, yesterday this was the haunt of the wild beast and the forest bird, to-day, man with indomitable will, scorning the blazing, torrid sun, the fastness and the terror, hews his way to the forbidding summit, and so to the rich plains beyond, even now, as I look down into the depths we have left, man's pigmy train is crawling up the face of the precipitous cliff. What will to-morrow bring forth ? The shrill whistle of the locomotive breaks my reverie. One wistful good-bye look, out over the peak and the plain, the jungle and the ravine, that I might never cross again in the direction of the old home, and then once more the crowded car, the braced heart, the moun-

tain cliff, with our backs towards home and our faces to the east, once more up, up, up, and so to the promised land beyond.

But with the Himalayas is associated more than form: —magnificence of height, immensity of extent, solidity of compactness, blackness of darkness, eternity of snow, sunlight and moonlight and starlight, depth of depth and height of height, threaded with torrent and skirted with verdure, blazing under day's noontide glory, or sleeping under the soft mellow noon of night, dew-gemmed and star-spangled. I recall my bungalow at the edge of a small artificial plateau that has been carved from the hill top, 6,000 feet above the sea level. Before me, across miles of valley which descends hundreds of feet, a rugged mountain ridge, beyond, another valley, said to be forty miles across, and then, shooting up 25,600 feet into the cold air of twilight, snow-crowned and cloud-mantled Jawahir, *the Jewel.* The eye, unimpeded, ranges up and down on snow-capped heights, for hundreds of miles without a break. What forms are there, and hues? I watch the setting sun flush the white snows and kindle them into flame as the blush deepens on the cheek of a beautiful maiden. Deeper and deeper, and higher and higher, and then fainter and fainter, till the rosy hues die away like the tints on the dolphin's back, and only ashen-gray is left. Cold, sombre, melancholy as the sun goes out, darker and darker grow the shadows, creeping up where the flush has been, like waves of dissolution mantling on the brow of the dying, all below in the

darkest, deepest shadow. One by one, the lights gleam out on the hill-side, looking like fire-flies in the gloom. Blacker grow the shadows, still grayer the snows, till a silver edge lights up the loftiest peak. One by one the stars peep out, and then the great face of the full moon peers curiously over the ridge ere she climbs to her place in the zenith. Star by star she mounts, up by the jewelled rungs of her empyrean ladder. The snows throw off their livery of gray and shine like molten silver. A flood of soft radiance creeps down the hill-side lower and lower. But—so far and no farther,—for below the pine belt even that light cannot penetrate. There the darkness becomes by contrast yet blacker and more profound, till at midnight the transformation scene is complete ; black depth of unfathomable darkness, intermediate twilight of mountain gloom, sheen of silver snows, and above, the dome of illimitable azure, flecked with light clouds and spangled with galaxy of stars, paying mute homage to the Queen of night. Yes, the lowlands are for the toiler and the craftsman; but the highlands are for the artist and the poet. At the mountain foot may slumber the bondman and the despot; but the snow-crowned peak is face to face with heaven, the heritage of the free.

On the mountain, too, can be studied in all its perfection, that great and, indeed, indispensable aid to artistic expression, "texture." It is very easy to outline an object, say a young girl's head and neck, to apply the appropriate colours of blonde or brunette, and so to impart a semblance of the real, but who, after all, can equal

the reality? Who can copy the exquisite graining of the delicate cheek, the soft mottlings of youth and health, the exquisite blending of the rose and snow? Who can pencil the soft hairs just shadowing the white neck, from whose faint suggestiveness of wealth, the auburn masses spring in their full perfection of sun-glinted exuberance? The master of texture, alone, can approach the reality. The crude amateur can never deceive even the eye of inexperience. So with the mountain side and mountain crest. There is more than gloom in the shadow, there is more than light upon the summit. The effect is comparatively easy to produce, but behind the effect lies the cause. The fringed web of the leafage or the stain of the lichen, the flaked crispness of the snow or the sunlit atoms of the vapour, clustering like nebulæ of sky-bloom against the tender background of suffused azure, here rising in cirrus-phalanx to the topmost height, there transmuted by the touch of the fairy beam into a many-hued iris, translucent-winged, playing at hide and seek with the spray. And as on canvas, so in literature; all must be, if not represented, at least *suggested* in such a manner, that the mind, the coadjutor of the eye, may not be deceived when perusing the lines of nature, may see behind the lines and conjure up for the time being nature herself in all her beautiful perfection, with the shadows folded on her bosom and the sunlight playing in her eyes. See how Ruskin paints the pine groves, the rocks and the mosses. The pine grove with him is something more than a mere mass of shade. The moss is more than the

harbinger of decay mantling on the stone. They are real, substantial textures. We wander fancy-led through his dim forest aisles. We rest ourselves fancy-seated on his rugged stones, and fancy-visioned we see the velvet "mercies" veiling as with a dream-mantle the naked sadness of the ruin and the rift. Here is his picture of a pine grove:

"For along all its ridges stand the dark masses of innumerable pines, taking no part in its gladness, asserting themselves forever as fixed shadows, not to be pierced or banished even in the intensest sunlight: fallen flakes and fragments of the night, stayed in their solemn squares in the midst of all the rosy bendings of the orchard boughs and yellow effulgence of the harvest, and tracing themselves in black net-work and motionless fringes against the blanched blue of the horizon in its saintly clearness."

Consider this study of a rock by the same hand:

"When a rock of any kind has lain for some time exposed to the weather, nature finishes it in her own way. First she takes wonderful pains about its forms, sculpturing it into exquisite variety of dent and dimple, and rounding or hollowing it into contours, which for fineness no human hand can follow; then she colours it; and every one of her touches of colour, instead of being a powder mixed with oil, is a minute forest of living trees glorious in strength and beauty, and concealing wonders of structure."

Yet again, a study of mosses, than which nothing in the English language is more suggestive of cause behind effect, that is, texture:

"Meek creatures! the first mercy of the earth, veiling with hushed softness its dintless rocks; creatures full of pity, covering with strange and tender honour the scarred disgrace of ruin, laying quiet finger on the trembling stones to teach them rest. No words that I know of will say what these mosses are. None are delicate enough, none perfect enough, none rich enough. How is one to tell of the rounded bosses of furred and beaming green, the starred divisions of rubied bloom, fine-filmed, as if the rock spirit could spin porphyry as we do glass—the traceries of intricate silver, and fringes of amber, lustrous, arborescent, burnished through every fibre into fitful brightness and glossy traverses of silken change, yet all subdued and pensive, and framed for simplest, sweetest offices of grace? They will not be gathered like the flowers, for chaplet, or love-token; but of these the wild bird will make its nest, and the wearied child his pillow."

Let us turn to the "Eve of St. Agnes," by Keats, that most exquisite creation of a too exquisitely sensitive mind, and ascertain what it can teach of texture in words. Take this:

> "Her rich attire creeps *rustling* to her knees."

or this:

> "Soon, trembling in her *soft* and *chilly nest*,
> In sort of wakeful swoon, perplex'd she lay,
> Until the *poppied warmth* of *sleep* oppress'd
> Her soothed limbs."

or this:

> "Over the *hush'd carpet*, silent, stept."

or any of these following, noticing the effects of the italics :

" Thus whispering, his warm, unnerved arm
Sank in her *pillow.*'

" *Broad golden fringe* upon the carpet lies."

" Meantime the frost-wind blows
Like Love's alarum *pattering* the *sharp sleet*
Against the *window-panes.*"

The arras, rich with *horsemen*, *hawk*, and *hound*,
Flutter'd in the besieging wind's uproar ;
And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor."

"The *chains* lie *silent* on the *foot-worn stones ;*
The key turns, and the door upon its *hinges groans.*"

There is material as well as description in these italicised words. We see and feel the objects as well as hear the sounds that convey the meaning ; but the following stanza is a master piece :

" And still she slept an *azure-lidded sleep*,
In *blanched linen*, *smooth* and *lavender'd*
While he from forth the closet brought a heap
Of *candied* apple, quince, and plum, and gourd,
With *jellies soother* than the *creamy curd*,
And *lucent* syrops, tinct with cinnamon,
Manna and dates, in argosy transferr'd
From Fez, and *spiced dainties*, every one,
From *silken* Samarcand to *cedar*'d Lebanon."

Then again there is Pope's description of the Sylphs in " the Rape of the Lock." What can be finer than the delineation of texture therein given :

" The lucid squadrons round the sails repair ;
Soft o'er the shrouds aërial whispers breathe,
That seemed but Zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the sun their insect wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold ;

Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half dissolv'd in light,
Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glitt'ring textures of the filmy dew,
Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies,
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,
While every beam new transient colours flings,
Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.
Amid the circle on the gilded mast,
Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd;
His purple pinions opening to the sun,
He raised his azure wand, and thus begun:"

All this is texture apart from the human form. Now let us consider humanity itself. The glory of a portrait is its textual perfection. Without that it loses its roundness, its softness, its proper play of shadow and light. It becomes hard, bare, smooth-mown and inexpressive like the circumference of a billiard ball, or the shaven crown of a Buddhist priest. Here is a girl-group from the Light of Asia, painted, observe, not carved. Brilliant with Eastern colour and radiant with Eastern light, while the prominence given to both outline and texture forms one of its chief beauties:

"With careless grace they lay, their soft brown limbs
Part hidden, part revealed; their glossy hair
Bound back with gold or flowers, or flowing loose
In black waves down the shapely nape and neck,
Lulled into pleasant dreams by happy toils,
They slept, no wearier than jewelled birds,
Which sing and love all day, then under wing
Fold head till morn bids sing and love again.
Lamps of chased silver swinging from the roof
In silver chains, and fed with perfumed oils,
Made with the moonbeams tender lights and shades,
Whereby were seen the perfect lines of grace,
The bosom's placid heave, the soft stained palms

Drooping or clasp'd, the faces fair and dark,
The great arch'd brows, the parted lips, the teeth
Like pearls a merchant picks to make a string.
The satin-lidded eyes, with lashes dropped
Sweeping the delicate cheeks, the rounded wrists,
The smooth small feet with bells and bangles deck'd,
Tinkling low music where some sleeper moved,
Breaking her smiling dream of some new dance
Praised by the prince, some magic ring to find
Some fairy love-gift."

Nathaniel Parker Willis has given us two lovely pen portraits that would be hard to better for perfection of textual suggestiveness. Both are portraits of the same divinity, Albina McLush. Here they are:

"Miss McLush was tall, and her shape, of its kind, was perfect. It was not a fleshy one exactly, but she was large and full. Her skin was clear, fine-grained, and transparent; her temples and forehead perfectly rounded and polished, and her lips and chin swelling into a ripe and tempting pout, like the cleft of a burst apricot. And then her eyes—large, languid and sleepy—they languished beneath their long, black fringes as if they had no business with daylight—like two magnificent dreams, surprised in their jet embryos by some bird-nesting cherub. Oh! it was lovely to look into them!"

"I found her one morning sipping her coffee at twelve, with her eyes wide open—she was just from the bath, and her complexion had a soft dewy transparency, like the cheek of Venus rising from the sea. It was the hour, Lurly had told me, when she would be at the trouble of thinking. She put away with her dimpled forefinger, as I entered, a cluster of rich curls that had fallen

over her face, and nodded to me like a water-lily swaying to the wind when its cup is full of rain."

Enough, I deem, has now been said to illustrate what I mean by form and texture in verbal painting, and we pass to the next phase of the subject, light and shade, contrasted or alone. I believe many people hate, or at least dislike, shadow or gloom, whether in nature or pictures—so Ruskin speaks of "a great, ugly, black rain-cloud," and I have heard artist friends say that they infinitely preferred blue skies to stormy ones. Well, I have a passion for a storm. I think a tempest-curtained sky, stooping over a wilderness of heather and tarn, distant-mountained, veiled in gloom, with just a rift in the canopy, a loop to let filter through one arrowy ray of light upon the sullen waters of the pool below, if well rendered, one of the most fascinating sights on canvas. I love mist and rain and wind and ocean spray driven before the gale, ships rocked by storm, billows crested with foam, and grim and fissured rocks beating back the temerity of the boisterous main, while echoing in harsh thunder, "Hitherto shalt thou come but no farther and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." I have a sailor's instincts, and one of the grandest and most awful memory-pictures of the past is of such a scene. A scene I might never have lived to reproduce but for a freak of nature herself. We had been sailing through fairy-land, the islands of the Eastern Archipelago, and were well-nigh surfeited with beauty. It seemed a perpetual pic-nic. Never had fairy tale mirrored aught so lovely to my young imagi-

nation as the sights we saw. Island after island, clothed to the water's edge with verdure. Ocean gems. Emeralds set in turquoise or rubies in amethyst. Now of unmixed green, now dappled with crimson stains, skirted with snow of bloom, fringed with yellow radiance of old-gold, or threaded with traceries of violet and azure. Here we caught glimpses of cool thickets, draped in shadow; there could be seen low coasts, fringed with the drooping plumes of the cocoa-palm. The seas were clear as crystal, and down in their depths might be dimly traced strange forms of fish and weed, tangled masses of sea-verdure, threaded with silver, or starred with coral, or laced with sinuous bands that seemed shot with the iridescent lustre of mother-of-pearl. In the morning the land-breeze would come off to us heavy with the fragrance of the dew-damp mould and the lusty tropic woods; in the evening the great moon would peer down through the shrouds and make objects as visible as by day. But one afternoon, just as we had made open water, the scene changed. We were lounging on deck under the awning, enjoying what breeze there was to temper the ardent rays of the sun, when the clouds began to gather and assume an ominous appearance. Indications of an approaching storm became so manifest, that orders were issued to shorten sail, and make all things snug for squally weather. Blacker and blacker grew the sky, whiter and whiter gleamed the foam which crested the ridges of the broken waste of waters. The wind from faint moanings changed to shrill pipings, and anon to hoarse, thundering challenges, flapping the

sails wildly against the spars as the vessel was brought too near the wind, or tugging angrily at the leach lines as though determined to rend the bellying canvas from the sheets. It was a magnificent sight. The waves were not running very high. The surface of the sea presented a broken rather than a mountainous appearance, of a gray-green colour, with long seams of snowy white where the crests had been churned by the wind. Ever and anon great ropes of spray were lifted from the ridges, and flung to the air, to be scattered back in showers of glittering drops. The ship almost on her beam ends, under shortened sail, cleft her way at the rate of ten or eleven knots through, rather than over, the wave-ridges. The sullen clouds overhead stooped as though to meet the deep below, while all was so dim towards the horizon, that the eye could scarce distiuguish where sea ended and sky began. Every now and then a great rushing rain-drift would swoop down upon us, deluge our decks, and then career madly away to leeward, to be succeeded ere long by another, and another and yet another. All this while the clouds to windward were getting blacker and blacker, and the circle of vision more limited. Suddenly a cry from one of the crew, "waterspouts," drew every eye to the spot indicated by the look-out; there, sure enough, towering up towards the heavens, rose one of those mighty columns, which seemed to be careering in mad haste right down upon our track. A few rapid orders were issued by the officer of the watch, but the man at the wheel, either misapprehending his instructions, or

rendered nervous at sight of the dreaded visitor, by his clumsy manipulation of the wheel, rendered the ship unmanageable, or technically speaking, got her in irons. Down swept the monster, a tower of liquid death, right down upon our beam. Every man stood as though rooted to the deck. Every eye, as though fascinated, followed the course of the spout. Not a human voice broke the warring of the elements, the swirl of the lashed waters, the wail of the wind, and by-and-bye the awful *swish—sh* of the approaching stranger. Nearer and nearer it came, its head wrapped in awful obscurity, the clouds bending to kiss its lowering brow. Its body a mass of whirling water, revolving in ceaseless gyrations. Its base a huge circle of yeasty foam, out of which the tortured spray, spurned by the whirling giant, spun like flakes of liquid flame; and now above all rose the ominous hiss of the seething waters which skirted its unquiet base. Still as death every man stood watching, watching and waiting —for death. It would be useless to attempt an analysis of my own feelings. I do not know whether I had any to analyse, I felt no fear, only a sort of vague surprise and curiosity. I began to wonder, I recollect, where the spout would first strike us, whether we should sink at once or be torn into ten thousand fragments; what my sensations would be at the moment of impact, and then—a blank supervened, I suppose, for the next thing I remember was seeing the huge mass of revolving water hurrying away to leeward and hearing a cheery voice, "square away the main yard, bear a hand, my hearties." All I then realized

was that the messenger of death had passed us. All I afterwards learned, that almost at the moment of striking, a sudden flaw of wind had diverted the spout from its course and carried it past our bowsprit. It was a narrow escape, though ; the ship's cutwater had been caught in the eddy which formed that terrific whirling base, while the column itself had missed the jib-boom by a few feet only. I have a faint remembrance of hearing a sound like a protracted sigh, as the crew, released from their spell sprang to stations. Such pale faces, such thankful yet scared expressions it has seldom been my lot to witness. I only know my own heart was deeply thankful and for a time I walked and felt as one in a maze. The yards were trimmed, the squall outridden, and in a few days we were safely anchored in Manilla Bay.

But though I thus love the dark and tempestuous, and at times the weird and the awful, yet I like light, too, and above all, I delight in contrast—Doré's pictures with the gloom of infernal chasms, and the lone figure of the melancholy bard, with his sad, saturnine features lit up by the only ray permitted to fall across the scene. Our literature is full of such contrasts, full, too, of separate light and shade effects. I deem one of the grandest figures of contrasted light and shadow to be found in English verse, is contained in Coleridge's master-piece, "The Ancient Mariner." Two stanzas, one reflecting the pale azure of the sun-lit sea, suffused with light and glory ; the other, done in Prussian blue or indigo, with sugges-

tions of old-gold, and veins shot with the dull red of metallic fire:

"Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water-snakes;
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.'

'Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire;
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire."

I can quote another fine instance of contrast from the same author's "Chamouni." Much of the charm centring in the adroit juxtaposition of contrasting elements: darkness and stars, night and dawn, sunless pillars and rosy star, etc., etc.:

"Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the vale!
Oh, struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink!
Companion of the morning star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald; wake, oh wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who fill'd thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?"

As far as shadow itself is concerned, we have whole poems by our first word-artists dedicated to the subject, instance: "The Raven," that weird, ghost-haunted mystery, with its music and its wail, "In Memoriam," which sounds like a sobbing voice-shadow, haunting the graves of possibility and promise, "Lycidas," and "Adonais."

The opening verses of "L'Allegro" afford a striking example of the type:

"Hence, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born
In Stygian cares forlorn
'Mongst horrid shapes and shrieks, and sights unholy;
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings;
There, under ebon shades and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.'

In Longfellow's "Birds of Passage" the idea of shadow is finely suggested:

"Black shadows fall
From the lindens tall,
That lift aloft their massive wall
Against the southern sky;
And from the realms
Of the shadowy elms
A tide-like darkness overwhelms
The fields that round us lie."

and again in the "Fire of Driftwood:"

"We sat and talked until the night,
Descending, filled the little room;
Our faces faded from the sight,
Our voices only broke the gloom."

* * * * * *

The very lines in which we spake
Had something strange, I could but mark;
The leaves of memory seemed to make
A mournful rustling in the dark."

The following very beautiful lines, too, from Hale's "Suggestions on the teaching of English," embody the same fancy, the funereal and gloomy:

"The dismal yew and cypress tall
Weigh o'er the church yard lone,
Where rest our friends and fathers all
Beneath the funeral stone.
In holy ground our kindred sleep;
O early lost, o'er thee
No sorrowing friend shall ever weep,
No stranger bend the knee.
Mocherna lorn am I!
Hoarse dashing rolls the salt sea wave
Over our perish'd darling's grave."

But the climax of inspiration from the shadow-spirit, I think, is to be found in the concluding refrain of the last sad stanza of "The Raven":

"And the Raven, never flitting,
Still is sitting, still is sitting,
On the pallid bust of Pallas
Just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming
Of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamplight o er him streaming
Throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow,
That is floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—Nevermore!"

From the shadow we turn again to the light. As with the one, so with the other. Whole poems have been devoted to its realization, are, in fact, pictures upon which the light of many coloured imagery filters, as from prisms, and is dispersed everywhere, searching all the nooks and crannies, leaving no spot unillumined by its radiant presence. Shelly's "Cloud,"and "Skylark," are good specimens of the type, from the former of which I quote:

"The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead;
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle, alit, one moment may sit,
In the light of its golden wings;
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardors of rest and love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above;
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbed maiden, with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon.
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof.
"The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these."

This is light with motion, cloud-drift, "paved" with the mosaic of the sun-beam; or "breeze-strewn" strips of azure, tessellated by the "white fire" of the moon. Poe, too, has given us a fine conception of what I may call subdued or incandescent light, that is, light tempered by distance, by various subduing accessories, and by the media through which transmitted. Lightning-bright at first and rapid, it permeates all space, to fill with ruddy

glow every conceivable cranny of the universe, or to skirt with lurid flames the very confines of the lost:

"In a few seconds after my leaving the cloud, a flash of vivid lightning shot from one end of it to the other, and caused it to kindle up throughout its vast extent like a mass of ignited charcoal. This, it must be remembered, was in the broad light of day. No fancy may picture the sublimity which might have been exhibited by a similar phenomenon taking place amid the darkness of the night. Hell itself might then have found a fitting image. Even as it was, my hair stood on end while I gazed afar down within the yawning abysses, letting imagination descend and stalk about in the strange vaulted halls, and ruddy gulfs, and red ghastly chasms of the hideous and unfathomable fire."

Of all aids to the true depiction of nature in her many moods and phases, colour is, however, one of the most potent, as it is one of the most suggestive and one of the most attractive. The true eye for colour, like the true ear for music, is a source of endless pleasure to its possessor; for it has this peculiar province, it enables us to leave the realms of reality and revel in that of imagination. The mere mention of a happy epithet suggestive of colour in connection with some objective notion, like an exquisite tone of music, suitable to a present mood, transports the creature through boundless realms of all past magnificence or future glory. What wonderful words descriptive of all wonderful conceptions and sights and possibilities are found on the pages of the word-colourist. There are words

that burn, and words that glow, and words that flush. There are words that convey every imaginable shade of colouration; stainings and tintings, complexions and shades, depths and delicacies. Whatever the notion we wish to substantiate, there in the alphabet of the linguist lies the shade; deep and vivid, bright and fresh, gorgeous and gay, black and forbidding, dingy and pallid, the gloaming and the ghost; the blaze of the setting day on sun-kissed summits or the ashen shadows of death on sun-forsaken snows; the limitless azure of an all enduring and iris-crowned welkin, or the sombre drapery of the pine-grove and the funereal moss of the cypress-swamp. Again I say there is much in association, but that does not render the charm any the less real or any the less enduring. The glint of the buttercup is intensified in thought if we speak of it as the yellow or the golden buttercup; the daisy is rendered more realistic if we call it the pink-petalled. Lilac is a beautiful word, so is Blanche, so is Rose, or Lily, or Snowdrop; because, not only are these names of tangible objects, but they represent the corresponding hues inseparable from the objects themselves. To call a mulatto, Lily, or a negro wench, Blanche, is an outrage on civilization and a senseless jibe at the eternal fitness of the proprieties. Yet these Merry-Andrews of Ethnology are continually insulting artistic instincts by their impertinences and harlequinades in the pseudonymn line.

As a superb rendering of colour and atmospheric effect in prose, perhaps one of the finest in our language, or for

the matter of that in any language, let me recommend Ruskin's " Campagna."

"It had been wild weather when I left Rome, and all across the Campagna, the clouds were sweeping in sulphurous blue, with a clap of thunder or two, and breaking gleams of sun along the Claudian aqueduct, lighting up the infinity of its arches, like the bridge of Chaos. But as I climbed the long slope of the Alban Mount the storm swept finally to the north, and the noble outlines of the domes of Albano, and graceful darkness of its ilex grove rose against pure streaks of alternate blue and amber, the upper sky gradually flushing through the last fragments of rain-clouds in deep palpitating azure, half ether and half dew. The noonday sun came slanting down the rocky slopes of La Riccia, and their masses of entangled and tall foliage, whose autumnal tints were mixed with the wet verdure of a thousand evergreens, were penetrated with it, as with rain. I cannot call it colour, it was conflagration. Purple, and crimson, and scarlet, like the curtains of God's tabernacle, the rejoicing trees sank into the valley in showers of light, every separate leaf quivering with buoyant and burning life; each, as it turned to reflect or to transmit the sunbeam, first a torch and then an emerald. Far up into the recesses of the valley the green vistas arched like the hollows of mighty waves of some crystalline sea, with the arbutus flowers dashed along their banks for foam, and silver flakes of orange spray tossed into the air round them, breaking over the gray walls of rock into a thousand separate stars, fading

and kindling alternately as the weak wind lifted and let them fall. Every glade of grass burned like the golden floor of heaven, opening in sudden gleams as the foliage broke, and closed above it, as sheet-lightning opens in a cloud at sunset; the motionless masses of dark rock, dark though flushed with scarlet lichen, casting their quiet shadows across its restless radiance, the fountain underneath them filling its marble hollow with blue mist and fitful sound—and, over all, the multitudinous bars of amber and rose—the sacred clouds that have no darkness, and only exist to illumine, were seen in fathomless intervals between the solemn and orbed repose of the stone pines, passing to lose themselves in the last, white, blinding lustre of the measureless line where the Campagna melted into the blaze of the sea."

This is more than writing, it is more than prose. I care nothing for individual hostility of taste or adverse criticism here. It is a landscape more beautiful than anything I have ever seen outside of nature itself. With such descriptive power to aid fancy, I can dispense with pictures. That stretch of landscape with all its wealth of earth and blaze of sea, its foam of flowers and arch of sky, is distinct in imagination, and could only be marred by any mere imitation from pencil or palette, that was not itself faultless. There are some, I know, who care nothing for lower nature, as I suppose they would term it. They see no beauty in the silver dawn nor lesson in the tender gloaming. "The sunny side of a peach," with its downy bloom shadowing the fair cheek lika a purple slumber,

the rose petal gemmed by the tremulous dew-drop with the iris lurking in its depths, and the plumed grass nodding meek acquiescence to the sage secrets of the tell-tale breeze, are nought to them compared with them isshapen products of the historic easel, and the absurd misconceptions and parodies of the Scriptural school. A hideous cripple begging alms from an impossible Peter at the Beautiful Gate is worth a world of wood violets, smiling blue-eyed from beneath thick lashes of silken moss, and a muscular Roman bully forcibly abducting a corpulent and frowsy Sabine strumpet, thick-limbed and masculine, would put to shame ten thousand landscapes blushing in the rosy dawning or resting in the evening shade. Else, how could we have words like these:

"On fruit, flowers, and vegetables the eye seldom rests but excellence is excellence, and these humble styles are the handmaids of the higher. A painter of 'the Last Supper' must know how to paint a dish."

"Nor should we be content with animal-painting, in which, perhaps, Landseer surpassed and Rivière surpasses all their British predecessors; still less could we content ourselves with paintings of fruits and flowers."

"That *religion* will again furnish subjects for painting, and that art will drink inspiration again from the old spring seems too much to hope."

Well, the writer, who, it appears, had been on a visit to some Royal Academy, it states not where, signs himself, "Ignoramus," and in his choice of title, at least, he is happy. What mockery of perversity to forego the limpid

beauty of the lake, the noble contour of the mountain, the purple vintage and the wealth of bloom to go into ecstacies over a crucified and bleeding agony, or a dwarfed and contorted monster of a diseased imagination! We leave the real and all its benefits. We ignore our beautiful God and His God-gifts to fall down and worship—what? The muscular exaggerations of West and the attenuated monstrosities of Durer. The rose is forgotten and only the crown of thorns apotheosized. We see no beauty in the living, bursting, sentient, fragrant world; but stumble evermore heart-broken and nerve-tormented beneath the unbearable cross of a superhuman woe. And such imaginings and embodiments as many of them are!—High art, indeed—Yes, too high and mighty to be true to nature's self. Here is a scathing criticism of one of these embodiments of "religious" conception, also from Ruskin's pen:

"They sit down on the shore face to face with him (Christ), and eat their broiled fish as he bids. And then to Peter, all dripping still, shivering and amazed, staring at Christ in the sun on the other side of the coal-fire, thinking a little, perhaps, of what happened by another coal-fire, when it was colder, and having had no word changed with him by his master since that look of his, to him so amazed comes the question, 'Simon, lovest thou me?' Try to feel that a little; and think of it till it is true to you: and then take up that infinite monstrosity and hypocrisy, Raphael's cartoon of the charge to Peter. Note first the bold fallacy—the putting *all* the Apostles there, a mere

lie to serve the Papal heresy of the Petric supremacy, by putting them all in the background while Peter receives the charge, and making them all witnesses to it. Notice the handsomely curled hair, and neatly tied sandals of the men who had been out all night in the sea mists, and on the slimy decks : note their convenient dresses for going a fishing, with trains that lie a yard along the ground, and goodly fringes—all made to match an apostolic fishing costume. Note how Peter especially (whose chief glory was in his wet coat *girt* about him, and naked limbs) is enveloped in folds and fringes so as to kneel and hold his keys with grace. No fire of coals at all, nor lonely mountain shore, but a pleasant Italian landscape full of villas and churches, and a flock of sheep to be pointed at, and the whole group of apostles, not round Christ, as they would have been naturally, but straggling away in a line, that they may all be shown. The simple truth is, that the moment we look on the picture, we feel our belief of the whole thing taken away. There is visibly no possibility of that group ever having existed, in any place, or on any occasion. It is all a mere mythic absurdity, and faded concoction of fringes, muscular arms, and curly heads of Greek philosophers."

Is this a true criticism ? Is it fair ? Go look at similar pictures that hang on countless walls and tell me whether they interpret aright the spirit of reverent religion, or whether they are not, many of them, mere figments of a heated imagination ! "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not

where to lay his head." This is worth nine-tenths of all the pictures of Christ that ever were painted, and the twenty-third psalm is a vignette more beautiful than all of "religious" history that has ever been put on canvas.

A good study of colour, not strongly defined perhaps, that is not florid, but very suggestive, is to be found in Gray's second ode "On the Death of a favourite Cat drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes," the local colouring of the vase, the description of the cat, and the idea of the armoured fish are well elaborated and true to nature :

"Twas on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dyed
The azure flowers that blow;
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima reclined,
Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declared;
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She saw; and purred applause.

Still had she gazed; but 'midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,
The Genii of the stream:
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue
Through richest purple to the view
Betrayed a golden gleam."

Consider this landscape which is taken from Irving's "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," and notice the use the artist makes of colour. It begins with the shadowy and tender, and finally melts into gray and purple. It is full of

atmospheric effect, and the introduction of the sloop imparts a sense of languor and rest that is quite inimitable in its way:

"The sun gradually wheeled his broad disc down into the west. The wide bosom of the Tappan Zee lay motionless and glassy, except that here and there a gentle undulation waved and prolonged the blue shadow of the distant mountain. A few amber clouds floated in the sky, without a breath of air to move them. The horizon was of a fine golden tint, changing gradually into a pure apple-green, and from that into the deep blue of the mid heaven. A slanting ray lingered on the woody crests of the precipices that overhung some parts of the river, giving greater depth to the dark gray and purple of their rocky sides. A sloop was loitering in the distance, dropping slowly down with the tide, her sail hanging uselessly against the mast; and as the reflection of the sky gleamed along the still water, it seemed as if the vessel was suspended in the air."

For pure atmospheric effect and sky painting under different aspects I can think of nothing finer than the following from Ruskin:

"If in our moments of utter idleness and insipidity, we turn to the sky as a last resource, which of its phenomena do we speak of? One says it has been wet, and another it has been windy, and another it has been warm. Who among the whole chattering crowd can tell one of the forms and the precipices of the chain of tall, white mountains that girded the horizon at noon yesterday? Who

saw the narrow sunbeam that came out of the south, and smote upon their summits until they melted and mouldered away in a dust of blue rain? Who saw the dance of the dead clouds where the sunlight left them last night, and the west wind blew them before it like withered leaves?"

Shelly's "Cloud," too, as a whole, is full of fine atmospheric effect, and especially this one stanza:

"For, after the rain, when with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again."

Having thus passed in review the broad generalizations of certain classes of work—broad effects we may term them—I shall select from the halls of literature, some dozen or two of pictures, representative of special subjects rather than of type. I shall not confine myself to any particular matter or school, but shall pick here and there from a sufficiently large collection of *chefs-d'œuvre* what I consider gems. Landscape, *genre*, fruit, flowers, still life, anything and everything. First of all an exquisite little vignette by Taine, fraught with the purples and grays and forest greens of romance:

"In these fresh minds, amidst a woof of passions and dreams, there were hidden passions and brilliant dreams whose imprisoned swarm buzzed indistinctly, waiting for the poet to come and lay bare to them the novelty and

the splendour of heaven. Landscapes revealed by a lightning flash, the gray mane of a long and over-hanging billow, a wet forest nook where the deer raise their startled heads, the sudden smile and purpling cheek of a young girl in love, the sublime and various flight of all delicate sentiments, a cloak of ecstatic and romantic passion over all—these were the sights and feelings which they came to seek."

This little translation from the French by H. Van Laun is unique. It is a rare copy, or do you prefer this, "An Autumnal Day," by Irving:

"It was, as I have said, a fine autumnal day, the sky was clear and serene, and nature wore that rich and golden livery which we always associate with the idea of abundance. The forests had put on their sober brown and yellow, while some trees of the tenderer kind had been nipped by the frosts into brilliant dyes of orange, purple, and scarlet. Streaming files of wild ducks began to make their appearance high in the air; the bark of the squirrel might be heard from the groves of beech and hickory nuts, and the pensive whistle of the quail at intervals from the neighbouring stubble field."

This is sober colour, you will observe, sober yet rich, the velvet livery of the late autumn with the golden and scarlet tags of summer service yet bedizening the bosom of the year. There are sounds, too, in the air, and the air is itself palpable, just what artists call fine atmospheric effect. One can almost hear the beech mast dropping on the fallen leafage, and the quick scamper of the squirrel as he hies to his nest.

Number 3, "Before the Rain," by T. B. Aldrich. Here is atmosphere, if you like, and motion. The silver sheen of poplar and the brown-gold of grain shrinking before the blast, with soft gray cloud masses and drift of cloud spray:

"We knew it would rain, for all the morn
A spirit on slender ropes of mist
Was lowering its golden buckets down
Into the vapoury amethyst.

We knew it would rain, for the poplars showed
The white of their leaves; the amber grain
Shrank in the wind, and the lightning now
Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain."

Number 4, "A Forest Scene." An avenue of giant boles. Ice encrusted. Glittering in the morning sun. I forget the author's name, but it matters little, I remember the work. That is the deathless part:

"Where keen against the walls of sapphire,
The gleaming tree-boles, ice embossed,
Hold up their chandeliers of frost.

I tread in Orient halls enchanted,
I dream the Saga's dream of caves
Gem-lit beneath the North Sea waves."

Number 5, "Katie," is a figure piece. Figure and flowers by H. Timrod, an American artist, who died in extreme poverty in 1867. No wonder, poor fellow! A man capable of painting so eloquently in words could hardly expect to be rich in more substantial ware! It is the picture of an English girl. Thanks—dear, dead friend, for the pretty compliment to the dear, now to me, almost dead isle. Yes, dear, and friend, though I never knew you.

"It may be through some foreign grace,
And unfamiliar charm of face;
It may be that across the foam
Which bore her from her childhood's home
By some strange spell my Katie brought,
Along with English creeds and thought—
Entangled in her golden hair—
Some English sunshine, warmth, and air!
I cannot tell, but here to-day,
A thousand billowy leagues away
From that green isle, whose twilight skies
No darker are than Katie's eyes,
She seems to me, go where she will,
An English girl in England still!

I meet her on the dusty street,
And daisies spring about her feet;
Or touched to life beneath her tread,
An English cowslip lifts its head;
And, as to do her grace, rise up
The primrose and the buttercup!
I roam with her through fields of cane,
And seem to stroll an English lane,
Which, white with blossoms of the May,
Spreads its green carpet in her way!
As fancy wills the plain beneath
Is golden gorse or purple heath;
And now we hear in woodlands dim
Their unarticulated hymn,
Now walk the rippling waves of wheat,
Now sink in mats of clover sweet,
Or see before us from the lawn
The lark go up to greet the dawn."

Who says flowers and fruits are not worthy now? What Venus fresh from the sea can be fairer than this English Pearl? What insipid, staring "Virgin," can pose as a purer symbolism of immaculate maidenhood and grace!

I shall next instance a group, Nos. 6 to 9, inclusive, labelled respectively, "Dawn," "Sunset," "Sunset and

Rising Moon," "Moonlight." Notice the transparent tinting of the first. It is by Scott—a water colour. By the by, I have heard water colours disparaged. Well, the cavillers had not seen some landscapes, and fruit and flower pieces I have had the privilege of viewing, so there is an excuse for them! Just notice the ripples, the shadows, and the mist, the mountain, the water lilies, and the unuttered music in the air, music which swells at one's heart, upon the silent reading, as swells the throat of the sweet songster itself from the high orchestral cloud, where its notes are throbbing in the sunlight.

"The summer dawn's reflected hue
To purple changed Loch Katrine blue;
Mildly and soft the western breeze
Just kissed the lake, just stirred the trees,
And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,
Trembled but dimpled not for joy;
The mountain shadows on her breast,
Were neither broken nor at rest;
In bright uncertainty they lie,
Like future joys to fancy's eye,
The water-lily to the light
Her chalice reared of silver bright;
The doe awoke, and to the lawn,
Begemmed with dewdrops, led her fawn;
The gray mist left the mountain side,
The torrent showed its glistening pride;
Invisibie in flecked sky,
The lark sent down her revelry;
The blackbird and the speckled thrush
Good-morrow gave from brake and bush;
In answer cooed the cushat dove
Her notes of peace, and rest, and love."

No 7, "Sunset," another prose picture by N. P. Willis. What an eye that man had for colour, and what an ear

for music! It is a sea scene. A marine view, I suppose I should call it, with a stretch of beach.

"And now the beach is bare. The cave begins to cool and darken, and the first gold tint of sunset is stealing into the sky and the sea looks of a changing opal, green, purple, and white, as if its floor were paved with pearl, and the changing light struck up through the waters. And there heaves a ship into the horizon, like a white-winged bird, lying with dark breast on the waves, abandoned of the sea-breeze, within sight of port, and repelled even by the spicy breath that comes with a welcome off the shore."

No. 8. Sunset again and moonrise, by Byron. An Italian scene with Alpine heights in the distance. A mellowing effect. We see it all. Overhead, an arch of palest gray shading into azure and deepening into blue; and then, ere resting on the mountain peaks, kindled at the torch of day's funeral pyre, bursting into all glorious hues, gold, crimson, and deepest purple; barred, rayed, flecked and spangled, and so paling, star-guided and moon-lit into the abyss of another to-day.

"The moon is up, and yet it is not night—
Sunset divides the sky with her—a sea
Of glory streams along the Alpine height
Of blue Friuli's mountains; Heaven is free
From clouds, but of all colours seems to be—
Melted to one vast Iris of the west,
Where the Day joins the past Eternity;
While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest
Floats through the azure air—an island of the blest!

A single star is at her side, and reigns
With her o'er half the lovely heaven; but still

Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains
Roll'd o'er the peak of the far Rhœtian hill,
As Day and Night contending were, until
Nature reclaim'd her order ;—gently flows
The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues instil
The odorous purple of a new-born rose,
Which streams upon her stream, and gloss'd within it glows."

No. 9, the last of the series, is another scene by Irving, "The Alhambra by Moonlight." Here notice the effect of the moon upon the waters, the leafage and the marble. There is just a suggestion of fragrance, too; the night-plaint of the rose and the orange bloom. Surely the pen-picture is in some sense even more suggestive than the brush-picture. Notice, too, the atmosphere. It is white light, almost painful to the eyes, like the southern sun ; for it is a southern moon that gives light as only a southern moon can.

"The moon has gradually gained upon the night, and now rolls in full splendour above the towers, pouring a flood of tempered light into every court and hall. The garden beneath my window is gently lighted up; the orange and citron trees are tipped with silver, the fountain sparkles in the moonbeams, and even the blush of the rose is faintly visible.

"I have sat for hours at my window, inhaling the sweetness of the garden, and musing on the chequered fortunes of those whose history is dimly shadowed out in the elegant memorials around. Sometimes I have issued forth at midnight, when everything was quiet, and have wandered over the whole building. Who can do justice to a moonlight night in such a climate and in such a place ?

The temperature of an Andalusian midnight in summer is perfectly ethereal. We seem lifted up into a purer atmosphere ; there is a serenity of soul, a buoyancy of spirits, and elasticity of frame, that renders mere existence enjoyment. The effect of moonlight, too, on the Alhambra has something like enchantment. Every rent and chasm of time, every mouldering tint and weather-stain disappears; the marble resumes its original whiteness ; the long colonnades brighten in the moon-beams, the halls are illuminated with a softened radiance, until the whole edifice reminds one of the enchanted palace of an Arabian tale.

" At such a time I have ascended to the little pavilion called the Queen's Toilet, to enjoy its varied and extensive prospect. To the right, the snowy summits of the Sierra Nevada would gleam like silver clouds against the darker firmament, and all the outlines of the mountain would be softened, yet delicately defined. My delight, however, would be to lean over the parapet of the tocador, and gaze down upon Granada, spread out like a map below me; all buried in deep repose, and its white palaces and convents sleeping, as it were, in the moonshine."

No. 11. From light to dark. From Spain to the Alps. "A Thunder storm at Night," and again the artist is Byron. Well, we could not choose a better exponent of Nature in her tempestuous mood. The poet-artist is himself the human epitome of such a mood, and his mutterings and lightning-shimmerings, flashes and hoarse thunderings, shriek of blast and swirl of rain, linger in the memory long after the word tempest is past and the leaf turned :

"The sky is changed!—and such a change! O night,
And storm and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue;
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!"

"And this is in the night;—Most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight—
A portion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth,
And now again 'tis black,—and now, the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth."

No. 12. Once more a change from Alpine heights to sultry Hindostan. From bleak cliffs bellowing with tempest to cloistered glades dewy with leafage, and fragrant with balm. A very transformation scene truly, and one eloquently depicted withal. The artist, Edwin Arnold; the scene, "A Tropic Woodland:"

"As he passed into its ample shade,
Cloistered with columned drooping stems, and roofed
With vaults of glistening green, the conscious earth
Worshipped with waving grass and sudden flush
Of flowers about his feet. The forest-boughs
Bent down to shade him; from the river sighed
Cool wafts ot wind laden with lotus-scents
Breathed by the water-gods. Large wondering eyes
Of woodland creatures—panther, boar, and deer—
At peace that eve, gazed on his face benign
From cave and thicket. From its cold cleft wound
The mottled, deadly snake, dancing its hood,
In honour of our lord; bright butterflies
Fluttered their vans, azure, and green, and gold,

> To be his fan-bearers ; the fierce kite dropped
> Its prey and screamed ; the striped palm-squirrel raced
> From stem to stem to see ; the weaver-bird -
> Chirped from her swinging nest : the lizard ran ;
> The koïl sang her hymn ; the doves flocked round ;
> Even the creeping things were 'ware and glad."

There are descriptive passages in language which are something more than mere descriptions, for they are besides eloquent of all they embody. The scent of the forest clings to their periods. The woof and the web of the woodland are interlaced with their structure. The starred and radiant galaxy of the meadow and the wold fringe, like wood violets, the margins of their clauses. The dew-drop glistens in their sunshine and the sunbeam mellows in their shade. They are epitomes in prose or verse of all they describe, and like the wonderful talisman of old, transport the reader instantaneously through space and time to the regions they depict, and the pleasures they portray. Yet all is not light or pleasure, either. Occasionally we meet with a passage which seems to have been rent from a wintry sky. It is a fragment, not of mere literature, but of actual welkin, stamped with the printer's die, yet imbued with all of nature in her severer mood. The rustle of the rain-drift fills its sullen pauses. The gray mists of the mere drift across its bosom. The shriek of the night wind echoes from word to word, making hollow moan in the heart. A sad and colourless land-scape; yet beautiful, too, for its very truth's sake. Of such a type is No. 13. "A Baltic Shore," from Van Laun's translation of Taine:

"In Holland the soil is but a sediment of mud; here and there only does the earth cover it with a crust, shallow and brittle, the mere alluvium of the river, which the river seems ever about to destroy. Thick clouds hover above, being fed by ceaseless exhalations. They lazily turn their violet flanks, grow black, suddenly descend in heavy showers; the vapor, like a furnace-smoke, crawls forever on the horizon. One need only see the blast of the North swirl down upon the low level of the soil, wan and ominous: the vast yellow sea dashes against the yellow belt of flat coast which seems incapable of a moment's resistance; the wind howls and bellows; the sea-mews cry; the poor little ships flee as fast as they can, bending almost to the gunwale, and endeavour to find a refuge in the mouth of the river, which seems as hostile as the sea."

No. 14, too, "A Bleak House," by Poe, is somewhat after the same style, and a master-piece. Notice here carefully three things:—How first with true artistic instinct the painter prepares the mind for what is to come by depressing it in the gloom of opening description. Secondly, mark the bleached trunks, the eye-like windows, the bleak walls and the rank sedges, all funereal adjuncts. Lastly, note the reduplication in the tarn-shadows, of all the sombre appointments of the terrestrial scene, "heaping up the agony," as slang hath it, and thus intensifying the effect. Moreover all the hues are leaden; ghastly whites, lurid blacks, or neutral grays and greens:

"During the whole of a dull, dark, and soundless day in the autumn of the year, when the clouds hung oppressively low in the heavens, I had been passing alone, on horseback, through a singularly dreary tract of country; and at length found myself, as the shades of the evening drew on, within view of the melancholy House of Usher.
I looked upon the scene before me—upon the mere house, and the simple landscape features of the domain—upon the bleak walls—upon the vacant, eye-like windows—upon a few rank sedges—and upon a few white trunks of decayed trees—with an utter depression of soul which I can compare to no earthly sensation more properly than to the after-dream of the reveller upon opium—the bitter lapse into everyday life—the hideous dropping off of the veil.
I reined my horse to the precipitous brink of a black and lurid tarn that lay in unruffled lustre by the dwelling, and gazed down—but with a shudder even more thrilling than before—upon the remodelled and inverted images of the gray sedge, and the ghastly tree-stems, and the vacant and eye-like windows."

Let me add yet another illustration to the department of gloom ere we leave it—this time a picture of "The Dead" by Byron. Sad but beautiful, with a refrain like the "mild angelic air" of the departed. How melancholy soft is the effect of this exquisite word-painting, calling up the tender outlines of a dead maiden as actually shadowed forth from beneath the shroud, or the

remembrance of such an one, seen in sleep, the lingering reminiscence of a dream:

"He who hath bent him o'er the dead
Ere the first day of death is fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress
(Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers),
And marked the mild angelic air—
The rapture of repose that's there—
The fix'd yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the placid cheek,
And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
That fires not, wins not, weeps not now—
And but for that chill, changeless brow,
Where cold Obstruction's apathy
Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon—
Yes, but for these and these alone,
Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the tyrant's power,
So fair, so calm, so softly seal'd,
The first, last look by death revealed!"

No. 16, "A Highland Scene," by Ruskin, merits attention for its accuracy of outline and beauty of colour. Especially realistic and suggestive are the black pool, the butterfly and the fish, the scarlet rowans, the golden birch, the purple rock, the white ribs of the ewe, the contrast between the rich abundance of a bountiful nature, and the "chill penury" of the starving group and the wasted child of civilization. The butterfly feeds the fish. Will the fish, I wonder, be caught in time to save an additional pang to the poor hungry infant whose shoulders are cutting the old tartan of his jacket!

"A Highland scene is beyond doubt pleasant enough in its own way; but looked close at, has its shadows. Here, for instance, is the very first one—one as pretty as I can remember—having seen many. It is a little valley of soft turf, inclosed in its narrow oval by jutting rocks, and broad flakes of nodding fern. From one side of it to the other winds, serpentine, a clear brown stream, drooping into quicker ripple as it reaches the end of the oval field, and then, first islanding a purple and white rock with an amber pool, it dashes away into a narrow fall of foam under a thicket of mountain-ash and alder. The autumn sun, low but clear, shines on the scarlet ash-berries and on the golden birch leaves, which, fallen here and there, when the breeze has not caught them, rest quiet in the crannies of the purple rock. Beside the rock, in the hollow under the thicket, the carcase of a ewe, drowned in the last flood, lies nearly bare to the bone, its white ribs protruding through the skin, raven-torn, and the rags of its wool still flickering from the branches that first stayed it as the stream swept it down. A little lower, the current plunges, roaring, into a circular chasm like a well, surrounded on three sides by a chimney-like hollowness of polished rock, down which the foam slips in detached snow-flakes. Round the edges of the pool beneath, the water circles slowly like black oil; a little butterfly lies on its back, the wings glued to one of the eddies, its limbs feebly quivering; a fish rises, and it is gone. Lower down the stream, I can see over a knoll the green and damp turf roofs of four or five hovels, built at the edge

of a morass, which is trodden by the cattle into a black Slough of Despond at their doors, and traversed by a few ill-set stepping-stones, with here and there a flat slab on the tops, where they have sunk out of sight; and at the turn of the brook I see a man fishing, with a boy and a dog—a picturesque and pretty group enough certainly, if they had not been there all day starving. I know them, and I know the dog's ribs also, which are nearly as bare as the dead ewe's; and the child's wasted shoulders, cutting his old tartan jacket through, so sharp are they."

No. 17 is an especial favourite of mine. It is a winter scene, entitled "A Woodman and his Dog." It is, moreover, very English as to its method of treatment, and no wonder, for it is by Cowper. I like the implied contrast between the drifted purity of the snow and the ivory hue of the dog's teeth—both white, with a difference; between the stolid British demeanour of the rustic and the exuberant gambols of his crop-eared companion—a republican surely! besides, there is a flavour of tobacco on the keen morning air, and that, I am by no means averse to, though I have long renounced the "fragrant charge of a short tube," myself:

"Forth goes the woodman, leaving unconcerned
The cheerful haunts of man; to wield the axe
And drive the wedge in yonder forest drear,
From morn to eve, his solitary task.
Shaggy, and lean, and shrewd, with pointed ears,
And tail cropped short, half lurcher and half cur,
His dog attends him, close behind his heel,
Now creeps he slow; and now, with many a frisk,
Wide-scampering, snatches up the drifted snow
With ivory teeth, or ploughs it with his snout;

Then shakes his powdered coat, and barks for joy.
Heedless of all his pranks, the sturdy churl
Moves right towards the mark, nor stops for aught
But now and then with pressure of his thumb
To adjust the fragrant charge of a short tube,
That fumes beneath his nose ; the trailing cloud
Streams far behind him, scenting all the air."

We have already had a Highland picture by an English artist, now let us turn to a piece of pure *genre* work, a series of four panels, also Scottish, but depicted by a Scottish hand, the master hand of Burns—No. 18, "The Cotter's Saturday Night."

Panel 1.—Represents the cotter's home beneath a November sky ; the " wee bit ingle," and the family group :

" At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree ;
Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin', stacher through
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin noise an' glee,
His wee bit ingle blinkin' bonilie,
His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie' wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labour an' his toil."

Panel 2.—Portrays the lover at the door, and the blushing maiden under the guid wife's scrutiny :

" But hark ! a rap comes gently to the door ;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor
To do some errands and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e and flush her cheek ;
With heart-struck, anxious care, inquires his name,
While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak ;
Weel pleas'd the mother hears, it's nae wild, worthless rake. '

Panel 3.—Presents a supper table that might have been transferred to canvas by Wilkie, just as it stands :

"But now the supper crowns their simple board,
The healsome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food ;
The soupe their only Hawkie does afford,
That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood ;
The dame brings forth in complimental mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck fell,
And aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid ;
The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,
How 'twas a towmond auld, sin lint was i' the bell."

Panel 4.—Gives us the closing scene, with the family at prayer :

"Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King
The saint, the father, and the husband prays :
Hope 'springs exulting on triumphant wing,'
That thus they all shall meet in future days ;
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear ;
While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere."

Well, this is all high art though the themes are lowly. The colours are simple, yet pure and transparent. The diction, in a sense, unfamiliar, yet appropriate and touching and very suggestive. "Sin' lint was i' the bell." Since the flax was in blossom. What an exquisite figure is this! Burns seems to me to be a painter of the type that is understood instinctively ; though he had written in broadest Scotch, the sense would still make itself manifest, as the perfume of violets, themselves out of sight, betrays the message of the spring.

Nos. 19 and 20 may be denominated, I suppose, studies in still life. The first is from Keats. Delicacies in dishes and baskets: the gold and silver standing out magnificently from the sombre background:

> "These delicates he heaped with glowing hand
> On golden dishes and in baskets bright
> Of wreathed silver: sumptuous they stand
> In the retired quiet of the night,
> Filling the chilly room with perfume light."

The second is a farm-house interior, by Washington Irving, eloquent of the tidy housewife and rustic plenty, white with occasional flake of wool and sober with russet of apple and peach, with here and there a splatch of vivid red from capsicum pod, a flash of resplendent pewter or the subdued gleam of old silver:

"Here rows of resplendent pewter, ranged on a long dresser, dazzled his eyes. In one corner stood a huge bag of wool ready to be spun: in another a quantity of linsey-woolsey just from the loom, ears of Indian corn, and strings of dried apples and peaches, hung in gay festoons along the wall, mingled with the gaud of red peppers; and a door left ajar gave him a peep into the best parlour, where the claw-footed chairs and dark mahogany tables shone like mirrors; and irons, with their accompanying shovel and tongs, glistened from their covert of asparagus tops; mock oranges and conch-shells decorated the mantel-piece; strings of various coloured birds' eggs were suspended above it; a great ostrich egg was hung from the centre of the room, and a corner cupboard knowingly

left open, displayed immense treasures of old silver and well-mended china."

No. 21 is the copy of a stained glass window by Keats, who is at his best when reproducing in words the varied hues, shades, tintings and textures of his models:

> "A casement high and triple-arch'd there was,
> All garlanded with carven imageries
> Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,
> And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
> Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
> As are the tiger-moth's deep damask'd wings;
> And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
> And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
> A shielded scutcheon blush'd with blood of queens and kings."

To still life properly belong flowers, fruit and vegetables, I suppose. Here are a few studies in that line. Poor line! So disparaged and slighted, yet so lovely and so worthy. Well, to those who may cavil at my poor taste for this type of art, I would simply say, paint me the gilt on a buttercup, the bloom on a peach, the down on a butterfly's wing, the silver sheen on the under surface of a poplar leaf seen in water, a dandelion puff, or a dew-drop resting in a scented hyacinth bell, and, if the work be true, I will forego for it nine-tenths of the crucifixions, Virgin Maries, and historic triumphs that the great world annually raves about and millionaires purchase at fabulous sums; which sums, be it observed, they are not worth, never were worth, and never can be worth, outside of a monomaniac's fancy or a spendthrift's purse.

No. 22 is an ambitious picture for a floral one, covering, it seems to the critic, several square feet of canvas

while portraying a wealth of bloom not often seen in a picture gallery, but the artist is Ruskin, and that name is a sufficient guarantee for the merit of the work. We may be sure he has done it justice :

" Under the dark quietness of the undisturbed pines, there spring up, year by year, such company of joyful flowers as I know not the like of among all the blessings of the earth. It was spring time, too, and all were coming forth in clusters crowded for very love ; there was room enough for all, but they crushed their leaves into all manner of strange shapes only to be nearer each other. There was the wood anemone, star after star, closing every now and then into nebulæ ; and there was the oxalis, troop by troop, like virginal processions of the Mois de Marie, the dark vertical clefts in the limestone, choked up with them as with heavy snow, and touched with ivy on the edges—ivy as light and lovely as the vine ; and ever and anon a blue gush of violets, and cowslip bells in sunny places ; and in the more open ground, the vetch, and comfrey and mezereon, and the small sapphire buds of the Polygala Alpina, and the wild strawberry, just a blossom or two, all showered amidst the golden softness of deep, warm amber-coloured moss."

What do you think of that for flower-painting ? Water colour transparencies are they not, with just a suggestion of the perfume of the originals ? Stray exhalations and winged fragrancies trapped in a word-mesh and pinned on the page of literary effort for ever.

But now for our fruit and vegetables, &c. In No. 23,

our old friend Irving tries his hand at apples and pumpkins. I deem he has succeeded pretty well :

" On all sides he beheld vast stores of apples ; some hanging in oppressive opulence on trees ; some gathered into baskets and barrels for the market ; others heaped up in rich piles for the cider press. Farther on he beheld great fields of Indian corn, with its golden ears peeping from their leafy coverts, and holding out the promise of cakes and hasty-pudding ; and the yellow pumpkins lying beneath them, turning up their fair round bellies to the sun, and giving ample prospects of the most luxurious of pies, and anon he passed the fragrant buckwheat fields, breathing the odour of the bee-hive."

No. 24. " Grapes," by Byron :

> " Sweet is the vintage, when the showering grapes
> In Bacchanal profusion reel to earth,
> Purple and gushing—"

This is a gem, small but perfect. Notice the effect of the words reel, showering, purple, Bacchanal, gushing. Why it is a revelation ; the epitome of all the purpled ports and ambered sherries, of all the clustered glories of all the vineyards from Noah to Victoria.

Then again, No. 25 is a little patch of country lane by Grant Allan. In that patch of lane, mid leaf and bloom, is a little patch of scarlet colour, lent by the wild strawberry. It is very beautiful, and I don't wonder that the author sees nothing but those three ruby beads :

" Half-hidden in the luxuriant growth of leaves and flowers that drape the deep side of this green lane, I have

just espied a little picture in miniature, a tall, wild strawberry stalk, with three full red berries standing out on its graceful branchlets. There are glossy harts' tongues on the matted bank, and yellow hawkweeds, and bright bunches of red campions; but somehow, amid all that wealth of shape and colour, my eye falls and rests instinctively upon the three little ruddy berries, and nothing else."

There are three pictures I would conclude with, essentially American, and limned by American hands. I have purposely kept them until last, because being very beautiful, they will each act as a sort of *bonne bouche* at the conclusion of our literary feast of the purely picturesque. They are, moreover, of the wild type, and do not deal with civilization, for this very reason, perhaps, meriting our notice and sympathy; for the stereotyped paths are so beaten, and have become not unfrequently under some treatment so monotonously wearisome, that anything new or unfamiliar is welcome as a change.

No. 26 is "A Cedar Swamp in Georgia." by Maurice Thompson; dark with the shadow of cypress and pine, yet with here and there contrasts of light, as the sun glints from the ripples of the shallow lake, while over all is the brooding silence of the wilderness, broken but by the occasional plash of water or chirp of bird:

"He led and I followed into the damp, moss-scented shadows of the swamp, under cypress and live-oak and through slender fringes of cane. We floundered across the coffee-coloured stream, the water cooling my India-

rubber wading boots above the knees, climbed over great walls of fallen tree boles, crept under low-hanging festoons of wild vines, and at length found ourselves wading rather more than ankle-deep in one of those shallow cypress lakes of which the larger part of the Okefenskee region is formed. I thought it a very long half-mile before we reached a small tussock whereon grew, in the midst of a dense underbrush thicket, some enormous pine trees. One who has never been out alone in a Southern swamp can have no fair understanding of its loneliness, solemnity and funereal sadness of effect. Even in the first gush of Spring—it was now about the sixth of April—I felt the weight of something like eternity in the air—not the eternity of the future but the eternity of the past. Everything around me appeared old, sleepy, and musty, despite the fresh buds, tassels, and flower-spikes. What can express dreariness so effectually as the long moss of those damp woods? I imagined that the few little birds I saw flitting here and there in the tree tops were not so noisy and joyous as they would be when, a month later, their northward migratien should bring them into our greening Northern woods."

The pictures that remain are by Longfellow, and are both taken from that wondrous panorama of Western nature, "The Song of Hiawatha," than which no other work by an American author is more suggestive of the local colour and objective accompaniments of the wilderness, or more thoroughly penetrated with the atmosphere of the forest,

and the plain. It is in very deed what it professes to be, a legendary landscape, fraught with the sound of rushing rivers, the smoke of wigwams, the dews and damps of meadows, and the odours of the forest, with here and there a solitary human figure or group of Red-skin warriors to lend the animation of humanity to the scene. The first of these, my concluding pictures, is an allegory. A simple theme enough, somewhat elaborated. The old, old story, the wooing of a maiden. The depiction, however, does not stop with the expression of the mere sentiment. There is a moral appended, looming through the surface-colouring like a transparency. A moral not difficult to read, but which had better be left to the art student to construe according to inner light or individual taste. Here is the picture, No. 27. "The Wooing of the Dandelion by the South Wind" (Shawondasee). It is an exquisite conception, artistically rendered:

"Shawondasee, fat and lazy,
Had his dwelling far to southward,
In the drowsy, dreaming sunshine,
In the never-ending summer.
He it was who sent the wood-birds,
Sent the robin, the Opechee,
Sent the blue-bird, the Owaissa,
Sent the shawshaw, sent the swallow,
Sent the wild-goose, Wawa, northward,
Sent the melons and tobacco,
And the grapes in purple clusters.
From his pipe the smoke ascending
Filled the sky with haze and vapour,
Filled the air with dreamy softness,
Gave a twinkle to the water,
Touched the rugged hills with smoothness,
Brought the tender Indian Summer,

To the melancholy North-land,
In the dreary Moon of snow-shoes.
Listless, careless Shawondasee!
In his life he had one shadow,
In his heart one sorrow had he.
Once, as he was gazing northward,
Far away upon the prairie
He beheld a maiden standing,
Saw a tall and slender maiden
All alone upon the prairie;
Brightest green were all her garments,
And her hair was like the sunshine.
Day by day he gazed upon her,
Day by day he sighed with passion,
Day by day his heart within him
Grew more hot with love and longing
For the maid with yellow tresses.
But he was too fat and lazy
To bestir himself and woo her;
Yes, too indolent and easy
To pursue her and persuade her.
So he only gazed upon her,
Only sat and sighed with passion
For the maiden of the prairie.
Till, one morning, looking northward,
He beheld the yellow tresses
Changed and covered o'er with whiteness,
Covered as with whitest snow-flakes.
'Ah! my brother from the North-land,
From the kingdom of Wabasso,
From the land of the White Rabbit!
You have stolen the maiden from me,
You have laid your hand upon her,
You have wooed and won my maiden,
With your stories of the North-land.'
Thus the wretched Shawondasee
Breathed into the air his sorrow;
And the south wind o'er the prairie
Wandered, warm with sighs of passion,
With the sighs of Shawondasee,
Till the air seemed full of snow-flakes,
Full of thistle-down the prairie,
And the maid with hair like sunshine

Vanished from his sight for ever ;
Never more did Shawondasee
See the maid with yellow tresses !
Poor deluded Shawondasee !
'Twas no woman that you gazed at,
'Twas no maiden that you sighed for,
'Twas the prairie dandelion
That through all the dreamy summer
You had gazed at with such longing,
You had sighed for with such passion,
And had puffed away for ever,
Blown into the air with sighing ;
Ah ! deluded Shawondasee ! "

No. 28, and last, is one of the most beautiful and touching scenes yet presented and may well be reserved as a farewell specimen of the word-painter's art. It is the outline of a distant shore with a broad stretch of ocean. The shore lined with eager watchers seen in the half-distance. A dark background of forest. The time, evening. The setting sun resting its broad shield on the horizon's edge casts a flood of glory to the feet of the watchers. In that "trail of splendour" is seen a canoe with a solitary figure: the figure of "The Teacher," waving an eternal farewell and slowly floating like a second Christ high into that "sea of splendour" that will bear him forever from the gaze of the worshippers. It is an exquisite bit of pathetic colouring that lingers in the memory like an after-glow, and returns again and again with its purple vapour and sad farewells to haunt the solitary vistas of the gloaming :

" On the shore stood Hiawatha,
Turned and waved his hand at parting ;
On the clear and luminous water
Launched his birch canoe for sailing,

From the pebbles of the margin
Shoved it forth into the water ;
Whispered to it, 'Westward ! Westward !'
And with speed it darted forward.
And the evening sun descending
Set the clouds on fire with redness,
Burned the broad sky, like a prairie,
Left upon the level water
One long track and trail of splendour,
Down whose stream, as down a river,
Westward, westward, Hiawatha
Sailed into the fiery sunset,
Sailed into the purple vapours,
Sailed into the dusk of evening,
And the people from the margin
Watched him floating, rising, sinking,
Till the birch canoe seemed lifted
High into that sea of splendour,
Till it sank into the vapours
Like the new moon, slowly, slowly,
Sinking in the purple distance.
And they said, 'Farewell forever!'
Said, 'Farewell, O Hiawatha !'
And the forests, dark and lonely,
Moved through all their depths of darkness,
Sighed, 'Farewell, O Hiawatha,!'
And the waves upon the margin
Rising, rippling on the pebbles,
Sobbed, 'Farewell, O Hiawatha !'
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From the haunts among the fen-lands,
Screamed, 'Farewell, O Hiawatha !'
Thus departed Hiawatha,
Hiawatha the beloved,
In the glory of the sunset,
In the purple mists of evening,
To the regions of the home-wind,
Of the Northwest wind Keewaydin,
To the islands of the Blessed,
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
To the land of the Hereafter !"

Of such then is the kingdom of the word-painter. The

pictures that space has enabled me to hang are but few in number; yet, will they serve as samples to lure others into the quest for similar *chefs-d'œuvre* of literary art, where each can construct his own gallery, each according to his kind, his tastes, his proclivities. To the cosmopolitan in art and letters all will be beautiful; that is, all that is worthy. For the eclectic taste there is a wide field to choose from, a very Eden of exuberance with many blossoms. There is sunlight for the joyous and shadow for the sombre. There is colour for the gay and neutral tint for the serious; for a library is a universe, and a book is a world, and the writer is a divinity, and the reader is a dual creature within a double creation. The divinity shapes things as he will, while the creature, if sympathetic, sees them with the divinity's eyes. He sees the sun glint on the gable, or the moonlight glisten on the mere. He hears the sough of the night-wind through the complaining branches, or the rustle of the rain-drift on the sere leaves of the dying year. A few brief words, and the meadows burst into blossom, the woods are starred with the daisies of childhood, and the fragance of the lilac galaxy is flung as of yore across the hawthorn bowers. O'erhead the sky is ever blue, cerulean tissued, rent with the carol of the lark, rent and the white fleeces of the cloud-land peering curiously through towards the daisy-dappled pastures and the sun-kissed waters. We have heard of Fairy-land, and we have heard Fairy-land disparaged; but the student of letters lives in Fairy-land nevertheless. He has his genii and his talis-

mans, his wonderful lamps and his magic rings. What does he require that he cannot conjure forth? All realms and all seas and all heights and all depths are his. He wants not monied wealth, nor expensive conveyance, nor even unlimited time. Seated in his study chair, he wants but a volume, the power of appreciation, and the gift of fancy; then the universe is his. He can fly with Milton and Newton to the furthermost star. He can circle the earth with Franklin and Faraday, rapid as Ariel's flight. He can see pass in panoramic procession, magnificent and many-tongued, all human nature with Shakspeare. He can don immortality to join the choirs of the blest in Revelation. He can taste of the bitterness of death and descend to the depths of hell with Dante. With Homer he can fight again the battle of old Troy; Achilles and Agamemnon, Paris and Helen, Hector and Andromache are his boon companions. Does he want Eastern suns and Eastern sights and Eastern scents? Then the Arabian Nights are his, Vambery may be his guide, Max Müller his interpreter and Edwin Arnold his mentor. Does he sigh for "Afric's Golden sands?" Let him turn to Livingstone, to Stanley, to Baker, to De Chaillu. He is at liberty to hunt the buffalo on North American prairies, or to chase the wild horse on South American pampas. He can circumnavigate the globe in an evening, brave the tempests of Cape Horn to-night, to-morrow, fur-clad, cross the frozen wastes of Arctic zones. He is cosmopolitan and free, now sitting in the council chambers of civilization, anon, smoking the peace-pipe of the Red

man, at one minute feasting with Esquimaux, the next using the chop-sticks of the Chinese. Fancy-fed, he revels in the universe, for his mind is ever a canvas, ready stretched for the word painter to transcribe thereon in never-fading pigments the cartoons of the created universe, the frescoes of the abstract spheres. Such is the power of words and the potency of clauses. There are words which blaze and words which quench; there are words which laugh and words which sob; there are words, many-hued, which gleam like the wings of dragon flies with the daylight glancing in their gauzy meshes; and words, drowsy-syllabled, which flit bat-like, silent and sombre, through the gloaming of one's reveries. And so with clauses. There are clauses which are tempests shaking the welkin, and clauses which are ripples circling evermore outwards into the eternities. There are clauses which bear the perfume of the young year's breath, and clauses which pulsate to the magnetic influence of the young year's touch. There are clauses which embody the heights of an Alpine continent, and clauses which look up from the translucent depths of Alpine lakes, in which all lovely things are shadowed, on which the white sails of fancy float evermore, mirrored from the fair bosom of their sweet text. There are clauses fraught with the ruffled thunders of death and despair, and clauses bursting with the melody of life and hope. And each is beautiful of its kind—altogether lovely—to the worshipper at the shrine. To the worshipper, who, in all sincerity and all humility, and in all faith ap-

proaches the shrine, to be taught, to be disciplined, and then, in all self-depreciation, to judge—dread word.—Well might Paris have shrunk from his ordeal to view with human and finite eyes the nude majesty and beauty of the contending goddesses of yore:

———"by common voice
Elected umpire."

Well might he have deliberated ere his final decision. Well might his arm have trembled as he reached the golden orb to the divinity of his choice,

"Idalian Aphrodite beautiful."

But those were days when men were men; and women—could look on nudity and live. The finical artificiality of modern civilization and the dilettanteism of a pseudo virtue had not yet contaminated the pool in which men's eyes and thoughts and desires were bathed. The nude majesty of earth and earth's true children bears nothing on its sinless conscience to dictate shame or a godless remorse at the revelation of a God-given personality; for shame has not yet entered in. The serpent is outside in strange men's hearts. Within the boundary is innocence, the trusting innocence of the young bride who goes forth with her lover and mate into the Paradise of sinlessness and bliss. Why will people wrest the blossom of beauty from its pure stem to wither it before the hot breath of foul suggestiveness? To hear "Matrons" talk of outraged modesty in the art galleries—Oh! Shame, Shame, whence and what art thou? Surely the bitterest taste

of the bitter fruit of the bitter tree! Is it not an amazing and an amusing sign of the times, this sensitive shrinking from the representation of the nude female form in art. Well, well, after a dispassionate consideration of the subject, there *is* something to be said against the practice; for modern humanity suffers by the contrast; it hardly shows to advantage by the side of the glorious idealities of the schools. Ah! me, they say that habit is second nature. Could we not by a proper cultivation of supersensitiveness, and a rigid adherence to the draped type in sculpture and painting, ultimately induce a shame-faced maternity to present its new-born offspring—its female offspring at any rate—to the cold and cruel world in all the seemliness of ready-made bib and frills, and so obviate the cruel necessity of infantile *in puris naturalibus*, as at present! Has not the Almighty erred grievously in having constructed such a shameless outrage on female decorum as the naked female form! Ay, he has been much to blame, nakedness and the grape—woman and wine—are not these the devil's work? Surely. But God's work; the prude and prohibition. Cana is fallen, the wine is no longer red in the cup, and humanity, shame-faced at the impress of God's own image, cannot look upon its own form without a shudder at the impropriety, without a prurient bashfulness at the temerity of God's best purpose, but slinks behind the meshes of a figment to clothe itself with the cobwebs of a lie. *O tempora! O mores!* What is the world coming to, with its cant, its hyprocrisy, and its devilish suggestiveness of evil were

only good need be? None but an impure mind will find filth in the contemplation of the noblest works of nature. None but a diseased and bestial imagination will quarrel with nature for her own pure works. Draped figures and the Scott Act! Yes—let these be the Bible and the Prayer Book for future generations, and let the reasons, too, be handed down for their respective inaugurations, that humanity was too unworthy to gaze on God's perfect work without a blush and a protest—too weak to prevent the abuse of God's bountiful Providence without involving the guiltless with the guilty; without anticipating universal ruin as its outcome, and the final demoralization of humanity at the close of the nineteenth century, as its culminating clause.

But enough. *Honi soit qui mal y pense.* Let us not contaminate art by the suggestiveness of evil. To the pure all things are pure. Although one is tempted to ask of purity what Pilate asked of Truth. What is purity? There is no absolute standard for anything in heaven or earth. Individual taste must rule. But for pure Liberty's sake, let us be free. Let us not degenerate into a nation of slaves, to be told what we are to eat and what we are to drink, and wherewithal our statues are to be clothed, or what we are to look at, and what to abjure —to be led by a chain of fanatical error in the triumphal procession of prudery, or flogged at the cart-tail of a diseased mob's will. Coercion in such matters is the first nail in the coffin of liberty, and stringent prohibition may prove that liberty's grave. What is absolutely, and of

itself wicked or harmful, let us denounce and quell, but whatever contains good or use should live; then, if the individual outrage the proprieties, let the individual suffer, but let the innocent go free.

IV.

MUSIC IN LANGUAGE.

"Things of Time have voices, speak and perish,
Art and Love speak, but their words must be
Like sighings of illimitable forests,
And waves of an unfathomable sea."

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," so says or sings the poet. I presume by music is here meant those artificial sounds,—harmonies and melodies, instrumental and vocal, which are usually included under that generic term. But we may indeed go farther, much farther, in the direction of both amplification and anticipation as regards the expressed sentiment: in amplification, for I believe that, irrespective of the terms "music" and "savage breasts," there is a charm in every *sound* to some created thing,—in anticipation, for I deem the poet has not given full expression to all he had in his mind to say. Yet, nevertheless, in its most restricted sense is the sentiment a true one. Music, as we understand it, *hath* charms to soothe the savage and the madman, to give rest to the weary, comfort to the heart-broken, promise to the hopeless, cessation, for however brief a time, to the world-toil and the

world-moil, the visible unrest of the millions, who are jostling each other along the highways to dissolution. In this sense, then, I repeat, we may anticipate the full meaning of the poet, for not only has music, properly so called, power to tame the savage and lay the dread ghosts of unquiet and torment which "spring eternal" in his untutored breast, it has ability to charm with temporary forgetfulness, the heart-ache, the disappointments and the soul-longings of a higher phase of human existence, to wean the wearied thoughts from earth, to give hope pinions and ambition wings, with which to soar above the finite and the dust, and in fancy at least, or as in a dream to view the heritage beyond the lapping of the black waters, bridged only for us on earth by Æolian strings of trust, that give back but faint melody to the breath of promise. So likewise we may amplify the statement of the poet by giving the broadest meaning to the term "music," a meaning which, though not verbally conveyed, rests in the refrain of the expressed sentiment, and which one feels assured was itself in the poet's mind when the thought was penned. What then is this amplified idea? That not only has that harmonious combination of artificial sounds, which we term "music," this wondrous power that has been ascribed to it; but that all the melodies and harmonies and symphomies of spontaneous and untrained nature make grand music, welling outward and onward through the æons for ever, linking the present with the future and the finite with infinity. All nature rejoices and is glad. The floods clap their hands,

the hills shout, and the leaves of the forest chorus praise, now in soft rustling pæans of glad content; anon in deeper bass, but still with something of triumphant freedom:

"When wind, the mighty harper, smote his thunder harp of pines."

There is indeed vastly more in the word "music" than can be appreciated at first sight. There is the artificial music of man, very beautiful, and very eloquent, and very sweet—music of instrument and music of trained voice; grand orchestras of sound, and oratorios of perfected harmony. But there is also the music outside of training, even outside of man himself, which would of itself have been, had man never thought of an artificial instrument of brass, or reed, or strings, or trained his own vocal organs to give artificial expression to his sorrows and his joys, his longings and his hopes. There is the natural music of speech, the God-gift—music of rhythm, of cadence, of accent, and of all wondrous inflexion; the laugh of joyous girlhood, the lisp of prattling infancy, the accent of tenderness and love, and the monition of virtue and wisdom. In contradistinction to these, we have, alas, the grief note and the wail, the shriek of anguish and despair, with all accents of unutterable woe, but still music. These are the dirges of time wrung from the clay, those the diapasons of eternity, echoing the music of the spheres. But irrespective of the natural though untrained voice of man, and altogether outside of his utterances, there is music everywhere, now of ecstasy, now of woe. Song of bird, voice

of beast, hum of insect, and the suggestive murmurings and babblings and prattlings of unutterable thoughts from the inarticulate lips of all inanimate creation. If all nature were a human ear, with powers commensurate to its capacity, and self-conscious of sound, what potentiality of ecstatic enjoyment might then accrue to the listening universe endowed with sentient being. Or, if man had an organ of hearing so constructed as to be able to appreciate the finest distinctions of sound remote and near, that may exist as such for some orders of created beings, and to separate and distinguish the one from the other as now, what a new sense of gratification, perhaps, too, of terror and awe, might then be his. Does not Humboldt say somewhere that the insect world may derive keen enjoyment from the music of the circulating sap in forest bole and bough? So, may not the welkin be fraught with harmonies too faint for human ears to catch, too attenuated or even too intense for the human tympanum to register and reveal. In very deed it may be so. Does not the earth and air swarm with creatures we cannot see? Are not forces at work, to us invisible, yet omnipotent for good or evil. So much that we know is wonderful and sublime—who shall say that what we do not know may not be still more wonderful, still more sublime, still more fitted to raise spiritualized creation a step higher on the ladder of eternal progression? In language is found something of an equivalent for all this wealth of musical outflow. Something that conveys the message to the mind. Something that opens the

mind and leads it to sympathetic ponderings and appreciations of those unheard yet understood voicings and tremblings and pulsations and space echoes.

Thus might Addison's conception be indeed realized. The poetic ear strained toward the vistas of space is cognisant of sounds unheard by the dull sense of the earth-bound and the pelf-plodder. The poetic eye sees visions beyond the shadows cast by earth; the true after-math of life's harvest, a second universe in the same being more glorious than the first. The poet and the dreamer are the true seers—all but the sentiments that animate for beauty, love, trust, and hope is dust,—dust and the worm. But he who lives beyond the flesh, though still in it, is twice blessed, if in the flesh itself he be blessed at all, and he is the true poet and seer though he knows it not, though he never pen a line or syllable an oracular word. He sees the suns of other systems flash where all is darkness to the blind. He catches the crepitations of blazing worlds as they rock forever consumed on their self-lit pyres. The wheeling of the giant orbs through space makes grand music for his ears, ears that never weary of the refrain. The rushing meteors chorus symphonies as they precipitate themselves headlong into the arms of their divinities, pressing hot kisses on the burning cheeks of the sun-wooed. The comets trail splendid music in their wake as they vanish from the sunlight we know into other sunlights we have not known, and may never know. Space is full of electric voices as it is of electric signs, calling to one another from the womb of

immensity, as deep calls to deep within the limits of the known. The ether waves may surge and roar in storm-tormented rage, as roars the ocean in answer to the challenge of the defiant blast, and each and all syllable high pæans of praise and adoration to the immensity of the actual and the infinitude of the possible. Burning sun and circling orb, electric flash and fiery stone, trailing splendour and pulsating wave; these are, indeed, the choristers of space chanting the anthems of universal being.

And still language has resources to convey this message of grandeur to the soul!

But the trackless plains of illimitable space are too far stretching and vague for the ordinary gaze. We stand on the brink of the known and shiver, refusing to take the plunge into the cold waters of the unknown and dreaded, though the pearls of a great peace and trust may be glistening beneath the waves. Yet even on the brink there is much to be noted and much to be heard, that passes with the crowd both unnoted and unheard, or, if heard, recognized in terror instead of love, fraught with the menacing shadows of the gruesome rather than the iris of the promise. What are these voices of sublimity that reach the loving ear and touch the loving heart? The majestic roll of the thunder which heralds the advance of the storm-phalanx. The crisp, faint t—chec, t—chec, of the lightning flash, suggested rather than heard, as it gilds the skirts of cloud-land, fringing the robes of the storm with glory, smiting the dull, dense air with forked

lash of zig-zag flame, and harrying the gray shreds of sullen vapour this way and that way, like beaten hounds of a supernal pack. The trumpet notes of the blast bugle defiance as it sweeps from the heights, exacting obeisance from the forest, and tribute from the main; hoarse whistlings, and yellings, and bayings, and ravings, all indescribable monitions of all indescribable passions, and powers, and prides.

And language yet has words to carry the message to the soul of the loiterer on the brink.

Then when the tempest dies, worn out with its own fierce passionate promptings, and the roystering, turbulent wind gives place to the gentle gale or dallying breeze, what caressings and whisperings and sighs of repentance succeed to the challenges of passion and the hoarse threatenings and shakings of the angry blasts. Each accent is a note of repentance and of promise. What plaintive sighings are heard among the branches. What penitent lispings round tremulous leaves, what rufflings and sobbings among the rushes, where great white lilies offer mute lips to the contrition of the roysterer. True, the petulant gale may yet whistle among the taut rigging of distant ships, or make moan in the hollows of the far-off hills, but it is more in bravado than in passion, and presently here, too, the sounds cease, fainting out, and all subsides into smiling peace where before was naught but boisterous rage.

And still in language can be found the semblance of the real, the talisman which holds up the mirror to the watcher on the brink.

The "many-voiced sea," too, has its moods, its lapses and its contrasts, its disagreements and its reconciliations. Brawlings and contentions and hoarse dashings of storm-tossed billows die away into the faintest echoes of low murmurings; the wash and eddy of the ebbing tide sings lullaby to the gloaming, where in the noontide swelled the organ notes of tempestuous waves, swept by the rustling swirl of the rain-drift, and lifted in shaggy cumuli of white snow-drift to be again hurled headlong on the complaining sands or "roar rock-thwarted under bellowing caves." The mighty voice of the cataract dwindles to the silvery tinkle of the thread-like cascade which showers the lichen-vestured rocks with iris-haunted spray. The great deluge of the drenching tropic rain subsides into a monotone of big drops plashing and pattering on brown autumn leaves. The thundering avalanche, white-piled and terrible, "dealing destruction's devastating doom," melts into broad, placid snow-flakes, sifting over Alpine heights to cover as with a quiet shroud, the hideousness of the wrecked homestead, the pathos of the stricken life.

And still language has not exhausted the vocabulary which appeals to the ear of the loiterer on the brink.

The orchestra of nature!—Hour after hour have I stood entranced, listening to the messages from the outer sphere, that other world within earshot of whose symphonies we live and move and have our being, yet take small heed of the tidings. Leaning upon an old zig-zag fence by a bend of the railway near a spot I love well, with a great

stretch of woods circling behind, a tiny chattering creeklet skirting the rails, and a green expanse of buttercup dappled meads to the left, just below a sloping bank upon which the red racime of wood-sorrel, and plume of grass, and the orange corolla of the great ox-eyed daisy, and all manner of sweet blossoming weeds are tangled in a maze of idyllic profusion—there have I stood and listened to the message. I have heard the wind rise on a soft June day in ever such gentle whisperings, as though fearing rebuke, wooing the leaves. By-and-bye, grown bolder with dalliance and unchecked caress, it lifts its voice in little laughs and gurglings and harmonious trills of hilarity, while the green masses of the woodland shake their jolly sides in sympathy with the happy fellow. Then follows a lull—surfeit of satisfaction, the tender interlude all hushed, only the sun glint on the rail and the odour of summer in the air;—then the first soloist sailing on ebon wing above the tree tops gives vent to his lusty caw, caw, caw—recitative to ox-eyed daisy and red-tinged sorrel and nodding grass-plume, and then, again—silence—followed by a little burst of tremulous applause,—clap of leaf-hand and tinkling approval of ripple-lip—and then, the roguish wind, now grown quite bold and familiar, soughs down upon the scene and wakes up full chorus of voices, many rustling leaves and sifting reeds and swaying branches, and then —another lull—and more solos; twitter of bird, tiny treble of insect, long-drawn *moo-o* of kine, prattle of the merry creek and hum of distant life; air-melodies and

earth-melodies, sonatas and cantatas, and between each the louder refrain of the breeze symphony; fugues, canons, serenades and great dithyrambs of voice-waves, shaking the welkin, a saturnalia of sound, and then—between one of the pauses, a faint, far-off treble shriek splits the thin air. The rails crepitate gently, pulsate and sing in unison to the great throbs of the iron-hearted stranger still far, far away. Presently, the suggestion of a mighty sound hovers and palpitates in the air,—and then, a different voice to any yet heard breaks through the breeze-concerto and soars above the leaf-chorus. Louder and louder sing the rails, and then—a mighty rush in the air, with puff of smoke, and whirr of wheel, and eddy of atmosphere and piercing shriek of steam, and the monster stranger, fire-fed and soul-laden, hurtles past in a frenzy of motion, and so—rocking, straining, whizzing, tugging, whirling, vapour-crowned and dust-skirted, into the distance, till the speck dies into a cloud puff, and the concert is resumed neath the sheen of the June-leaf and the glint of the summer sun.

Him that hath ears to hear, let him hear what the spirit messages bring to the loiterer on the brink! Then will he know what religion is, and what trust is, and love and adoration, and all grand feelings that work for good in the human soul and well from out the human heart.

> "He prayeth best who loveth best
> All things both great and small;
> For the dear God who loveth us,
> He made and loveth all."

But not yet is the orchestra of nature exhausted, all

"things of time have voices."

The river-horse crashes through the reeds of Nile with mighty plaint, the elephant trumpets from the jungle, the lion roars in the wilderness, and the wild-horse neighs from the steppe:

"'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home."

The birds flute melody from midnight-branches, or warble orisons in the broad light of day; chirping forth thanksgiving from the bosom of earth, or carolling hallelujahs from the clouds.

The hum of insect life is never silent, wherever their fleet wings go, is heard the message, drone of beetle, buzz of fly, hum of bee, chirp of cricket:

"The shrill cicala people of the pine
Making their summer lives one ceaseless song,"

chant the refrain from Italian slopes, or echo it from Himalayan solitudes.

I know not whether the finny people of the waters, those teeming denizens of the deep convey their instinctive promptings and feelings by oral methods to their fellows—they may unknown to us. But this I know, that in the long swash of sea-weed girdled wastes and the low, deep murmur of coral-furnished depths is still heard the message, making anthem in the atoll and echo in the shell.

Thus still is language—inarticulate yet eloquent—understood by some created beings: voice of brute and voice of bird, and voice of insect, and voice of inanimate nature—reiteration of praise—speaking to their God, and saying for ever and for ever, good, good—very good!

There is the music of home and peace in the ding, dong, ding, of the village bell. There is the music of time and of patient toil in the click, click, click of the village clock. There is the music of genius and unresting activity in the tap, tap, tap of the busy telegraph, chattering of all things, of all climes, of all peoples and states to the ear of the lingerer on the brink.

What is there on earth, or in heaven, or under the earth, that does not lift up its voice in musical accord to the rhythmical beatings of the heart that loves the infinite, though yet lingering by the brink of time and the finite?

So in language itself is found the similitude of much of the music of the natural world. Given a page of word-symbols—What are they but notes on a staff of potentiality, with many lines and many spaces, embracing many octaves of expression, and modulations of meaning. True, of itself the written symbol is nothing, that is, to the unappreciative eye and ear, it is a mere mark, the *locum tenens* of a mere sound, that may or may not stand as the representative of a rational notion. To the careless or the unappreciative, a printed page is merely a verbal labyrinth, in which to lose one's self amidst the hopeless entanglements of prosaic erudition, or possibly of rhythmic transcendentalism—though the uncultured and

unsympathetic may not be able to realize this fact, or define the terms, which nevertheless convey a true expression of their feelings—but in the mouth of the language lover these dead words become animated with living souls. They are to him crystallised thoughts, resplendent with the latent light of genius; prisms through which, at will, filter, iris-stained the white rays from reason's sun; or, perhaps, flower petals variegated with many hues, and in a sense fragrant with something of the odours of the wilderness and the wold. The mere symbols are indeed nothing till associated with utterance, as the human clay is nothing till animated by the intelligence. They are but glassy eyes filmed with the death-dew, expressionless and close-lidded; but, when the Promethean spark is applied, the lids lift, and then from out the soul-depths flash the message. Then, indeed, do the word forms become immortal, for never again can the letter be dis-associated from the spirit. Pygmalion-like we animate the clay, and the spirit becomes eternally wedded with our own. Like the sleeping beauty in the fairy tale, the word requires but the kiss of fancy to be waked into an everlasting life of youth and beauty.

All this is the especial glory of onomatopœia, or the assimilation of the word sound, with the sound of the object the word represents—language-music in its true sense, whether isolated note or connected harmony. What a word is that very dissyllable "glory!" Just analyse it, and then marvel at its wondrous beauty—its radiant being. It seems to have absorbed the sun-light, to return it at

the touch of the vocal spark. Like the sun rising, it lifts itself in the *g* above the articulate horizon, and lingers in the *l*, ere mounting to the *o* zenith, there to expand and glow, and permeate all space with its crescendo swell, trilling downwards again in the *r*, and so to the western shadow land—in the fainting *y*—and rest. Consider the word "sky." Pronounce it with a sharp rising inflection. Is it not more than a mere monosyllable? Why, it is a compressed universe,—a lark-world, soaring up into the realms of immeasurable blue, far, far out of sight, till only the strain is left rippling earthward in its wake. Take the voices of nature, and contrast them with the sounds of their word-representatives, and you shall find something more than mere arbitrary symbolism in the formation of our vocabulary. We have words that crackle like flaming thorns, and words that hiss like red hot irons in water; we have words that buzz like bevies of bees, and words that rattle like wheels over rough places; we have words that babble like limpid waters among the pebbles, and words that bubble like steam bursting from its liquid fetters; we have words that ring wedding chimes, and words that drum funeral marches; we have rustling words and lisping words, dashing words and clanging words, words that plunge ankle deep in the slush of the thaw, and words that ripple ever outwards and onwards with the first breath of the spring. We have beast words, and bird words, and insect words; trumpetings, and roarings and yellings, and ravings and bayings, and whistlings; cuckoos and peewits, hoarse cowings and

croakings, hummings and chirpings, dronings, and boomings. What better word could be found to represent the dull, full sound following the electric flash than "thunder." Still better is the Mexican "tlatlatnitzel," where the sharp metallic crash sometimes heard when near at hand is well represented. "Flash,"—what a lightning word is that, and "zig-zag,"—close the eyes and repeat it once or twice, till the brain gets permeated with the sense, and the ear with the sound, then will the dark world sphered in by the closed orbs be split by forked flame, or palpitating phosphorescence will tremble upon the horizon, and convert all to livid light.

So with thousands of words in our beautiful language. Even when isolated they are eloquent of all that we know and all that we feel and all that we anticipate. We have elegies and anthems, funeral marches and pæans of praise, phantasies and villanies, histories and romances, tragedies and comedies all written in the space devoted to a few syllables—ay, even a mono-syllable is not seldom sufficient to tell the tale. What a sedate word is "solemn!" 'Tis a dissyllable animated with the spirit of the old Puritan. Its very pronunciation is long-faced and lugubrious. "Gloom," too, is a shadow-word, bespeaking mass. Its sound is dense, through which no light filters, on which no sunbeam plays, from whose depths no star-rays twinkle. The word "sob" is a tragedy, a perpetual heart-breaking. There is a cry in it that would find utterance were it not beaten back by the weight of an unutterable woe, so can find outlet only in spasmodic

heavings and choking sighs, with gasp of breath and great palpitations that shake the very atmosphere of articulation. "Ghost" and "ghastly" are phantasies. They are white-robed. There is the odour of the grave-yard about them. They stalk out from between white lips at all uncanny hours. They affect the gloaming. Through their pale sheetedness of syllabification can be seen the anatomies of the dead, can be counted the ribs of dissolution. They are unquiet, unforgiven, unlovely phantom forms, articulated cowerings and tremblings, creeping out in the dark, ever seeking rest and finding none:

> "From their aspect and their garments
> Strangers seemed they in the village;
> Very pale and haggard were they,
> As they sat there sad and silent,
> Trembling, cowering with the shadows.
> Was it the wind above the smoke-flue
> Muttering down into the wigwam?
> Was it the owl, the koho-koho,
> Hooting from the dismal forest?
> Sure a voice said in the silence:
> 'These are corpses clad in garments,
> These are ghosts that come to haunt you,
> From the kingdom of Ponemah,
> From the land of the Hereafter!'"

"Merry" is a perpetual burst of hilarity—a comedy compressed in a dissyllable—a pantomime in letters. Punch, Judy, the Clown, Harlequin, and Columbine all combined. Join to it the word "hearted,"—"merry-hearted,' and the air rollicks with the refrain of the sound. The compound utterance trips, dances, waltzes out into the open, and goes on forever pirouetting in space. "Rush"

—what a word is that! One to warn us out of the way ere it comes charging like a whirlwind of cavalry from its vantage ground. We almost expect the rolling initial and *u* prolongation to be brought sharp up in that terrible sibilant *sh* against our personalities with such force, as to overcome our centres of gravity and seat us *sans ceremonie* in the mud, while the sound in very deed does *rush* over our prostrate dignity. On the other hand, what a lazy word is "linger." It comes stealing out from under the upturned tongue, as though loath to leave its comfortable quarters within,—then when out, it evades us, and vanishes, apparently back to the bourn from which it was extracted with such reluctance. We have hard words and soft words—"file" and "rasp," and "crust" almost set our teeth on edge, but "flute" and "crumb" fall like vocal snow-flakes upon the tympanum." "Furtive" is a thief-word. I never hear it, but I also see it, creeping stealthily towards an imaginary cupboard, there to interview surreptitiously—well, the black currrant jam! In the "Strange Story," Bulwer Lytton has a fine line illustrative of the diffidence naturally felt by a modest and well-bred woman when offering a physician his fee. "And again the furtive hand bashfully insinuated the hateful fee." "Drifting" is a beautiful dissyllable, but sad, an ocean waif, wave-tossed; or sadder still, a land waif, passion-tossed, aimless, comfortless, broken from the moorings of some once fond heart, and so, rocking for evermore on the billows of life's unrest towards the horizon of unaccomplished hopes.

Consider a few vocal compounds and subject them to close analytic study, reiterate them till they become familiar, till their strangeness or newness is worn off, and their very being has become assimilated with the intellectual *ego*. Then will they expand like blossoms under the sunlight and render up all their beautiful being to the wooer of the message. What a beautiful word-melody is "Laughing-water." Still more beautiful is its Indian equivalent, "Minne-ha-ha." How the syllables ripple and gurgle and sparkle in the utterance. Yet there is a difference, too, in the stranger-synonyms. The English word seems to expand lake-like, in silver ripples with the sun-glint on their edges; its Indian appositive prattles a word streamlet under the same sun, tinkling over the pebbles as it goes, and coquetting with the wild flowers on its brink:

> "From the wigwam he departed,
> Leading with him Laughing Water;
> Hand in hand, they went together,
> Through the woodland and the meadow,
> Left the old man standing lonely
> At the doorway of his wigwam;
> Heard the Falls of Minnehaha
> Calling to them from the distance,
> Crying to them from afar off,
> 'Fare thee well, O Minnehaha!'"

"Bloom-burdened." What a wealth of effloresence in this compound! It is a flower pastoral. The heavy labials and broad, soft vowels give an impression of orchard boughs bending beneath the weight of pink and white petals, dew-fed and bee-haunted, with intermittent

bursts of fragrance that weigh upon the senses and close the languid eyes in a perpetual spring slumber.

"Dusky depths,"—is a shadowland, a hazel copse by twilight—a leaf-heart with one cloistered path leading like a giant vein to its core;—here lovers have their tryst so that their own hearts can throb in unison to the wooing of the leaves.

I have already instanced an Indian word, "Minnehaha;" I may be pardoned for introducing one or two more. Strictly speaking, these, of course, are not English, but their intonation is so musical, and their spirit so cosmopolitan that they appeal to our instincts of the beautiful, irrespective of nationality or philological law. The words I allude to are found in the following extract from Maurice Thompson, where they add considerably to the beauty of an already extremely beautiful passage, filled with cool airs and the sounds of fresh waters:

"The bubbling of the cold trout-brooks of the Leelenaw blends with the lazy swash of the Pearl River and the Kissimmee."

But if words, singly or compounded, may be thus made to convey by their sound closer approximation of object and thought, much more have combinations of words this onomatopoetic power of expression. One needs but to open the pages of any first class author to verify the statement for himself. Herein lies much of the beauty of rhetorical effect, so far as true, that is, natural, musical expression is concerned. Milton, the prince of epic poets, abounds with fine examples. Hazlitt has well said:

"the sound of his lines is moulded into the expression of the sentiment, almost of the very image. They rise or fall, pause or hurry rapidly on, with exquisite art, but without the least trick or affectation, as the occasion seems to require." He goes on to adduce instances from which I cull short excerpts. Here is the falling of Mulciber, rendered so realistic by onomatopoetic cunning and verbal reduplication, that the reader is deceived even as to time itself, and follows the falling angel mentally through spaces and hours, bewildered at the portentous dimensions of that mighty fall:

> —"thrown by mighty Jove
> Sheer o'er the chrystal battlements; from morn
> To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
> A summer's day; and with the setting sun
> Dropped from the zenith like a falling star
> On Lemnos, the Ægean isle:—"

Take another instance, the flight of the infernal hosts to the hall of Pandemonium. The very air becomes mottled with the pinion-shadows of the mighty host, while the atmosphere surges and palpitates; fanned, beaten, or clean-cut by the winged rush of the Satanic squadrons:

> "—But chief the spacious hall
> Thick swarm'd, both on the ground and in the air,
> Brushed with the hiss of rustling wings. As bees
> In spring time—"

In this next passage we have the idea of breadth and winding flight, after a swoop downward, hawk-like, through the stars:

"—then from pole to pole
He views in breadth, and without longer pause
Down right into the world's first region throws
His flight precipitate, and winds with ease
Through the pure marble air his oblique way,
Amongst innumerable stars that shone: "

Pope, too, is a master of this art of assimilating sound and sense, as, indeed, he is of most of the arts of poetic diction. What can be finer than these verbal imitations of slow and laborious motion, effected principally through the agency of monosyllables, pause, aspirated alliteration, and epizeuxis or reiteration:

"With many a weary step, and many a groan,
Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone."

First march the heavy mules securely slow;
O'er hills, o'er dales, o'er craggs, o'er rocks they go."

Now listen to this bowstring and bird's cry:

—"the string let fly,
Twang'd short and sharp, like the *shrill swallow's cry*,"

again, felling trees:

"Loud sounds the axe, redoubling strokes on strokes,
On all sides round the forest hurls her oaks
Headlong. Deep echoing groan the thickets brown,
Then rustling, crackling, crashing, thunder down."

A rock torn from a mountain-brow:

"Still gath'ring force, it smokes, and urg'd amain,
Whirls, leaps, and thunders down, impetuous, to the plain."

Prolonged and painful motion:

"A needless Alexandrine ends the song;
That like a wounded snake drags its slow length along."

Yet once more. Last but not least is Gray's superb embodiment of reluctance. Here the verse literally halts, wavers, turns back and entreats, ere dragging with unwilling feet its lagging syllables from the light and life of animate being:

> "For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
> This pleasing, anxious being ere resigned;
> Left the warm precints of the cheerful day,
> Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind."

There is much on earth that is disappointing and misleading. I fancy there are few men arrived at maturity who can conscientiously lay their hands on their hearts and say, my idol is without flaw, it cannot be shattered.

What constitutes the aim of the majority of men? Is it ambition? He may find it an insatiable monster that finally sucks the life-blood from his being. Is it wealth? Gold is fleeting—to-day it is his, to-morrow full-fledged, it leaves the parent-nest deserted, cheerless and wind-wrecked. Is it beauty? That too may fade or die. Love? Change is written on the monosyllable. Our art collections may perish, our flowers wither, our hopes decay. Our hairs grow gray. One boon alone seems, if not immutable, at least insured to us in some sort, so long as life lasts and our faculties remain—that boon is the gift of language. As long as we last, speech is indestructible and inalienable. Even thought-speech, if nothing more. This is consolatory, for if the spirit does survive, thought, I apprehend, is one of the few things we shall take with us to that other sphere. I cannot reconcile the idea of heaven

with that of a blank intellect. Give me my language, my art, my rhetoricians, poets, orators, or give me nothing. Let each one speak for himself. In that home they tell us there are many mansions.

While on this subject of music in language, and dealing with such suggestive terms as rhetoric, oratory and literary art—we may enquire what it is that constitutes the beauty of rhetorical utterance, the perfection of oratorical art, the music of literary excellence. So far as I can see there are many expedients required to make up the great whole—or call them devices, or even tricks—of construction, of imitation, of suggestion.

There are, as already pointed out, tricks of onomatopœia: clanging cymbals, booming guns, murmuring waves, rustling wings—which charm by analogy.

There are tricks of reduplication or iteration, sometimes called epizeuxis, or plocé, or gemination, or anaphora, or epiphora, or symplocé, or anadiplosis, or epanadiplosis, or complection, or epanalepsis, or epanodos, according to how, when or where the iteration or repetition is introduced.

"Like to the red, red rose."

"He sung Darius great and good
By too severe a fate
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate."

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll."

"Who proposed this law? Rullus. Who prevented the greater part of the people from giving their votes? Rullus. Who presided over the assemblies? Rullus."

Which charm by intensification.

Tricks of inversion:

"Red as a rose is she."

"Red gleams the cross and wanes the crescent pale.

"Far flashed the red artillery."

Which charm by novelty of arrangement.

Tricks of alliteration:

"Maker and model of melodious verse."

"Sorrow and the scarlet leaf,
Sad thoughts and sunny weather,
Ah me! this glory and this grief
Agree not well together."

Which charm by initial assonance.

Tricks of middle rhyme or terminal rhyme or both.

"The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow furrowed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea."

Which charm by final assonance.

Notice here, too, the splendid alliteration of Coleridge, whose master hand makes the verse sing like the breeze-swept waters.

Tricks of metre, which constitute the great beauty of Pope's polished verse, and charm by their wonderful smoothness and regularity of grace.

Tricks of clause-balancing and antithesis:

"Oh! could I flow like thee! and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme;
Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full."

Which charm by contrast and equipoise.

Tricks of cadence or real verse music, which charm by pure melody apart from any aid of mere regular syllabification or rhyme, as Coleridge's "Christabel," from which I extract the following fine passage:

"Alas! they had been friends in youth,
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain;
And thus it chanc'd as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leonine.
Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother,
And parted ne'er to meet again!
But neither ever found another
To free the hollow heart from paining—

They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now floats between,
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been."

Doubtless there are many causes, lying too deeply hidden for analysis, which tend to the production of the great effect, the perfect whole. Those enumerated are some of the most obvious aids to artistic excellence in prose and verse. I suppose much depends upon individual interpretation of the message transmitted through the literary medium. No two translate life exactly alike. To some it is, at best, but a hard task, a difficult construction, whose intricacies will not be unravelled. But these are the thoughtful, the studious, those who feel

most, to whom life is a tragedy rather than a comedy. To others, it presents no difficulty. The glib tongues of the thoughtless and the heartless rattle over the deepest passages of existence, and so to the end; yet though apparently at home in the text, it is but lip service with which the brain has nought to do. They have not construed the parable, nor do they understand the author. I am convinced that some lives are made sad from the cradle—perhaps for a beneficent purpose. These see beauties that the world recks not of; though buffeted by the crowd they are the favourites of solitude and meditation—ministers who take them by the hand and lead them into the vistas of the spirit world, showing them all the kingdoms of the intellect, and the glory of them There they linger and make mute friends of the dead and of all kindred spirits to come in the æons of futurity, become themselves in a sense a part of all infinite time—units in the great symposium of immortal instincts. It is the nature of the superficial, the happy and the young to love light and mirth and humour, to affect a literary style that trips, dances, quavers and pulsates with life and joy. But, after all, I doubt if this style of composition is that which teaches most, or which in the end brings most satisfaction to the student of letters and the student of life. We put away with averted face and repellent hands the sigh, the woe and the shroud. Yet must they come. They will not be renounced. Far better to meet them open-handed, with a word of welcome on the lip and a smile in the eye, as a part of the

common heritage. Why should we be for ever dancing, flirting and feasting on the brink of the grave? Why should we be continually in the presence of the skeleton, and because flesh-veiled and bloom-suffused, fail to trace the grinning mockery beneath? To meet these realities as realities is to rob misfortune of its terrors, and death of its sting. Being a part of nature now, what else can we ever be but a component part of the great whole, which wastes not, and cannot be untrue to itself?

It follows that to the mind given to contemplation and retrospection, there is something peculiarly fascinating in the pathos of literature, a deeper music wells from out the pensive clauses, a refrain of subdued sadness, provocative of what some, I presume, would call sentimental feeling; but it matters not what we call it, the feeling is none the less real, and none the less a part of human nature. It is also a fact which admits of no contradiction, that to sentiment we owe some of the chief pleasures of life, and to the same source we may attribute some of the gems of our literary gallery. Take up your Bible and open at the 12th of Ecclesiastes. Read, mark, learn and inwardly digest that most beautiful old Hebrew poem. Try to analyse the causes which lie at the base of the feeling of satisfaction experienced. They will be found to consist largely in our capabilities of realization and appreciation of sentiment, or quasi-melancholy retrospect and forecaste. Again, to the ear attuned to music, and the rhythmical flow of sober, reverential thought, thought which yet contains a comfort and a

hope, there can be nothing in language more beautiful than the 23rd Psalm—wherein the charm consists of many factors, all tending to produce most exquisite music. It opens with splendid metaphor; "The Lord is my shepherd I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters." Then the clouds close over the scene, and a great sorrow and yearning, yet mingled with a great hope and trust, sobs through the muffled clauses:

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

To burst out again in glorious sunshine and renewed life and loftier purpose:

"Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

The Bible is full of passages like these, both the Old and the New Testament: and this claim alone, the claim of sentimental beauty, gives it a place very near our hearts; for it is eloquent with the refrain of much of our own lives, the aspiration for something higher, nobler and more lasting than mortality.

Yes, Oliver Wendell Holmes has said truly—I quote from memory—that the feeble link of a sentiment is often stronger than the adamantine chain of a treaty. I conscientiously believe that were we to eliminate the element of sentiment from life, the barren dust remaining would hardly be worth gathering into the funeral

urn of finite existence. What have we to live on but a hope and a sorrow? What are most lives? A grave, and—trust. The grave at least we know by sad experience to be real; but heaven is of faith—not of earth, earthy, it is borne on wings of sentiment, many-hued and beautiful, an iris of immortality spanning the mausoleum of Time. Therefore as we know so much of sadness and so little of true satisfaction and content, I deem it not unnatural or strange that some natures,—perhaps most natures at times—dwell with especial interest on those stanzas or passages which appeal to the heart, as the outpourings of brethren in affliction, or sorrow, or difficulty; for truly heart speaks to heart, and this is one of the pleasures and duties of life to sympathise with, and if possible to comfort the dissappointed, the weary, and the sufferer. Higher office than this on earth is there none—not though immortality be a figment of transcendentalism, and paradise, a Jewish phantasy.

It is sad but true, that we not unfrequently mock at sentimentalism and laugh at love. It is one of the enigmas of life that we spurn the most beautiful from our doors, while we sit within in sackcloth and ashes, bemoaning the loss, or give to ribaldry and a smirk the holiest passion that animates the human breast. Too often is the heritage of inclination, a blush; and the fetters of the rejected, shame; yet all this is wrong, inhuman, devilish. Sentiment is the parent of reverence, and without reverence life is an ocean-waif tempest-

tossed and compassless, and faith a Sahara, swept by drifting sands, and the most awful simoon of annihilation, beneath which the carcass festers, lured to its thirst-tormented end by the mirage of false inclination, false reason, and false hope.

But apart from utility or common sense or matter of fact or call it what you will—Mammon has many names for the hydra-headed monster, there is something in the refrain of the sentimental; something in the cadence or rhythm or spirit of the unsubstantial, that appeals strongly to the cultivated human instinct; else, would poetry be dead, religion a pure social myth, and speculative science impossible. With all the learned weight of Herbert Spencer's philosophical arguments, the halo of the invisible lingers round his periods. With all the Comptean matter-of-fact of Frederic Harrison's resplendent clauses, there dwells in them a cry for "more light." That light, perhaps, we cannot obtain. The invisible is dark and inscrutable; but sympathy at least is ours, in no unstinted measure, and from that sympathy for lack of a better panacea, let us draw human comfort and human inspiration and human encouragement to carry us a step farther on life's sinuous and uncertain way. For a step made is a step gained, and a pleasure realized, if only in the contemplation of the mournful in literary art, has robbed *ennui* of a thorn, and mulcted satiety in one ultimate terror. How frail is life and how imperfect, but its very imperfections constitute much of its glory—"So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Yet, it is something to say that a good deed is possible in a naughty world!

I suppose it is customary to go to great authors for illustrations; to quote names that have come floating down to us on a "sea of glory," or may yet be afloat upon that sun-illumined tide. But, among other strange idiosyncrasies of being, I have a habit of finding beauties of the very first order, where, I suppose, the great world and the ultra-critical world would hardly look for them. As in nature, so in literature and art, my tastes are cosmopolitan. I can see beauty in a gray fog, in a dust-mantled blade of grass, a limitless stretch of placid main, a barren waste, even in "a black, ugly-looking rain cloud." But above all do I delight in the great author and artist "Anonymous." That classic polysyllable is a head-stone more splendid than even Westminster can boast. It lifts itself into an atmosphere of renown loftier than dome can reach or column pierce. Written on Time's crumbling obelisk, that name is among the last that shall fade. Linked hand in hand, and heart to heart with the illustrious known, the great unknown shall face outwards through the wicket into the highways of immortality.

Oh! that the world would be brave and true! Oh! that King Cophetua would eternally woo the beggar-maid—if worthy. That men would confess their honest loves and stand with them at the altar of opinion, though branded with the penury of obscurity, and clothed in the rags of indigent, because unrecognised merit. We have so few Shakspeares and Miltons and Goliaths of literary

renown; yet the world is so full of struggling intellect and splendid talent and unremunerated worth. Why will we break human hearts in life, and pile monuments above their poor starved bones? If literature has its giants, recognised as such, well-preserved, respectable, authenticated, obese names, it has likewise its ghosts, poor, pallid, shivering voices, that linger eternally by the ruined threshold of "the might have been," and still call from out the vistas of the night for the crumbs that might have ripened their talents here.

Yet is there another class which I love, whose voice bears music to my soul—not altogether unknown—perhaps well known, and by a section admired; yet not of universal fame—the fame which transcends mortality and echoes over the æons of a deathless futurity. From pages emanating from this class, generally of light literature and poetry, I can cull many—to me—gems, and especially gems of pathos; musical pathos, for of music am I now treating. I have a song ringing in my ears at present, which I deem replete with music, though other concomitants are not wanting. Yet it touches the heart more than the senses, so I class it among the musical. The author's name I do not know. Perhaps, however, that is my fault. Others may know it. The words are very sentimental and in my humble opinion beautiful, especially throbbing with a sad music, for which reason I quote them:

"I sat beside the streamlet,
I watched the water flow,
As we together watched it,
One little year ago.

The soft rain patter'd o'er the leaves,
The April grass was wet,
'Tis folly to remember,
'Twere wiser to forget.

I stood among the gold corn.
Alas ! no more I knew
To gather gleaner's measure
Of the love that fell from you ;
For me no gracious harvest,
Would God we ne'er had met
For cruel as remembrance is,
'Tis harder to forget.

The nightingale made musical
June's palace paved with gold,
I watched the rose you gave me
Its warm red heart unfold ;
But sight of rose and song of bird
Were fraught with wild regret,
'Tis madness to remember,
'Twere wiser to forget.

The streamlet now is frozen,
The nightingales are fled,
The corn fields are deserted,
And every rose is dead ;
I sit beside my lonely fire,
And pray for wisdom yet,
For calmness to remember,
For courage to forget."

This is very sentimental, I admit—but how true ! The refrain will be found stamped on the hearts of nine-tenths of adult humanity, if they will but take the trouble to cast a retrospective glance to the days of their susceptibility, that is, before they were twenty-one and world-wise. Should I be wrong in estimating that the majority have their hearts broken half-a-dozen times over before that interesting period ? But the heart of youth is easily

patched and memory is very unreliable. Is it not, Hero ? Is it not, Leänder ?

I must say that I experience intense pleasure in translating the various sounds which are latent in the music passages of literature. Of course, this voice, or as I shall term it, musical element, may be found in combination with any of the other literary types already dealt with ; but in these, it is sometimes subservient to the imagery of architectural form or colour or statuesqueness. That composition alone can be deemed *purely* musical—apart from mere regularity of metre, the distinguishing feature of verse—which typifies irrespective of form or colour some phase of sound, whether of human voice, or instrument or of the brute creation, or so-called inanimate nature, or simply of suggestion, evoking sensations of pleasure, sadness, &c., by mere melody of metrical sequence, or cadence, or harmonious juxtaposition of words. For instance, in the following stanza from Miss Jewsbury's " The Flight of Xerxes," while the first four, or perhaps five lines, deal with the picturesque, the concluding four are filled with sounds—the sounds of humanity ; trampling squadrons and echoing plaudits—the words " shook," " thunder," and " ring " are here mighty factors in the production of this general effect. Each is a sort of verbal conductor, charged with electric force which it needs but the touch of imagination to set free in a burst of vocal energy :

" He look'd on ocean—its broad breast
Was cover'd with his fleet ;
On earth—and saw from east to west,
His banner'd millions meet ;

While rock, and glen, and cave, and coast,
Shook with the war-cry of that host,
The thunder of their feet!
He heard the imperial echoes ring—
He heard—and felt himself a king!"

Another very fine instance of this latent power in words to suggest broad effects of sound, such as might be produced by the human voice, is to be found in Longfellow's "Slave's Dream." Notice the use of the italicised words:

"The forests, with their *myriad tongues*,
Shouted of liberty:
And the *blast* of the desert *cried aloud*,
With a *voice* so *wild* and *free*,
That he started in his sleep and smiled
At their *tempestuous* glee."

Yet again: Consider, as conducive to the same effect —the reproduction of the human voice—together with the sounds of elemental warfare. these truly magnificent lines of Byron, on Shipwreck:

"Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell—
Then shriek'd the timid and stood still the brave—
Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave;
And the sea yawn'd around her like a hell,
And down she suck'd with her the whirling wave,
Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And tries to strangle him before he die.

And first one universal shriek there rush'd,
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder; and then all was hush'd,
Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
Of billows; but at intervals there gush'd,
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry,
Of some strong swimmer in his agony."

Notice here the fine contrast presented between the wild uproar of the despairing crew and the crashing wreck, and the hush which proclaims the human agony ended and the elements triumphant.

As a contrast pure and simple to all this crash and turmoil and echoing thunder, what can be finer than the following lines by the great author "Anon"? They are eloquent of calm, undisturbed night. Though containing words suggestive of sound, even of riot, such as "blast," "tramp," "rush," these are so skilfully introduced that the very opposite effect to what might well be conceived their natural one, is produced. As a paradigm of hushed music fascinating yet awful, I think the quotation inimitable:

"'Tis midnight—yet they hear no sound
Along the lone, still street;
No blast of pestilence sweeps the ground,
No tramp of unearthly feet;
Nor rush as of harpy wing goes by,
But the calm moon floats in the cloudless sky,
Mid her wan light clear and sweet.

Once only, shot like an arrowy ray,
A pale blue flash was seen,
It pass'd so swift, the eye scarce could say
That such a thing had been;
Yet the beat of every heart was still,
And the flesh crawled fearfully and chill,
And back flowed every vein."

Observe, too, that this is peace, the prelude to disaster and woe: the calm, unearthly, oppressive, deceitful, before the hurricane; the specious repose which heralds the universal wail over Egypt's smitten firstborn.

In Dryden's "Song for St. Cecilia's Day," we have the sounds of musical instruments well represented. The poem opens with a happy onomatopoetic figure:

"From harmony, from heav'nly harmony
This universal frame began;
When nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay—
And cou'd not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high:
Arise, ye more than dead."

Not a better word than "jarring" could have been chosen to represent chaos. It is without exception, I think, the harshest word for its length in the language, partly attributable, I suppose, to the compound-consonantal formation of its initial *j*, this letter being equivalent to *dzh*, where no vowel intervenes. The broad *a* immediately supplemented by a double trill and final nasal *ng* are, moreover, all uneuphoneous elements eloquent of the harsh grating sound intended to be produced. The first line of the extract, on the contrary, is harmonious, and in fine contrast with line 4, the effect here being produced by the alliterative sequence of aspirates.

In stanza 3 commences the music, capitally rendered: trumpets and drums; nasals, repetitions and broad sounds:

"The trumpet's loud clangour
Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger
And mortal alarms.
The double, double, double beat
Of the thundering drum,
Cries heark! the foe's come!
Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat!"

Stanza 4 imitates the flute and lute : soft broad vowels, soft sibilants, liquid and aspirate labials :

" The soft complaining flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers,
Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute."

Stanza 5 gives us the violin ; sharp sibilants and aspirate alliteration, well representing the humming treble of the strings :

" Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains and height of passion,
For the fair disdainful dame."

Stanza 6, by elaborated thought and rising inflections, aids the mind to realize in some sort the lofty strains of the organ :

" But oh ! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach
The sacred organ's praise,
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above."

I suppose every true poet is in some sense a musician. He must at least have an ear for propriety of verbal accord and harmony of rhythm. Dryden has shown this musical instinct, if I may so term it, to advantage in another poem, " Alexander's Feast, or the Power of Music." Herein by happy lengthenings and contractions, metrical transitions, abrupt breaks and repetitions, onomatopoetic words and figures, now delicate, now lofty, he

succeeds in producing fine orchestral effects. Especially suggestive are the openings to the following stanzas:

Stanza 2:

"Timotheus, plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touched the lyre;
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heav'nly joys inspire."

Stanza 3:

"The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young,
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
Flush'd with a purple grace
He shows his honest face;
Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes.'

Stanza 6:

"Now strike the golden lyre again;
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain,
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has rais'd up his head,
As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd, he stares around."

Stanza 7:

"Thus long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire."

Very happy is this master of resonant verse in his intensification of sentiment by effects of repetition—as where he says:

Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair."

and again:

"He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate
And welt'ring in his blood."

This trick of vocal reduplication, if rightly appreciated and properly interpreted, is an instrument of great power to the elocutionist.

Edgar Allan Poe, that grand master of weird music in verse, so solemn, so tender, and so mystical, has given us a fine imitation of bells in the poem of that name, the first stanza of which I shall quote. It not only admirably illustrates the musical treble of the diminutive sleigh-bells, but is instinct with the spirit, which under the blue frosty sky, and surrounded by the clear, wintry air of a Northern clime animates the pleasure seeker:

"Hear the sledges with their bells,
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night,
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells."

The transitions which follow are very fine, and I would advise the lover of literary music to study well the gradations in the various stanzas, from the tinkle of the first,

through the mellow "molten golden" notes of the second, the loud brazen turbulency of the third, to the massive, tolling, melancholy monody of the last, where the notes fluctuate in all dismal accord, throbbing, and sobbing, and knelling, and rolling, and tolling, and moaning, and groaning themselves out into the silence of the night.

But of all renditions of bell music in English verse, I deem one of the most realistic to be Agnes E. Mitchell's fascinating little poem, "When the Cows Come Home," which I believe is a favourite with Mrs. Scott Siddons. Not only are the sounds of the cow bells admirably rendered, but the whole work is full of pathos and beauty—an indescribable something which appeals to one's sense of the past and the pathetic as does Gray's Elegy. Like parts of the Elegy, too, it is full of atmosphere. It is enveloped in an "air" holding a "solemn stillness," yet fraught with faint echoes of rustic life and the long ago, and permeated with the warmth, fragrance and melancholy of the summer gloaming. I give the first and last stanzas only as specimens; but advise the word student to read, mark, learn and inwardly digest the whole beautiful poem:

"When klingle, klangle, klingle,
Far down the dusky dingle,
The cows are coming home;
Now sweet and clear, now faint and low,
The airy tinklings come and go,
Like chimings from the far-off tower,
Or patterings of an April shower,
That make the daisies grow;
Ko-ling, ko-lang, kolinglelingle,
Far down the darkening dingle,
The cows come slowly home.

* * * * * *

And over there on Merlin Hill
Sounds the plaintive cry of the whip-poor-will,
And the dew drops lie on the tangled vines,
And over the poplars Venus shines,
And over the silent mill,
Ko-ling, ko-lang, kolinglelingle,
With ting-a-ling and jingle,
The cows come slowly home.

Let down the bars ; let in the train
Of long gone songs, and flowers, and rain,
For dear old times come back again,
When the cows come home."

From musical instruments we come to the utterances of the brute creation. How I dislike that word brute, as applied indiscriminately to all animate creation, save man! Alas! man is too often the brute. The patient beast of burden, the faithful hound, the twittering songsters, I feel assured, have instincts as far removed above those of some of their human detractors, as are the works of these not unfrequently transcended in use, benevolence and beauty by those of the former.

First of musicians are the birds ; and here is a bit of bird music in language by an author already quoted, H. Timrod :

" All birds that love the English sky
Throng round my path when she is by ;
The blackbird from a neighbouring thorn
With music brims the cup of morn,
And in a thick, melodious vein
The mavis pours her mellow strain !
But only when my Katie's voice
Makes all the glistening woods rejoice,
I hear—with cheeks that flush and pale—
The passion of the nightingale."

James Hogg, too, has caught something of the melody of the lark in his estimation of its strain :

"Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea ;
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
Oh ! to abide in the desert with thee !
Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub soar, singing away !
Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be ;
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
Oh ! to abide in the desert with thee !"

So, too, has Shelley caught the music of the lark :

"Hail to thee, blithe spirit !
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher,
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire ;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden light'ning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
Thou dost float and run;
Like an embodied joy whose race is just begun."

Thus on through twenty beautiful stanzas. But Drayton gives us a continuity of blank verse, musical with the notes of all the choristers of woodland, glade and open; warblings, and trills, and chants, and pipings, and shrill sharps and counterfeiting laughs, a medley of sound in a wilderness of vernal bloom:

"Then from her burnish'd gate the goodly glitt'ring East
Gilds every lofty top, which late the numerous night
Bespangled had with pearl to please the morning's sight;
On which the mirthful quires, with their clear open throats,
Unto the joyful morn so strain their warbling notes,
That hills and valleys ring, and even the echoing air
Seems all composed of sounds, about them everywhere.
The throstle, with shrill sharps, as purposely he song
T'awake the lustless sun; or chiding that so long
He was in coming forth, that should the thickets thrill,
The woosel near at hand, that hath a golden bill;
As nature him had mark'd of purpose to let see
That from all other birds his tunes should different be,
For, with their vocal sounds, they sing to pleasant May;
Upon this dulcet pipe the merle doth only play!
When, in the lower brake, the nightingale hard by,
In such lamenting strains the joyful hours doth ply,
As though the other birds she to her tunes would draw!
And, but that nature (by her all-constraining law)
Each bird to her own kind this season doth invite,
They else, alone to hear that charmer of the night,
(The more to use their ears) their voices sure would spare
That moduleth her tunes so admirably rare,
As man to set in parts at first had learn'd of her.
To Philomel, the next the linnet we prefer;
And by that warbling bird, the wood-lark, place we then
The reed sparrow, the nope, the red-breast and the wren,
The yellow pate, which, though she hurt the blooming tree,

Yet scarce hath any bird a finer pipe than she.
And of these chaunting fowls, the goldfinch not behind,
That hath so many sorts descending from her kind.
The tydy from her notes as delicate as they,
The laughing hecco, then the counterfeiting jay;
The softer with the shrill (some hid among the leaves,
Some in taller trees, some in the lower greaves)
Thus sing away the morn, until the mountain sun
Through thick exhaled fogs his golden head hath run,
And through the twisted tops of our close covert creeps,
To kiss the gentle shade, this while that sweetly sleeps."

Lastly, Maurice Thompson takes us by the hand of fellowship, and leads us away, ever so far away, from all haunts and sounds of civilization, into Southern woods under a Southern sky. He leads us into the depths of a Southern swamp, sad with cypress, and heavy with moss. He seats us on the fallen bole of some ere-while forest Goliath, and as the sun rises, together, hand in hand, we revel in the twitter of the bird-world; but above all, with strained ears do we listen for the first notes of the wood-monarch we have come to hear, the morning orison of the great red-headed woodpecker—a few anxious moments and then :—

"As the sun mounted, however, a cheerful twitter ran with the gentle breeze through the bay thickets and magnolia clumps, and I recognized a number of familiar voices; then suddenly the gavel of Campephilus sounded sharp and strong a quarter-mile away. A few measured raps, followed by a rattling drum-call, a space of silence, rimmed with receding echoes, and then a trumpet note, high, full, vigorous, almost startling, cut the air with a sort of a broadsword sweep. Again, the long-roll answered, from a point nearer me, by two or three hammer-like raps on

the resonant branch of some dead cypress-tree. The king and queen were coming to their palace. I waited patiently, knowing that it was far beyond my power to hurry their movements. It was not long before one of the birds, with a rapid cackling that made the wood rattle, came over my head, and went straight to the stump where it lit, just below the lower hole, clinging gracefully to the trunk."

Not less fascinating than these repetitions of animate music in the language of literature, are, however, the verbal reproductions, at length, of much of the melody of inanimate creation. To the lover of true melody—the reflected melody of the outer world, what, for instance, can be more delightful than these four exquisite lines of the poet Swinburne, of which the fourth is justly considered to be one of the finest examples of alliterative metre in English:

> "When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,
> The mother of months in meadow or plain
> Fills the shadows and windy places
> With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain."

What a revelation is this! A landscape, melancholy with shadow,—wind-stirred, full of leaf-lispings and big drops rippling earthward. Such as many have known in the spring-time, in now far-away England, when the year was young, and earth was young, and hope was young, ere yet the shadows of the inevitable had been flung across life's pathway, ere lisp or ripple of love—hate—pride—unquiet-ambition, had fluttered the being, ere the "winter of our discontent" had let the rain in through the rift.

Fit companion to the above alliterative gem, and bearing on the same subject is the following exquisite bit by Coleridge:

> "It ceased; yet still the sails made on
> A pleasant noise till noon,
> A noise like of a hidden brook
> In the leafy month of June,
> (That to the sleeping woods all night
> Singeth a quiet tune!"

The leaves and the waters truly speak in no unknown tongue to the philosopher of nature, the rapt loiterer on the brink. Fortunate for man that such power has been given to him to translate the message, to reproduce so much of music and so much of beauty through the medium of speech.

Truly the waters are inspired of the "Tuneful Nine"—and man, catching the spirit of inspiration, prolongs the message in verse and prose; now in hoarse roarings and ravings, trumpetings and discords; anon, in faint whisperings and ripplings, prattlings and tricklings, murmurings and bubblings—harmonious converse of bright drops over sifting sands or tinkling pebbles. So Ruskin prolongs the message of the water-sprites in the flowing prose of peace:

"Soft moss on stone and rock; cave fern of tangled glen; wayside well—perennial, patient, silent, clear, stealing through its square font of rough-hewn stone; ever thus deep, no more—which the winter wreck sullies not, the summer thirst wastes not, incapable of stain as of decline—where the fallen leaf floats undecayed, and the

insect darts undefiling: crossed brook and ever eddying river, lifted even in flood scarcely over its stepping-stones —but through all sweet summer keeping tremulous music with harp-strings of dark water among the silver fingering of the pebbles. Far away in the south the strong river gods have all hasted, and gone down to the sea."

Again, he prolongs the message in the stormy prose of elemental warfare; when the ears are filled with the swirl of dark waters, and the eyes blinded by flying spray:

"The water, from its prolonged agitation, is beaten not into mere creamy foam, but into masses of accumulated yeast, which hang in ropes and wreaths from wave to wave; and where one curls over to break, forms a festoon like a drapery from its edge; these are taken up by the wind, not in dissipating dust, but bodily, in writhing, hanging, coiling masses, which make the air white and thick as with snow, only the flakes are a foot or two long each; the surges themselves are full of foam in their very bodies, underneath, making them white all through, as the water is under a great cataract—and their masses being thus half water and half air, are torn to pieces by the wind whenever they rise, and carried away in roaring smoke, which chokes and strangles like actual water."

Tennyson prolongs the message, gaily, in the music of the brook:

"I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip betwen the ridges;

By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,—
I bubble into eddying bays—
I babble in the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret,
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on for ever."

Longfellow prolongs the message, sadly, in the moaning of the sea:

"And though at times impetuous with emotion,
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart, heaves, moaning like the ocean
That cannot be at rest."

George Arnold prolongs the message, sadly too, in the "Drift" of ocean:

"O cool, green waves that ebb and flow,
Reflecting calm, blue skies above,
How gently now ye come and go,
Since ye have drowned my love!

Ye lap the shore of beaten sand,
With cool, salt ripples circling by;
But from your depths a ghostly hand,
Points upward to the sky.

O waves! strew corals, white and red,
With shells and strange weeds from the deep,
To make a rare and regal bed,
Whereon my love may sleep:

May sleep, and sleeping dream of me,
In dreams that lovers find so sweet;
And I will couch me by the sea,
That we in dreams may meet."

Cornelius Fenner harps to the same strain, still prolonging the plaintive message in "Gulf Weed":

"A weary weed, tossed to and fro,
Drearily drenched in the ocean brine,
Soaring high and sinking low,
Lashed along without will of mine;
Sport of the spoom of the surging sea;
Flung on the foam afar and anear,
Mark my manifold mystery—
Growth and grace in their place appear.

* * * * * *

Hearts there are on the sounding shore,
Something whispers soft to me,
Restless and roaming for evermore,
Like this weary weed of the sea;
Bear they yet on each beating breast,
The eternal type of the wondrous whole,
Growth unfolding amidst unrest,
Grace informing with silent soul."

James Percival, in translating the message, dwells upon the still, calm music of the deeps, leaving the surface to be swept and racked by the tempest:

"The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and the waves are absent there,
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless fields of open air:
There, with its waving blade of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush like a banner bathed in slaughter:
There, with a light and easy motion,
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear, deep sea;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea."

Southey, in a matchless cataract of verse, has enshrined for ever, like wave-music in shells, the many-voiced waters of Lodore. The passage is so musically sweet, so realistic, so truly representative of all the capabilities, force, grandeur and imitative power of the language in a certain direction, that I cannot refrain from quoting it at some length:

"From its sources which well
In the tarn on the fell,
From its fountain in the mountain,
Its rills and its gills,
Through moss and through brake,
It runs and it creeps,
For awhile till it sleeps,
In its own little lake;
And thence at departing,
Awakening and starting,
It runs through the reeds,
And away it proceeds,
Through meadow and glade,
In sun and in shade,
And through the wood shelter,
Among crags and its flurry,
Helter skelter—hurry skurry.

How does the water come down at Lodore?
Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling;
Here smoking and frothing,
Its tumult and wrath in,
It hastens along, conflicting, and strong,
Now striking and raging,
As if a war waging.
Its caverns and rocks among.

Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and flinging,
Showering and springing,

Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Twining and twisting,
Around and around.
Collecting, disjecting,
With endless rebound;
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in,
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzing and deafening the ear with its sound.

Reeding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and growing,
And running and stunning,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And dinning and spinning,
And foaming and roaming,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And hearing and clearing,
And thundering and floundering;

And falling and crawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,

Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
And clattering and battering and shattering;

And gleaming and steaming and streaming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling, and toiling and boiling,
And thumping and flumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing,
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar—
And this way the water comes down at Lodore."

A very suggestive little poem, which has been set to music, is Allan Cunningham's "A wet Sheet and a flowing Sea." It is a great favourite with seamen, and well merits the distinction; for it is full of the voices of ocean such as mariners love. As a chorus, the three rollicking stanzas set to a melody as rollicking, has a grand effect when heard issuing from the throats of some dozen or more hearty Jack Tars on the wind-swept fo'c'stle of a fine East Indiaman. So have I often heard it with a "horned" moon overhead, drifting through the cloud-scud; the shrill breeze "piping" through the foremast stays, and the foam boiling and seething round the cut-water of the "outward-bound." I never hear the words but that scene and many a similar one is before me:

"A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast;

And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lea.

Oh! for a soft and gentle wind!
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snorting breeze,
And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
But hark, the music, mariners!
The wind is piping loud;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea."

Among natural sounds, I suppose echoes deserve a prominent place. A really good echo, that is, a musical one, is a sound worth listening to; I care not whether it is the thunder, rattling from peak to peak in some mountain solitude; the ordinary human voice rebounding like an elastic ball back to the causal base; or those faint, weird whisperings, which flit about certain galleries and corridors like very ghosts of voices seeking their authors. But above all is the echo of a horn, or other wind instrument—even the bagpipes if sufficiently far away—delightful and soothing. Heard across an expanse of water, toward the close of day, the effect is one not easily forgotten to the lover of harmonious sounds. One of the pleasures of life, I deem, is to stand in the twilight, alone

in some unfrequented spot, not too far from the haunts of man, with a fine prospect in front and a warm glamour in the air, and there listen to the mingled notes of the dying day. How beautiful it all is, to be sure! Nothing harsh or discordant, but all mellowed by distance and the hour—every note coming like a subdued sadness, weary, yet assured of its rest; the faint stir of the far-off city, the intermittent bark of the shepherd's dog, the plaintive moo-o of kine, the careless whistle of the hind, the hum of insect life, the twitter of the nesting bird, the heavy-flighted caw of the homeward bound rook, the solitary plash, the lisp, the rustle. Existence becomes a suggestion instead of a reality. The hard trials of the daylight shrink away before such a scene. The edges of toil and care are softened. For a time we breathe the air of the shadow-land of life. I think that Tennyson has caught something of the spirit of all this, and has reproduced it very beautifully for us in his "Echoes." Especially does the second stanza prove what can be done with words by a master:

"The splendour falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory;
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle, answer echoes, dying, dying, dying.

Oh, hark! Oh, hear! how thin and clear
And thinner, clearer, further going!
Oh; sweet and far, from cliff and scar
The horns of Elf-land faintly blowing,
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying,
Blow, bugle, answer echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love! they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill, in field, in river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes answer, dying, dying, dying."

Another beautifully suggestive poem—suggestive of eventide and peace, and the music that appeals to the wearied "bread-winner"—a poem full of soft motion and sentiment, is Longfellow's "The Day is done." The first and last stanzas of which I shall quote as being especially worthy a place in our anthology:

"The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

* * * * * *

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."

There is something about the American poets that is essentially unique. I scarcely know what it is. I only know that it is something very beautiful and fascinating. It appeals to a certain sense, that the poetry of other nations seldom, if ever, appeals to. What is it? I believe it is the inspiration which comes to them with the Indian Summer. Much of the poetry I allude to is bathed in the atmosphere of that lovely season. It is poetry in the scarlet and yellow leaf, enveloped in the golden glamour, and shimmering through the velvet mantle of those glorious days, half-triumphant, half-melancholy, when all nature in a blaze of colour, is immersed, without being

quenched, in the voluptuous haze of russet, maple-crowned autumn. We meet with this specialty of literary form in all of the good poets, in many of the prose writers. I shall not attempt to analyse it here. Sufficient for me it exists, and I am thankful for it.

I have already spoken of the pathos of literature and incidentally alluded to its beauty. I shall not here permit myself to encroach at any length upon the territory of the psychologist, by attempting an explanation of those feelings of satisfaction and pleasure which inevitably follow in the wake of an able rendition of the pathetic, whether in prose, verse, the drama, or any other form of artistic depiction. Enough for us, if we know the faculty of appreciation exists. As honey was extracted from the decaying carcass of the lion, so one of the most exquisite pleasures of the psychological entity is derived from the woes of life, by listening to pathetic music, and reading or hearing recited pathetic compositions of the first class which reflect the woes of life. It is a species of spiritual or mental oxymoron, the bitter-sweet of intellectual entity, this gratification of the senses by an appeal to the misfortunes of humanity. Yet, paradoxical as it may appear, I hesitate not to say, that where this feeling is wanting, there is something wrong in the individual, physical, or mental being. The man not affected, and pleasantly affected, by the pathos of the fine arts is either a monstrosity or a boor. The highest type of humanity is that which can drop a tear to another's woe. A tear was the key which unlocked paradise to the Peri; that once

shed, an eternity of bliss followed. Hence, partly the satisfaction in the contemplation of pathos. It is the shadow cast by the reflected light of heaven—cast on the individual human heart—reflected from the hearts of others. Where there is no suffering there can be no pleasure, for there would be no standard by which to test pleasure. I believe that even in another sphere there will be grades of feeling—ay, of suffering, perhaps not so poignant as here, perhaps the same. There can be literally nothing without its antithesis, not even in a so-called heaven; for such a condition would only imply—nothing—inanity—vacuity—chaos.

"And it *repented* the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it *grieved him at his heart.*" Gen. vi., 6.

So in pathos is an element of bliss; the bane contains its own antidote. It excites our sympathies, which are the bonds that connect hearts, and links our souls with the souls of a universal humanity. I deem Jean Ingelow to be one of the masters, or rather mistresses, of pathos in English. Her verse has been set to more than earthly music. In it we hear the voice-longings and plaints and triumphs of all the past dead—a woof of spiritualized harmony, running through the word-web of the immortal theme of sorrow. I wish I could quote the whole of that exquisitely tender and touching inspiration, "Songs of Seven;" but space forbids. I may give extracts only; yet these will be sufficient to show the melody of which English verse is capable, to illustrate the deep feelings of gratification, of pathos, and of passion that well from out the human heart. We have first the child:

SEVEN TIMES ONE.—EXULTATION.

"There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in heaven;
Iv'e said my 'seven times' over and over,
Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old, I can write a letter;
My birthday lessons are done;
The lambs play always, they know no better;
They are only one times one.

* * * * * *

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow,
You've powdered your legs with gold;
O brave marsh marybuds, rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold!"

Then follows girlhood:

SEVEN TIMES TWO.—ROMANCE.

"You bells in the steeple, ring, ring out your changes
How many soever they be,
And let the brown meadow-lark's note as he ranges
Come over, come over to me.

* * * * * * *

I wait for my story—the birds cannot sing it,
Not one, as he sits on the tree;
The bells cannot ring it, but long years, Oh bring
Such as I wish it to be."

The girl grows into the winsome maiden

SEVEN TIMES THREE.—LOVE.

"I leaned out of window, I smelt the white clover,
Dark, dark was the garden, I saw not the gate;
'Now, if there be footsteps, he comes, my one lover—
Hush, nightingale, hush! O, sweet nightingale, wait
Till I listen and hear
If a step draweth near,
For my love he is late!"

The mother speaks in the next stanza:

SEVEN TIMES FOUR.—MATERNITY.

"HEIGH HO! daisies and buttercups,
Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall!
When the wind wakes how they rock in the grasses,
And dance with the cuckoo-birds slender and small!
Here's two bonny boys, and here's mother's own lasses,
Eager to gather them all."

The mother becomes the widow; the pathos of female life:

SEVEN TIMES FIVE.—WIDOWHOOD.

"I sleep and rest, my heart makes moan
Before I am well awake;
'Let me bleed! Oh let me alone,
Since I must not break!'

For children wake though fathers sleep,
With a stone at foot and at head;
O sleepless God, forever keep,
Keep both living and dead!

* * * * * *

Oh, what anear but golden brooms,
And a waste of reedy rills!
Oh, what afar but the fine glooms
On the pure blue hills!"

The mother gives up her children to death and to the stranger—deepest pathos, perhaps, of all:

SEVEN TIMES SIX.—GIVING IN MARRIAGE.

"To bear, to nurse, to rear,
To watch, and then to lose;
To see my bright ones disappear,
Drawn up like morning dews—
To bear, to nurse, to rear,
To watch, and then to lose;
This have I done when God drew near
Among his own to choose.

To hear, to heed, to wed,
Fair lot that maidens choose,
Thy mother's tenderest words are said,
Thy face no more she views ;
Thy mother's lot, my dear,
She doth in naught accuse ;
Her lot to bear, to nurse, to rear,
To love—and then to lose."

Lastly, the maiden, wife, widow, mother, hears the echo of the tide which bore her husband home, and prepares to follow:

SEVEN TIMES SEVEN.—LONGING FOR HOME.

"A song of a boat :—
There was once a boat on a billow ;
Lightly she rocked to her port remote ;
And the foam was white in her wake like snow,
And her frail mast bowed when the breeze would blow
And bent like a wand of willow.

* * * * * * *

I pray you hear my song of a boat,
For it is but short ;—
My boat, you shall find none fairer afloat,
In river or port.
Long I looked out for the lad she bore,
On the open, desolate sea,
And I think he sailed to the heavenly shore,
For he came not back to me—
Ah me !

"A song of a nest :—
There was once a nest in a hollow ;
Down in the mosses and knot-grass pressed,
Soft and warm, and full to the brim—
Vetches leaned over it purple and dim,
With buttercup buds to follow.

* * * * * * * *

I pray you, what is the nest to me,
My empty nest ?
And what is the shore where I stood to see
My boat sail down to the west?

Can I call that home where I anchor yet,
Though my good man has sailed?
Can I call that home where my nest was set,
Now all its hope hath failed?
Nay, but the port where my sailor went,
And the land where my nestlings be,
There is the home where my thoughts are sent,
The only home for me—
Ah me!"

Where is there anything more beautiful than this in language? Where is there anything more true? Is not this inspiration—this earth-plaint—this wail of the universal heart appealing with pitiful throbs to eternity? Ay, and we sit at the feet of the teacher, and our own hearts testify to the truth of the lesson taught. Listen again to the refrain in another pathetic homily: that of the poet Wordsworth, in his "Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood." It is the same lesson, still conveyed in music, only in a slightly different key:

"There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream;
It is not now as it has been of yore;—
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen, I now can see no more!

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose;
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief;
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong.
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong.
I hear the echoes through the mountains throng,
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity.
And with the heart of May,
Doth every beast keep holiday
Thou child of joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy shepherd boy!

* * * * * * *

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows—
He sees it in his joy;
The youth, who daily further from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day."

Next comes Tennyson chanting the same strain, but slightly transposed to suit his genius and his methods; and still exquisite music:

"The Danube to the Severn gave
The darken'd heart that beat no more;
They laid him by the pleasant shore,
And in the hearing of the wave.

There twice a day the Severn fills;
The salt sea-water passes by,
And hushes half the babbling Wye,
And makes a silence in the hills.

The Wye is hush'd nor moved along,
And hush'd my deepest grief of all,
When filled with tears that cannot fall,
I brim with sorrow drowning song.

The tide flows down, the wave again
Is vocal in its wooded walls;
My deeper anguish also falls,
And I can speak a little then."

Swinburne takes up the lyre when Tennyson lays it down, and still attunes the instrument to the same sad strain in his wonderful choriambics—still the same music only sadder and more passionate now—filling the air with tearful melody—and a cry—and a sobbing consolation:

"Ah! why, Love was it thus, voices that called, hands
that were raised to wave,
So soon lured thee away, down from the sun,
down to the sunless grave;
Oh! those eyes that were once lustrous with love,
filled with the fire of day,
Now the shadowy lids cover them close, hush them
and hide away,
Ah! that beautiful hair, hair that was once
braided for me, for me,
Now for death it is crowned, only for death,
lover and lord of thee.

* * * * * * * *

Nay, then, sleep if thou wilt. Love is content
what should we do to weep,
Sweet was love to thee once, though to thee now,
sweeter than Love is sleep."

Of a somewhat different type to this last, different in form, and yet as far as inspiration goes, cognate, is the muffled music of Gray's sublime masterpiece, which comes throbbing to us in great elegiac waves through the hushed air. No wonder we cannot shake off the glamour that has fallen on our spirits. We would not if we could. The glorious stanzas roll on like funeral marches through the dun twilight, or lift and soar like organ notes under dim-aisled roofs. Back from choir and nave and stall reverberates the grand music; swelling in full diapason of majestic accord, or breathing flute-like monody, or ruffling with the sound of drums, processioning the clay in triumphal march back to the "lap of earth."

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-trees shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

As a climax to all this sadness of euphony, like a burst of sunlight gilding the upper strata of the cloudland of

gloom, sound the triumphant joy notes of Mrs. Hemans' "Cross in the Wilderness." This poem is itself an epitome of both phases of feeling, a hovering between the shadow and the sunbeam—now inclining to one, now to the other extreme; but ending in a triumphal vindication of the light.

"Hope on, hope ever,—by the sudden springing
Of green leaves which the winter hid so long;
And by the bursts of free, triumphant singing,
After cold, silent months the woods among;
And by the rending of the frozen chains,
Which bound the glorious rivers on their plains.

Deem not the words of light that here were spoken,
But as a lovely song, to leave no trace;
Yet shall the gloom which sweeps the hills be broken,
And the full day-spring rise upon the race!
And fading mists the better path disclose,
And the wide desert blossom as the rose."

With these words of promise and of hope let me conclude. Enough has been adduced to testify to the reality of the music of speech, more especially of our own speech. Harsh, guttural, and insular as the English tongue may seem to the foreigner, who, among ourselves, would desire to change it for the soft lispings and flutings of other lands? After all does the language suffer by the contrast? Ours is the rough gift of the Viking, echoing yet with the hoarse roar of waters and the wild shriek of the blast; yet all is not storm—in the deeper messages is peace, calm and unruffled splendour or purity or pathos, smiling up from expanses clear as crystal and soft as the flow of the summer sea, to deeps as crystalline above, where the sun of reason ever shines, and the constellations of fancy look

down upon an unebbing tide. Ages pass away into the shadow land of Eternity. Nations stalk like belated ghosts back into the graves of Time. Man, puny man, leaving his unfinished work, slumbers heedless by its side. But speech, the God-gift, remains imperishable, spanning with paragraphs the gulf of eternal thought, and bridging with syllables the abyss of the infinite profound. Its palaces have been raised on sure foundations, to become the homes of civilization and the schools of light. Its sculptures have been placed by cunning hands on the consoles of immortality, never to be shattered. Though the freed nation fall, the figure of liberty shall stand inviolate in the Great Chartas of her myriad free-born sons. Its pictures cannot perish, all civilization is hung with records of its art; while sun or moon or star continues, shall their light fall on some perfect work, rescued and preserved from oblivion. Its music has gone out into the spheres, out into human hearts, no longer to be forgotten. True the hearts may soon be cold, but the chord is not dead, nor lost, it is merely silent, to be waked to a more perfect symphony hereafter.

Nor has the art gallery of English been reared through a thousand years in vain; it too is immortal, with its foundations in all the past and its pinnacles in all the future—it shall surely stand—guarded by succeeding generations, the offspring of the Viking; illumined by successive suns, perchance of greater magnitude, of greater potency, of greater splendour even than our own.

THE END.

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Morrison, A. H.
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